

FIFTEEN YEARS
AMONG
THE TOP-KNOTS

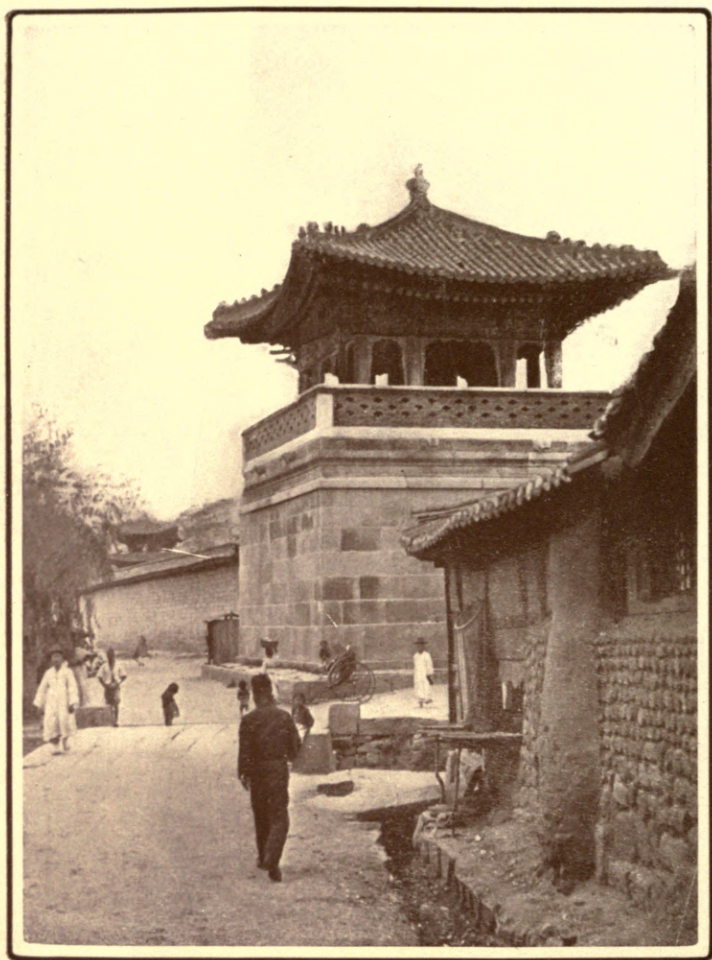
LIFE IN KOREA



UNDERWOOD



R.C.



SENTINEL GATE AT PALACE. *Frontispiece*

FIFTEEN YEARS
AMONG
THE TOP-KNOTS
OR
LIFE IN KOREA

By
L. H. UNDERWOOD, M.D.

With Introduction
by
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THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED TO
MY HUSBAND
IN MEMORY OF
FIFTEEN HAPPIEST YEARS

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INTRODUCTION

IT may be said at once, that Mrs. Underwood's narrative of her experience of "Fifteen Years Among the Top-Knots" constitutes a book of no ordinary interest. There is no danger that any reader having even a moderate sympathy with the work of missions in the far East will be disappointed in the perusal. The writer does not undertake to give a comprehensive account of missions in Korea, or even of the one mission which she represents, but only of the things which she has seen and experienced.

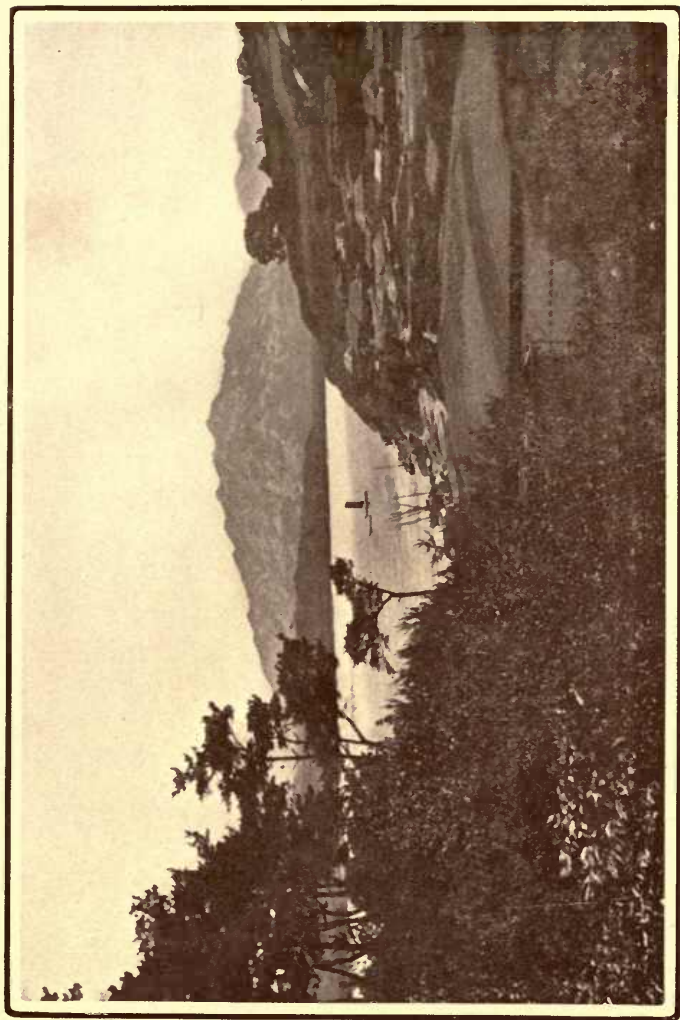
There is something naive and attractive in the way in which she takes her readers into her confidence while she tells her story, as trustfully as if she were only writing to a few relatives and friends. Necessarily she deals very largely with her own work, and that of her husband, as of that she is best qualified to speak. Everywhere, however, there are generous and appreciative references to the heroic labors of associate missionaries. Nor does she confine these tributes to members of her own mission. Some of her highest encomiums are given to members of other missions, who have laboured and died for the Gospel and the cause of humanity in Korea.

Mrs. Underwood, then Miss Lillias Horton, of Chicago, went to Korea as a medical missionary in 1888. As a Secretary of the Presbyterian Board, accustomed to visit

our candidates before appointment, I found her a bright young girl of slight and graceful figure in one of the Chicago hospitals, where she was adding to her medical knowledge some practical experience as a trained nurse. There was nothing of the consciousness of martyrdom in her appearance, but quite the reverse, as with cheerful countenance and manner she glided about in her white uniform among the ward patients. It was evident that she was looking forward with high satisfaction to the work to which she had consecrated her life.

The story of her arrival at Chemulpo, of her first impressions of Korea, is best told in her own words. The first arrival of a missionary on the field is always a trying experience. The squalid appearance of the low native huts, whose huddled groupings Mrs. Underwood compares to low-lying beds of mushrooms, poorly clad and dull-eyed fishermen and other peasantry, contrasting so strongly with the brighter scenes of one's home land, are enough to fill any but the bravest with discouragement and despair. But our narrator passed this trying ordeal by reflecting that she was not a tourist in pursuit of entertainment, but an ambassador of Christ, sent to heal the bodies and enlighten the souls of the lowly and the suffering.

As a young unmarried woman and quite alone, she found a welcoming home with Dr. and Mrs. Heron, and began at once a twofold work of mastering the language, and of professional service at the hospital. Not long after her arrival she was called to pay a visit to the queen, who wished to secure her services as her physician. The



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relation soon grew into a mutual friendship, and Mrs. Underwood from that time till the assassination of the unfortunate queen was her frequent visitor, and in many respects her personal admirer. She does not hesitate to express her appreciation of the queen, as a woman of kind-hearted and generous impulses, high intellectual capacity, and no ordinary diplomatic ability. Of stronger mind and higher moral character than her royal husband, she was his wise counsellor and the chief bulwark of his precarious power.

Though Mrs. Underwood's book is of the nature of a narrative, yet its smoothly running current is laden with all kinds of general information respecting the character and customs of the people, the condition of the country, the native beliefs and superstitions, the social degradation, the poverty and widespread ignorance of the masses. The account of missionary work is given naturally, its pros and cons set forth without special laudation on the one hand, or critical misgiving on the other. It is simply presented, and left to speak for itself, and it can scarcely fail to carry to all minds a conviction of the genuineness and marked success of the great work which our missionaries in Korea are conducting.

Mrs. Underwood's marriage to Rev. H. G. Underwood, who had already been four years in the country, is related with simplicity and good sense, and the remarkable bridal tour, though given more at length, is really a story not of honeymoon experiences, but rather of arduous and heroic missionary itineration. It was contrary to the advice and against the strong remonstrances of their associates

and their friends in the U. S. legation that the young couple set out in the early spring of 1889 for a pioneering tour through Northern Korea.

Fortunately for the whole work of our Protestant missions, the most favorable impression had been made upon the Korean Court and upon the people by the striking and most valuable service which had been rendered by Dr. H. N. Allen, our first medical missionary, and now U. S. Minister in Korea. He had healed the wounds of some distinguished Koreans, who had been nearly killed in a midnight conflict between the Chinese and Japanese garrisons at Seoul.

Although there were strong prohibitory decrees against the admission of foreigners in the interior, Mr. and Mrs. Underwood ventured to presume upon the connivance of the officials at their proposed journey to the far north. Traveling as missionaries and without disguise, it was a plucky undertaking for the young bride, since, so far as known, she was the first foreign woman who had made such a tour. The journey was a protracted one and involved all kinds of hardship and privation. Nothing worthy of a name of inn was to be found, but only some larger huts in which travelers were packed away amid every variety of filth and vermin.

The curiosity of the people to see a foreign woman was such that the mob everywhere scrupled not to punch holes through the paper windows and doors to get a peep. After having been borne all day in a chair, not over roads, but through tortuous bridle paths, over rocks and through sloughs, it was found well-nigh im-

possible to rest at night. All sorts of noises early and late added to their discomfort. As to food, the difficulty of subsisting on such fare as the people could furnish may be well imagined. They were not wholly free from the fear of wild animals, for some districts through which they passed were infested by tigers and leopards. But their greatest danger was that of falling into the hands of roaming bands of robbers. Mrs. Underwood's account of one experience of this kind will be read with thrilling interest.

Fortunately, Mr. Underwood had already made one or two shorter tours through the country alone, and had baptized a few converts here and there. The passports also which he carried with him secured the favor of some of the district magistrates, so that the two were not exposed wholly to hostile influences.

It is impossible in few words to do justice to the story related in this interesting book, which was prepared by Mrs. Underwood at the request of the American Tract Society, or do anything more than commend in general terms its various presentations. One of these relating to the experiences of a severe cholera season, during which missionaries, not only medical but also clerical, remained faithfully at their posts, unmindful of the personal risks and of the heat, filth and discomfort of an unsanitary city in the most sickly months, in order to do all in their power to save the lives and mitigate the sufferings of the poor and despairing people. The account is given with great simplicity, and without ostentatious claims of heroism, and may be regarded as a true

representation of the faithful service often rendered by our missionaries in times of trial and great suffering.

Mrs. Underwood's book will be read with peculiar interest at this time, when all attention is turned to the far East and especially to Korea, which seems likely to be the battleground in the war between Russia and Japan. The position of the poor Koreans, government and people, is calculated to elicit the sympathy of all Christians and all philanthropists. Every one wonders what will be the outcome for poor Korea. It is indeed a time for earnest prayer that the God of nations will overrule all current events for the best good of this belligerent people and for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom.

F. F. ELLINWOOD.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1904.

PREFACE

THE chapters which are here given to the public are simply reminiscent, a brief story of a few years of the writer's life in one of the most unique and interesting of all the Eastern countries, among a people who are singularly winning and lovable.

I beg that in reading these pages it may be remembered that this book makes no pretense whatever to being a text or reference book on Korea, or in any respect a history of Korean missions. The writer has simply strung together a few events which have fallen under her own personal observation during the last fifteen years. If more frequent reference is made to the work carried on by my husband and myself than to others, it is simply because it is only with regard to that which has been woven into the web of my own experience that I can speak with exactness and authority. All it is hoped to accomplish is, that sufficient insight into the customs and character of the people, and their moral and political atmosphere, with the results, opportunities and possible limitations of mission work, may be given to induce the reader to study further, and perchance to question what his relation to it all is.

I must acknowledge my great indebtedness to Dr. H. N. Allen's chronological index, by which I have been able to verify many dates.

I am also indebted to the "Korean Repository," and to the "Life of Dr. James Hall," for part of the story of the events connected with his work in Pyeng Yang, both before and after the war, and for the official report of the trial of the queen's murderers at Hiroshima. More than all, I am obliged to my husband, by whose assistance I have obtained from Koreans the particulars relating to the Emeute of 1884, the Tonghaks, the Pusaings, the Independents, and the Romanists. He has also given me many of the anecdotes of native Christian life, and as we lived it all out ourselves, this volume is as much his as mine.

LILLIAS H. UNDERWOOD.

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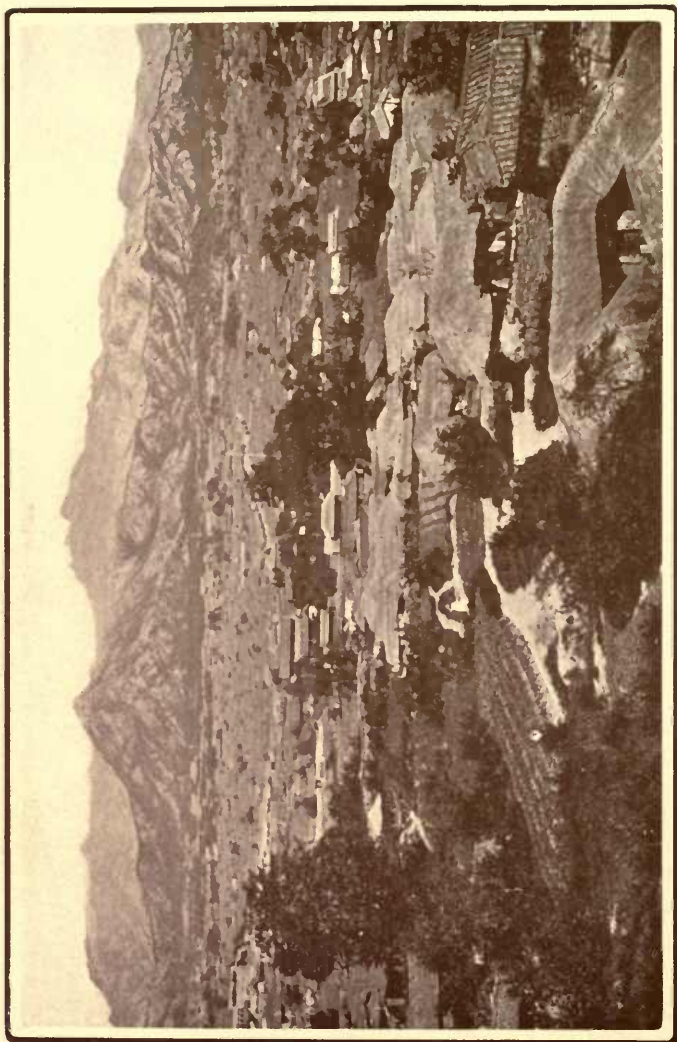
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FIFTEEN YEARS AMONG THE TOP-KNOTS

CHAPTER I

First Arrival—First Impressions—The City of Seoul—Korean Houses—Mission Homes—Personnel of Mission in 1888—Beginnings of Work—Difficulties in Attaining the Language—Korean Religions—Palace Women—First Interview with Palace Women—Entertainment Given in my Honor by President of Foreign Office—The Interdict—Confidence Exhibited by Government in Protestant Missionaries—The “Baby Riots”—Babies Reported to have been Eaten at Foreign Legations—Restoring Confidence—The Signal—First Invitation to Palace.

I LANDED in Korea at the port of Chemulpo on a cloudy, windy March day, in 1888. My eyes fell on a rocky shore, back of which the bare sharp outline of low hills, whitened with patches of snow, was relieved by no trees to break the monotony of the scene. Dreary mud flats, instead of a sandy beach, lay reeking and slimy along the water's edge. As our boat neared the shore, for there was and is no pier, and ships even at high tide cannot approach very near, wild and strange-looking men, uttering wild and strange-sounding speech, came hurrying down the hill to inspect us.

Their coarse black hair was long and dishevelled, in some instances braided in a single pigtail, in most cases, however, tied on top of the head, where a careless attempt at a top-knot had been made, but elf-locks straying round

the neck and face gave a wolfish and unkempt appearance. They were Mongolians with all the race features, not differing much from Chinese or Japanese except in dress, and being in the main rather taller than the latter people. Their garments appeared to consist of a short loose jacket and long baggy trousers, of a dirty white native cloth. These garments among the poorer classes are never changed oftener than twice in a month.

These were the people among whom I had come to work—this the country which I had chosen instead of the “groves and templed hills” of my own dear native land. My heart swelled, and lifted up a yearning prayer that it might not be in vain.

In justice to the Koreans, however, I ought to say here, that the people whom I saw that morning were of the lowest and roughest class, their dress the poorest sort, and that Chemulpo, especially in March, is perhaps the most forbidding and unsightly place in Korea. Being the main port for the capital, it is made up, as ports often are, very largely of a mixture of various nationalities. Many sailors and traders, and especially Chinese and Japanese merchants, have built their poor houses and shops in the main town.

The trip from Chemulpo to Seoul, about twenty-eight miles, was made the following day, in a Sedan-chair carried by four coolies. The road, although a much traveled one, was very bad, but is now replaced by a railroad which accomplishes the distance in about two hours and a half. The country I found pleasantly rolling—comparatively few trees were seen, and the population thereabout seemed quite sparse. Here and there were squalid mud huts thatched with straw. I found on inquiry that this little land, lying west of Japan, attached at its northern extremity to China and Siberia, has an area of about ninety

thousand square miles and a population of over fourteen millions of people, with a climate varying from that in the north, like northern New York, to that in the extreme south, like southern Virginia.

We approached Seoul about four o'clock in the afternoon, and I was thrilled at the sight of the first walled town I had ever beheld. The walls are very picturesque—built of great blocks of stone—hung with ivy, and give an impression of great age.

At the time of my arrival, and for some few years after, a very interesting custom was in vogue with regard to the closing of these gates. Korea had for centuries a signal fire service, by which news of peace or war was with telegraphic rapidity conveyed to Seoul, and by number, frequency of repetition and other expedients a tolerably useful code had been established. On the south mountain, within the walls, were four beacons, one for each point of the compass, to which these lines converged. Every evening as soon as the sun had set, when the bright glow of these four beacon fires published the fact that all was well in his majesty's dominions, four officials, whose business it was to report to the king the message of the fires, presented themselves at the palace, and with low obeisance, each announced that all was well in the north—in the south—the east—and the west. On this, the palace band struck up its gayest airs, and when this music was heard, the signal was given for the tolling of the great curfew bell in the center of the city. When the extremely sweet and solemn, low and yet penetrating tones of this bell were heard, the ponderous gates were swung to and barred, not to be reopened till the ringing of the same bell at the first streak of dawn gave the signal to the keepers.

Entering through these gates, fortunately not yet

closed, we saw narrow, filthy streets, flanked by low mud houses, either thatched with straw, or tiled. It has been aptly said that the city looks like a vast bed of mushrooms, since none of the Korean houses are built more than one story high.

The common people are very poor and their homes seem to an American wretchedly poor and comfortless, and yet, compared with the most destitute of London or New York, there are few who go cold or hungry in Seoul. Each dwelling is so arranged that the part of the house occupied by the women, which is called the *anpang*, or inner room, shall be screened from sight from the street and from those entering the gate—for every house has at least a tiny courtyard, part of which is also screened off (either by another wall, or by mats, or trees and bushes) for the women's use.

Many of the homes of the poor consist of but one room, with a sort of outer shed, which is used as kitchen. Such a place often has no window, or at most only a tiny one, and both window and door are covered with white paper instead of glass. These doors are usually very low and narrow, so that even a small woman must stoop to enter, and within it is not always possible to stand upright except in the center, where the roof is highest. These small rooms are easily heated by means of a system of flues built under the floor, which consists of stone and mud. A fire of brush and twigs is kindled under one side of the house, and as the chimney opens at the other side, the draft naturally carries smoke and heat through the flues, the floor becomes very hot, and the whole room is quickly warmed. The fireplace is built in with pots for boiling the rice—so that a great advantage is obtained in the matter of economy, the one fire booth cooks and warms. Whenever it can be afforded, a *sarang*, or men's sitting room,

which opens directly on the street or road, or upon the men's court, is part of the establishment. Here any man may enter; male guests are entertained, and fed, and here they sleep. No men not members of the family or relatives ever enter the *anpang*.

It is needless to say that everything in connection with these houses is fearfully unsanitary, and many of them are filthy and full of vermin. All sewage flows out into the unspeakable ditches on either side of the street. Of late years efforts have been made to alter this state of things, better streets have been laid, and the open sewers, which have existed for many years, are sluiced out by the summer rains, which are the salvation of the city.

It was a great and delightful surprise when suddenly, entering a gate in a mud wall, we left behind us these dirty streets and saw around us a lovely lawn, flower beds, bushes and trees, and a pretty picturesque mission home. It was like magic. I found our mission in possession of native houses which had been occupied in past years by wealthy but now ruined or banished noblemen. They had been purchased at a ridiculously low price in a condition of dilapidation, repaired at little expense and the interiors more or less Europeanized. The one which I entered had, with great good taste, been left without other ceiling than its quaint and massive beams and rafters of blackened wood, the walls were prettily papered, and rugs and comfortable furniture and a few pictures and ornaments gave a homelike air. The rooms were spacious, and having been the dwelling of the rich, they were not so low or dark as those I have just described.

Our mission, which at that time had been established about four years, was high in favor with the government. Dr. Allen first, and later Dr. Heron, were the official physicians to the king, who had established a government

hospital, over which he had placed them in charge. Miss Ellers, lately married, had been appointed medical adviser to the queen and had been placed in charge of the women's department of the hospital, both of which positions she had resigned after her marriage, and to both of which I had been appointed to succeed. The members of the mission whom I found were Dr. and Mrs. Heron, Rev. H. G. Underwood and Mrs. Bunker (formerly Miss Ellers). Dr. and Mrs. Allen had returned to America on an official mission.

Work had been well started, the hospital was daily crowded with patients, in addition to which Dr. Heron had a large foreign and native practice, as well as a hospital school for the instruction of future drug clerks and medical students. Mr. Underwood had established an orphan boys' home and school, had assisted Dr. Allen in his clinics till the arrival of Dr. Heron, and was at that time, in addition to the entire care of the orphanage, teaching in the government hospital school, which it was hoped might be the stepping stone to a medical school. He was holding regular religious services, and about thirty had been baptized. He had made a long trip into the interior, up to the northern borders, selling tracts and preaching everywhere. Language helps were in preparation, and the Gospel of Mark in a tentative form had been translated. Miss Ellers was in charge of women's medical work up to my arrival, and was high in favor with the queen, who had bestowed rank upon her, and many costly presents. She had also begun to work and train the first member of the girls' school.

I found that help was much needed on all sides. The day after my arrival saw me installed at the hospital with an interpreter at my side. Here work usually lasted about three hours. My home was with Dr. and Mrs. Heron,

who with warmest kindness had fitted up a sunny room for me. Here Dr. Heron and I had a joint dispensary, and here I was besieged at all hours by women desiring medical attention. I soon found that language study was continually interrupted very seriously by these applicants, who respected not times or seasons. I was of course called upon to visit patients in their homes, one of whom, the wife of the Chinese minister of state, Prince Uan (now a very prominent personage in Chinese matters), must be seen every day with an amount of ceremony which took not a little of my precious time. However, finding that others were being overworked, I consented to give two hours each day to teaching the little orphans arithmetic and English.

Of course we made slow progress, and floundered not a little when the teacher knew no Korean, and the pupils no English. This institution had the unqualified favor of the king, and except the hospital was the first institution in Korea which illustrated the loving-kindness of the Lord. We hoped it might become a successful school, where souls might be saved, ere they had been steeped for years in vice, and the first steps taken in the preparation of evangelists and preachers; so we felt it a privilege to help. My first duty and chief desire was of course to acquire the language, but this was much interrupted by this other work. As we stood there, such a little company among these dying millions, we could not realize that hours of preparation then meant doubled usefulness in years to come, and so time and energy, that should have been spent mainly in study, were poured out in hospital, dispensary and schools.

The new missionaries of these later days are put in a language incubator as soon as they arrive and kept there till they emerge full-fledged linguists, who have passed

three searching examinations by the language committee of the missions. Then we sat down with an English-Chinese dictionary (most scholarly Koreans know a little Chinese), a Korean-French dictionary, a French grammar and a Korean reader with a small English primer on Korean, the Gospel of Mark and a Korean catechism for text books. We were presented to a Korean gentleman knowing not one syllable of English, or the first principles of the constructions of any language on earth, or even the parts of speech, and without the glimmering of an idea as to the best methods or any method of teaching, who yet was called, probably ironically, "a teacher," from whom we were expected to pump with all diligence such information on the language as he was able to bestow. With scanty knowledge of French, more than rusty from long disuse, I labored and floundered, trying now this plan, now that, with continual interruptions and discouragements.

Before I could more than stammer a few sentences I was called upon to begin religious teaching, so undertook a Sunday school service with the little boys, using a catechism which I could not yet translate, but (knowing the sounds) could hear the boys recite. Soon after I began holding a Bible class with a few women, with the aid of a little native boy who had learned English and a former sorceress who could read the Chinese Scriptures. This woman would read the chapter, we all united in the Lord's prayer and in singing the few hymns then translated, and I talked to the women through the medium of my little interpreter. I struggled and stumbled. The women were patient and polite, but to our Father it must have looked the spoiled tangled patchwork of the child who wished to help, with ignorant, untaught hands, and made a loving botch of it all.

Perhaps right here a few words about the Korean religions may be in place. Confucianism, Buddhism and Taouism all hold a sort of sway over the natives, and yet all have lost, to a great extent, the influence they once had. The majority have very little faith in any religion. Confucianism, otherwise a mere philosophical system of morals, has the strongest hold upon the people in the laws it enjoins for ancestor worship. This custom, enforced by the strongest and most widespread superstitions in the minds of the Koreans, binds them with fetters stronger than iron. If ancestors are not worshiped with most punctilious regard to every smallest detail of the law, dire calamities will befall, from the wrath of irate and neglected spirits. The servitude thus compelled is hard and wearisome, but not one jot or tittle must be omitted, and woe to the wretch who, embracing another doctrine, fails to perform these rites. He or she is looked upon as more than a traitor to home and friends, false to the most sacred obligations. Buddhism has fallen low, until very lately its priests were forbidden to enter the capital, and they rank next to the slayer of cattle, the lowest in the land.

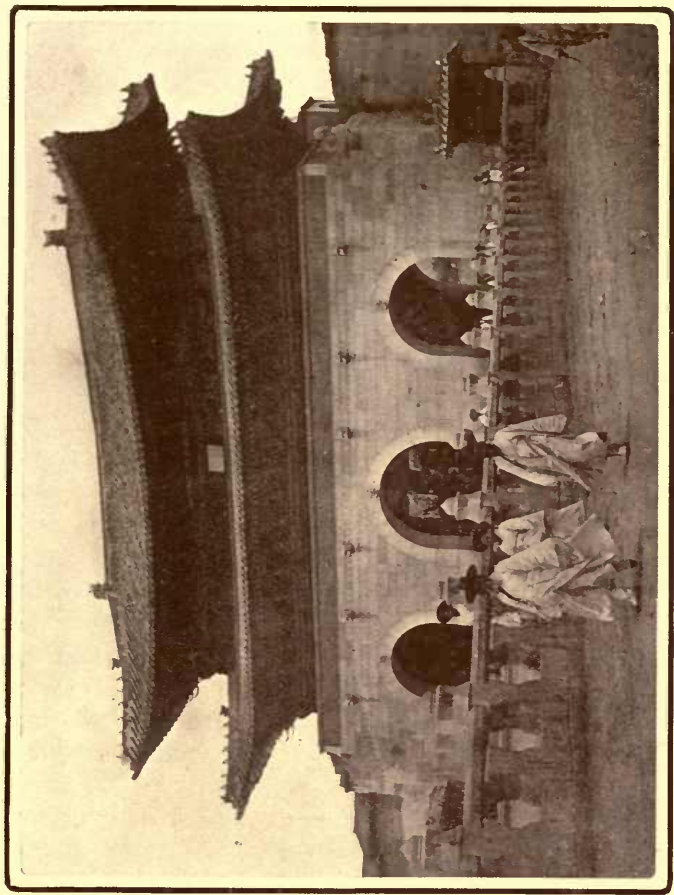
A few Buddhist temples are maintained at government expense or by endowment, and women and children, and all the more ignorant, still worship and believe, to some extent. The same classes also worship and fear an infinite number of all sorts of evil deities—gods or demons, who infest earth, air and sea, gods of various diseases, and all trades; these in common with Satan himself must be propitiated with prayers and sacrifices, beating of drums, ringing of bells and other ceremonials too numerous to mention.

Over all other objects of worship, they believe, is the great Heavens, the personification of the visible heavens,

who, as nearly as I can discover, is identical with the Baal referred to in the Old Testament; but everywhere their faith waxes more and more feeble in these old worn-out superstitions. In many cases only respect for ancient customs and public opinion keeps them even in appearance to the outward forms of worship. They are as sheep without a shepherd, lost in the wilderness, "faint and hungry, and ready to die," and so when the gospel comes, it finds many weary souls, ready to take Christ's yoke upon them and find his rest.

And yet how hopeless looked the task we had before us in those days, a little company of scarce a dozen people, including our Methodist brethren, many of us able to stammer only a few words of the language as yet, attempting to introduce Christianity into a nation of fourteen or more millions of people, in the place of their long established religions; and beginning with a few poor farmers and old women. But the elements of success, the certainty of victory, lay in the divine nature of the religion, and in the Almighty God who sent us with it. This knowledge inspired us and this alone.

A few days after my arrival in Seoul a messenger came from the queen, to bid me welcome, and inquire if I had had a pleasant journey, and shortly after Mrs. Heron asked some of the queen's attendants to meet me at luncheon. These women are not, as in other courts, ladies of high rank, for such could never, under Korean customs, endure the publicity of the palace, but are taken as children and young girls from the middle and lower classes, and entirely separated from all others, to the service of the majesties. They usually hold no rank, and are treated with respect, only on account of their relations to the royal family. They wear on all state occasions immense quantities of false hair, which gives them a pecu-



MAIN ENTRANCE TO PALACE. PAGE 20

liarily grotesque appearance; are much powdered and perfumed, with pencilled and shaven eyebrows; wear long flowing silken robes, gilded ornaments in their hair and at their waists; and present the sad spectacle of women whose very decorations seem only to add to and emphasize their painful uncomeliness.

Korean women as a rule are not beautiful. I, who love them as much as any one ever did, who look upon them as my own sisters, must confess this. Sorrow, hopelessness, hard labor, sickness, lovelessness, ignorance, often, too often, shame, have dulled their eyes, and hardened and scarred their faces, so that one looks in vain for a semblance of beauty among women over twenty-five years of age. Among the little maids and young wives (*saixies*), who do not yet show the effects of the heavy hand of care and toil, one often finds a sweet bright gentle face that is pretty, winning, and very rarely even beautiful. But these poor palace women come not under that class; hardened, coarse and vulgar, their appearance only calls forth compassion. I found to my surprise that they were all smokers, and they were equally surprised that I would not accept their invitation to join them in this indulgence. They examined my dress and belongings with childish curiosity, and deluged me with questions as to my age, why I had never married, whether I had children, and why not, and other things equally impertinent and hard to answer; but were after all good natured, friendly and well meaning.

This was my first introduction to Korean officialdom, and following this within a very short time came another, in the form of a luncheon and acrobatic entertainment given for me by the President of the Foreign Office, Kim Yun Sik. This invitation came for the following Sunday—and troubled me, because I was afraid the official (who

was quite ignorant of our customs and was offering me a flattering evidence of courtesy and good will) would be hurt by my refusal to accept an invitation for that day, and would very likely misunderstand it. However, there was nothing else to be done, and with suitable explanations, I announced my extreme regret at being obliged to refuse his kindness.

With great good feeling, he then changed the day, and I was given *carte blanche* to invite my friends, and of course asked the ladies of the Methodist mission, as well as our own. Several Korean gentlemen of high rank, including those in connection with the hospital, and others, had also been invited by my host. The table, for in deference to our foreign custom, one long table, instead of a number of small ones, had been arranged—was piled high with Korean dainties. Chicken, pheasant and other cold meats, fish, eggs, nuts and fruits prepared in many fanciful ways, Chinese preserved fruits and candies, a gutta-percha-like delicacy called “dock,” made of rice and oil pounded well together, an alcoholic native beverage called *sül*, and champagne and cigars. It is needless to say that we Americans did not partake of these latter additions to the *menu*. A vast crowd from the streets poured into the large courtyard, to see the acrobats, who were a strolling band hired for the occasion. Their performance consisted chiefly in tight-rope walking and tumbling, and was in no way remarkable. It lasted, however, nearly three hours, during all of which time we listened to the monotonous whining of the Korean band, more like a Scotch bagpipe (dear cousins, forgive) than anything else I know of; and learned the Korean verb “anchera” (sit down), which I heard that day repeated a thousand times, in all its moods, tenses and case endings, in tones of exasperation to the irrepressible Korean boy, who *would* stand up to see, just

for all the world like some boys of whiter skin, nearer home.

Just before this, Mr. Underwood and Mr. Appenzeller had started on a long itinerating trip toward the north, the second Mr. Underwood had undertaken. While they were absent the wrath of the Korean king and cabinet against the Romanists reached the boiling point, and culminated in a decree forbidding the further teaching of foreign religions in the ports. The country was not open to us (as it is not to-day, except by special passports). The Romanists, with their well-known love of chief seats and high places, failing to profit by their former experiences of trouble from similar causes in China, insisted upon choosing as the site for their future cathedral one of the highest points in the city, overlooking the palace, and adjoining the temple holding royal ancestral tablets. The property had been obtained unknown to the king, through the medium of Korean agents, and though he used his utmost endeavors, both with the priests and with the French legation, to induce them to change this for any other site, they remained obdurate, utterly refused to yield, and proceeded to lay the foundation of their church. The decree immediately followed, and the American minister advised, nay ordered, us to recall our missionaries, who most unwillingly returned. There were, indeed, those who asserted that this early attempt to carry the Gospel into the interior had been, at least in part, the cause of the obnoxious decree, which made it look as if our work was, for a time at least, at an end. That this was not so was proved by the fact that Mr. Underwood had hardly returned ere he was waited upon by a committee consisting of high Korean nobles and members of the cabinet, offering him the entire charge of their government school, with a generous salary, and with the full

understanding that he would not hesitate to teach Christianity to the pupils.

This offer, displaying the great confidence, instead of the displeasure and suspicion which foreigners assured us was the feeling of the Koreans toward our evangelistic workers, was taken into serious consideration, but was finally refused on account of its interference with other work, and for other reasons equally important.

It remained to us all to decide upon our course of conduct with regard to the prohibitory decree. Some of our number—the majority—argued, that as it was the law of the land, nothing remained for Christian law-abiding people but to obey it, to stop holding even morning prayers in our schools, to hold no religious services with Koreans, but to wait and pray, until God should move the king's heart, and have the decree rescinded. By this course they believed we should win favor with the authorities, while defiance or disobedience might cause our whole mission to be expelled from the country.

A small minority, however, Mr. Appenzeller, now with the Lord, his wife, Mr. Underwood and myself, held that the decree had never been issued against us or our work, and that even if it had, we were under higher orders than that of a Korean king. Our duty was to preach and take the consequences, resting for authority on the word of God, spoken through Peter, in Acts, 4:19, to the rulers who forbade the apostles to preach, "*Whether it be right in the sight of God, to hearken unto you, more than unto God, judge ye, for we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.*" Others might stop, as they did, with sorrow, conscientiously believing that to be the best course; we continued to teach and preach, in public and private, singing hymns, which could be heard far and near, in the little meeting-house. No attempt was ever

made in any way to hinder us. Christians and other attendants on services came and went unmolested. Christianity has grown much since then, and is acknowledged as a factor in the politics of more than one province. No one ever thinks now of disguising or in any way concealing our work, yet *that law has never to this day been rescinded*. This is exactly in accord with Eastern customs. Laws become a dead letter, and pass into disuse; they are not often annulled.

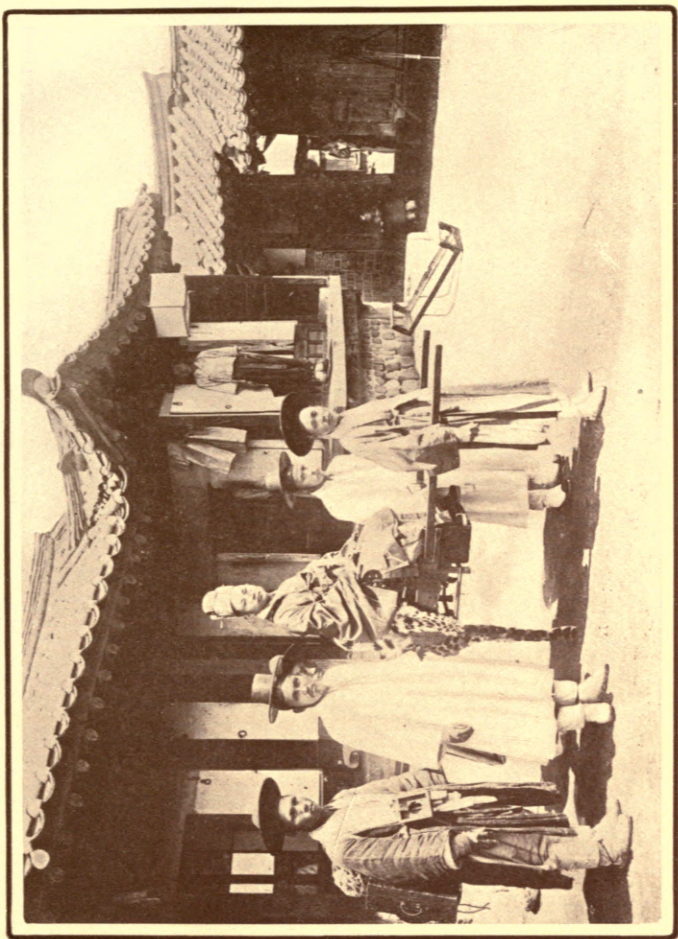
Another event of interest, which occurred during these first months after my arrival in Korea, was the excitement culminating in what were called "the baby riots." Similar troubles in Tientsin, China, had some years previously resulted in the massacre of a number of foreigners, including Jesuit priests, nuns and two or three French officials.

Some person or persons, with malicious intent, started a rumor which spread like wild-fire, that foreigners were paying wicked Koreans to steal native children, in order to cut out their hearts and eyes, to be used for medicine. This crime was imputed chiefly to the Japanese, and it was supposed the story had been originated by Chinese or others especially inimical to the large numbers of Japanese residents in the capital. Mr. Underwood acquainted the Japanese minister with the rumors, in order that he might protect himself and his people; which he promptly did by issuing, and causing to be issued by the government, proclamations entirely clearing his countrymen of all blame in the matter, which it was left to be understood was an acknowledged fact, and consequently the work of other "vile foreigners," namely, ourselves and the Europeans. The excitement and fury grew hourly. Large crowds of angry people congregated, scowling, muttering, and threatening. Koreans carrying their own children were

attacked, beaten, and even killed, on the supposition that they were kidnapping the children of others; and a high Korean official, who tried to protect one of these men, was pulled from his chair, and narrowly escaped with his life, although he was surrounded by a crowd of retainers and servants. It was considered unsafe for foreigners to be seen in the street. Marines were called up from Chemulpo to guard the different legations, and some Americans even packed away their most necessary clothing and valuables, preparatory to fleeing to the port. The wildest stories were told. Babies, it was said, had been eaten at the German, English, and American legations, and the hospital, of course, was considered by all the headquarters of this bloodthirsty work, for there, where medicine was manufactured and diseases treated, the babies must certainly be butchered.

One day, when returning from my clinic, my chair was surrounded by rough-looking men, who told my bearers that they should all be killed if they carried me to the hospital again; and such was the terror inspired, that these men positively refused to take me thither the following day. So I rode on horseback through the city to the hospital, Mr. Underwood, who also had duties at the hospital school, acting as my escort. We went and returned quite unmolested, and it has been my experience then and later, that a bold front and appearance of fearlessness and unconcern in moments of danger impress Asiatics, and act as a great safeguard for the foreigner.

In the meanwhile, however, the European foreign representatives had awakened to the fact that a very real danger threatened our little community, and might ripen at any moment into destruction. Proclamations from the Foreign Office were posted everywhere, but the earliest of these were mistakenly worded, leaving the impression



KOREAN OFFICIAL IN CHAIR. PAGE 16

still that possibly some "vile foreigner" had instituted these awful deeds, and that should he be discovered sore punishment would follow. At last, however, a notice appeared, written at the dictation of these same "vile foreigners," in which it was positively stated that not only had no such thing been done by any foreigners, but that should any one be caught uttering these slanders, he would be at once arrested, and unless able to prove the truth of his tales, be punished with death. Detectives and police officers were scattered everywhere through the city, people were forbidden to stand in groups of twos and threes, a few arrests were made, and the riots were at an end.

Before calm was restored, however, we had some uncertain, not to say uneasy, hours. On the evening of the day when the excitement had been at its highest, we received word from the American legation that should there be evidence that the mob were intending to attack our homes, a gun would be fired in the legation grounds as a signal, and we were then to hasten thither for mutual safety and defense.

It was a calm starlit July night. We sat in the little porch leading into our compound, enjoying the cool evening air, when suddenly a terrific illumination of blazing buildings lit up the horizon, and a fearful hubbub of a shouting, yelling mob assailed our ears. With beating hearts we watched and listened. Some one said Korean mobs always began by burning houses, and while we waited, wondering what it all meant, the air was rent by the sharp, quick report of a gun from the American legation.

This seemed to leave no doubt as to the real state of affairs, and Mr. Underwood and Mr. Hulbert at once repaired to the legation to make sure that there was no mis-

take, but soon returned, with the welcome news, that the firing of the gun had been accidental. The burning buildings also proved to have been only a coincidence, and the noise nothing more than common with a Korean crowd round a fire. In a way that still seems to be miraculous, the raging of the heathen was quieted, God was round about us, the danger that looked inevitable passed away, and all was calm.

Not long after this came the first request from the palace for me to attend on the queen, to which I responded not without some anxiety, lest through some unlooked-for occurrence some misstep on my part, the work of our mission so auspiciously begun should be hindered or stopped. As yet somewhat uncertain of our foothold, ignorant to a large extent of the people with whom we had to deal, we trembled lest some inadvertence might close the door, only so lately and unwillingly opened. I had been told I must always go in full court dress, but when I came to open the boxes, which contained the gowns prepared for this purpose, I found that both had been ruined in crossing the Pacific and could not be worn. Alas! how inauspicious to be obliged to appear before royalty in unsuitable attire, which might be attributed to disrespect! But a far more serious trouble than this weighed upon my mind as my chair coolies jogged me along the winding streets and alleys to the palace grounds. I had been strictly warned not to say anything to the queen on the subject of religion. "We are only here on sufferance," it was urged, "and even though our teaching the common people may be overlooked and winked at, if it is brought before the authorities so openly and boldly, as it would be to introduce it into the palace, even our warmest friends might feel obliged to utterly forbid further access to the royal family, if not to banish us alto-

gether from the country." "Wait," it was said, "until our footing is more assured; do not risk all through impatience."

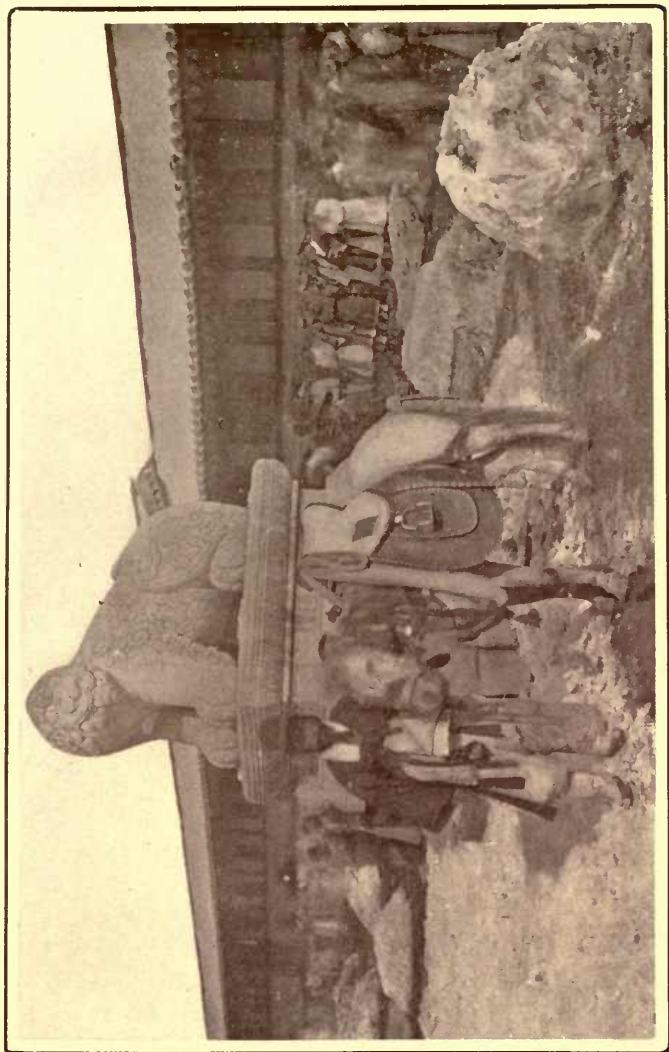
I saw the logic of these words, though my heart talked hotly in a very different way; but I went to the palace with my mouth sealed on the one subject I had come to proclaim.

CHAPTER II

The Palaces—The Stone Dogs—The Fire God's Defeat—The Summer Pleasure House—Royal Reception Hall—Court Dress of Noblemen—First Impression of the King—Appearance of the Queen—The Queen's Troubles—The Queen's Coup d'état—The Verb Endings—The Queen's Generosity—Stone Fight—Gifts—The Quaga—Poukhan—Its Impregnability—Picturesque Surroundings of Seoul—Pioneer Work—Progress of Work—The Queen's Wedding Gift—Our Wedding—Opposition to my Going to the Interior—My Chair—The Chair Coolies.

THE palaces, of which there were at that time three, and are now four, within the city walls, consist of several groups of one-story bungalow buildings, within large grounds or parks, which are surrounded by fine stone walls, twelve or fifteen feet high, of considerable thickness. Within these inclosures were barracks for soldiers, and quarters for under-officials and servants. A special group of houses stood separated from the others for women's apartments, and here might be seen the aged and rather infirm dowager queen, who died about a year after my arrival. The main gates in the walls of the palace I was about to visit are three, facing on the great main thoroughfare of the city. The central one, larger than the others, was used only for royalty; even ministers of foreign states are expected to enter by one of the two smaller ones on either side.

The fact that on one occasion the central gate had by special royal order been thrown open for the American minister is an illustration of the kindness and favor



KOREAN STONE DOG IN FRONT OF PALACE GATES. PAGE 21

always shown to our representatives. These entrances are approached by broad, stone steps and a platform with handsome, carved stone balustrade, which is surmounted as well as the lofty gates by crudely chiseled stone images of various mythological animals. Some ten or more paces in front of these steps, and on either side, are the great stone dogs, so called for want of a better name, for they no more resemble dogs than lions. The story of their origin is as follows: The fire god, it was said, had a special enmity against this palace, and repeatedly burned it down; various efforts had been made to propitiate or intimidate him with little success; at length an expensive dragon was brought from China and placed in a moat in the grounds. While he lived all was well, but one ill-fated day an enemy poisoned this faithful guardian, and that night the palace was again burned. Finally some fertile brain devised these animals, no poison could affect their stony digestion, no fear or cajoling could impress their hard hearts; so there they stand on their tall pedestals—fierce and uncompromising, facing the quarter whence the fire god comes, always on guard, never sleeping in their faithful watch, and, as might be expected, he has never been able to burn the buildings thus protected.

I was conducted, however, through neither of these three main gates, but as a very strict rule was then in existence that no chair coolies should be allowed within the palace walls, my chair was carried to a small gate, much nearer the royal apartments, so that we should not be obliged to walk so far. Mrs. Bunker and Dr. Heron accompanied me, and we were met by gentlemanly Korean officials, and taken to a little waiting room, furnished with European chairs, and a table, upon which were little cakes, cigars and champagne, all of which were offered to us ladies, though after a better acquaintance with us, tea was

substituted in place of the tobacco and wine. It would take far too long to describe all that engaged my eager interest as we walked through the palace grounds. A beautiful and interesting summer pleasure house—perhaps one of the most unique and remarkable in the world—stands in the center of a large lotus pond. It has an upper story and roof supported on forty-eight monoliths, the outer row being about four feet square at the base; the inner columns are rounded, of about the same diameter, and sixteen or eighteen feet high; the upper story is of wood, elaborately carved, and brightly decorated; most of these buildings are covered with a beautiful green glazed tile, peculiar to royal edifices.

There were many other interesting buildings, among which the royal reception hall was probably the finest. We saw a great number of officials, eunuchs, chusas, noblemen and soldiers, each kind and grade wearing a different attire from all the others.

The dress of the common soldiers was intended to be an imitation of European military costume adapted to the ideas of the Koreans. The result was a hybrid which had neither the dignity nor the usefulness of the one or the other. It consisted of a loose blouse jacket, and badly fitting, baggy trousers, made of thin black cotton cloth, with scarlet trimmings. The jacket was belted in, and a black felt hat surmounted the top-knot, and was fastened insecurely beneath the chin by a narrow band. This unbecoming uniform has now been changed, and the Emperor's soldiers are as well dressed as those of any European nation.

Korean noblemen when in attendance at the palace wear a dark blue coat, with a belt which is far too large and forms a sort of hoop in front of the person. An embroidered breastplate is worn over the chest, representing

a stork for civil office and a tiger for military rank. The head-dress is a kind of hat woven of horsehair, with wings at either side, curved forward, as it were in order to catch every word uttered by royalty. Nobles and officials wear on the hat band, just back of the ears, buttons of various styles made of gold or jade, which indicate the degree of the wearer's rank.

When the royal family were ready to see us, Mrs. Bunker and I were conducted through the grounds a short distance, passed through several gateways, and at length stood at the entrance of an anteroom half filled with nobles, eunuchs and palace women, beyond which, in a very small inner room, were the king and queen, and their son, a youth about sixteen years of age. We passed forward to the audience-room, bowing frequently and very low to the smiling party of three who awaited us.

Never before had I, an American—a descendant of colonial ancestors who had cast off the shackles of tyranny—bowed so low. Never had I thought to feel as I felt when first entering the presence of a real live king and queen. The royal family had most graciously risen to greet us, and at once invited us to be seated. At that time, at least, Korean nobles never entered the royal presence without prostrating themselves to the ground, and such a piece of presumption as sitting was never dreamed of; so we refused the offered chairs, having been especially warned that not to do so might awaken jealousy and make enemies to the cause we loved. The point, however, was insisted upon to such an extent that we could no longer with politeness refuse, and so we found ourselves sitting face to face in a chatty sort of way, in a little eight by ten room, with the king and queen of Korea. The king impressed me at that and every subsequent meeting as a fine-looking genial gentleman. He was attired in a

long touramachi, or coat of rich red silk (the royal color), with a cap or head-dress like those worn by the noblemen, except that the wings turned back rather than forward like theirs.

The queen, of course, excited my deepest interest. Slightly pale and quite thin, with somewhat sharp features and brilliant piercing eyes, she did not strike me at first sight as being beautiful, but no one could help reading force, intellect and strength of character in that face, and as she became engaged in conversation, vivacity, naïveté, wit, all brightened her countenance, and gave it a wonderful charm, far greater than mere physical beauty; and I have seen the queen of Korea when she looked positively beautiful.

She possessed mental qualities of a high order, as I soon learned, and although, like all Asiatics, her learning consisted chiefly in the Chinese classics, she possessed a very intelligent idea of the great nations of the world and their governments, for she asked many questions, and remembered what she heard. She was a subtle and able diplomatist and usually outwitted her keenest opponents; she was, moreover, a sovereign of broad and progressive policy, patriotic, and devoted to the best interests of her country and sought the good of the people to a much larger extent than would be expected of an Oriental queen. In addition, she possessed a warm heart, a tender love for little children, a delicacy and consideration in her relations, at least with us missionaries, which would have done honor to any European lady of high rank. The queen, though a Korean who had never seen the society of a foreign court, was a perfect lady. It was with surprise that I learned that as much difference exists in Korea between the people of high birth and breeding and the common coolie as is found between the European



gentleman and the day laborer. Their majesties kindly inquired about my trip to Korea, my present comfort, and my friends and family in America, showing the kindest interest in what concerned me most. The conversation was carried on through an interpreter, who stood behind a tall screen, his body bent nearly double in reverence, never raising his eyes.

I learned later that Korean doctors, always men, who had treated the queen, felt (?) her pulse by using a cord, one end of which was fastened about her wrist, and the other carried into the next room was held in the doctor's fingers. The royal tongue, I was told, was protruded through a slit in a screen for the physician's observation. I found the queen's trouble nothing more serious than a small furuncle which needed lancing; but as the mere suggestion of approaching her sacred person with any sort of surgical instrument was looked upon with unspeakable horror and indignation by all who surrounded her, and was flatly forbidden by the king, patience and slower measures were necessarily resorted to.

It was hardly to be wondered at that all the queen's friends were so over-cautious and fearful for her safety. She had suffered long and malignant persecution at the hands of a cruel father-in-law, whose wicked ambitious schemes and greed of power she had balked, and nothing that a fertile brain and hate combined with wealth and influence could contrive was left undone to bring about the ruin of this unhappy lady. Slander, assassins, insurrection, fire, conspiracy with hostile nations—were all resorted to; many and thrilling were her hairbreadth escapes. Once disguised and carried on the back of a faithful retainer, she was taken from one end of the city to the other, and once in a common native woman's chair she was borne to a place of concealment and safety.

Nearly her whole immediate family were destroyed at one fell blow, by means of an infernal machine cunningly devised, sent as a present of great value from a supposed hermit, to be opened only in the presence of every member of the family. Through some fortunate circumstances the queen was detained away, but all present were instantly killed and horribly mutilated. To understand the reason for this ferocious enmity, one needs to know a little of the royal history.

The present king was the adopted son of a former childless king. His widow appointed the present king's father to act as regent until the majority of his son. The older man was greedy of power, keen and crafty, and not inclined to hand over the reins of government; he therefore selected a wife for his son from a family of his near friends, choosing a woman he supposed he could easily control; but he was mistaken in her character and gifts. Years slipped by and time had long been over-ripe for the king to assume the government, and yet the "Tai-won-kun" gave no sign of relinquishing his clutch upon the reins of power; but the king, gentle and submissive to his father, as all Koreans are taught to be, was unwilling to force a resignation. One morning, however, through a *coup d'état* of the queen, the old man found himself displaced, and a new cabinet and set of advisers selected from the friends and cousins of the queen. His rage knew no bounds, and from that time forth he planned her destruction. How he finally succeeded in carrying out his malicious intentions must be related later. Thus far, the queen, equally shrewd and fortunate, had escaped his toils.

To return to our palace visit, however. After examining into her majesty's trouble, and prescribing a course of treatment, we took our leave, backing and bowing our-

selves out of the royal apartments as if we had been born and bred hangers-on of courts. I soon learned that all my verbs must wear a long train of "*simnaitas*," "*simnikas*," and "*sipsios*," the highest honorific endings when visiting the palace. Each Korean verb has a generous collection of these endings, from which the confused and unwary stranger must select at his peril, when addressing natives of different ranks; but there is no doubt, fortunately, about what must be used at the palace, and one feels quite safe if every verb is tipped with a "*simnaita*" or "*simnika*." To be sure, there are high Chinese-derived words, which natives always use there, instead of the simpler Anglo-Saxon—I should say, Korean—but uninitiated foreigners are not expected to know them, and are really most generously excused for all mistakes. Koreans are in this respect models of kindness and politeness, and will often hear newcomers make the most laughable and absurd mistakes without a single spasm of countenance to show that they have taken note of the blunder.

Not many days after this visit to the palace, an official appeared at my home with a number of interesting and beautiful gifts from the queen, including a fine embroidered screen, embroidered pillow, and bed cushions, native silks, linens, cotton materials, fans, pockets and various other articles.

Her majesty was extremely generous, and it was nothing unusual for her thus to bestow in most munificent fashion gifts upon the members of our mission whom she had met, and upon the ladies of the legations. Every Korean New Year's day any of us who were in the slightest way connected with the palace or government institutions received many pheasants, bags of nuts, pounds of beef, large fish, hundreds of eggs and pounds of dried persimmons.

On the royal birthdays, too, dainties were sent to us, and at the beginning of each summer dozens of fans and jars of honey water were presented. This open-handed generosity indicated not only the queen's kind disposition, but the favor with which all Americans were regarded by the Korean authorities, due largely to the favorable impression which Dr. Allen had made, and also perhaps to the fact that we belonged to a large and powerful nation, which had no object in interfering in Eastern politics in any way to the detriment of Korea, and which might become an efficient ally and defender.

During my first year I had the exciting and doubtful privilege of being present at a native sectional or stone fight, an experience which few covet even once—and which the wise and informed, at least of womankind, invariably forego. Once a year at a certain season, where two neighborhoods or sections have grievances against each other, they settle them by one of these fights. They choose captains, arrange the opposing parties, and begin firing stones and tiles at each other. As one crowd or the other is by turns victorious, and the pursued flee before their enemies, and as those who are at one moment triumphant are often the very next the vanquished, hotly chased, it is almost impossible to find any safe point of vantage from which to view the conflict. At any instant the place one has chosen, as well removed and safe, may become the ground of the hottest battle. Very large stones are often thrown, and people are fatally injured, though not as frequently as one would think. It is a wonder that hundreds are not killed or wounded. In going from my home to visit a friend one day, a few weeks after my arrival, I was obliged to pass a large crowd of men, who seemed divided into two parties, and were very noisy and vociferous. I remarked upon this to

my friend, and sending to inquire, we found it was the preliminaries of a stone fight which I had witnessed. Her husband said it would not be safe for me to return alone, and therefore to my lasting gratitude offered to see me through it.

We soon found that the stones and missiles were coming our way, and were forced to run for shelter to a Korean house. For a few moments the fight was hot around us, and then as it seemed to have passed on—quite far down the street—we ventured forth, only to find that the tide had again turned, and the whole mob were tearing in our direction. Mr. Bunker, for it was he, said there was nothing for it but to scale a half-broken wall into an adjacent compound, and run for it to the house of Mr. Gilmore, not far distant. So, reckless of my best gown, I scaled the wall with great alacrity, and we ran for it quite shamelessly. Missiles of considerable size were raining around us, and the possibility, or rather probability, that one would soon light on our heads, accelerated our speed to no small degree. These affairs are often funny in retrospect, but smack strongly of the tragic at the time, while the outcome is so decidedly uncertain. However, by much dodging and circling, frequently sheltering ourselves under the wall, we at length reached Mr. Gilmore's house, when, in a somewhat ruffled and perturbed condition, I waited till the coast was quite clear and found my way home, a wiser and deeply thoughtful woman.

On one occasion not long since an affair of this kind threatened very serious results for a hot-headed young compatriot of ours, who went to photograph one of these fights. A cool-headed American recently snapped his camera on a tiger here before shooting it, and it may have been in emulation of him, that our young friend made this attempt. He soon became convinced that he was the

object at which all the missiles were sent, and that the bloodthirsty ruffians were all seeking his life. Being unfortunately as well as unlawfully armed with a six-shooter, over-excited and alarmed, he fired into the crowd and fled. His bullet entered the fleshy part of the leg of one of the natives, who fell, as most of them supposed, mortally wounded; and now indeed the wrath of the crowd on both sides was directed at its hottest against the thoroughly frightened young man. He ran for his life—the crowd pursuing with yells of fury. Camera and overcoat were flung away—he had nearly a mile to go to reach shelter in the American legation, which he at length managed to do, panting and almost exhausted. As his victim was not seriously hurt, he escaped with the payment of a fine, a few weeks' imprisonment, a most severe reprimand, and a polite request to leave the country.

The Koreans often evince considerable military skill in the tactics of these civil battles. Sharpshooters armed with slings will take possession of some high point, and others are sent to take them by surprise and dislodge them, suddenly creeping upon them from the rear, or scaling the rampart in the face of the enemy's fire. These natives repeatedly prove themselves good fighters and no cowards, when armed and facing not too unequal numbers.

During this my first summer in Korea I was invited to attend a royal Quaga. This was a very interesting assemblage of Korean scholars, who met in the palace grounds, and there in little tents or booths wrote theses in Chinese on some subject given by the king. Those whose papers passed a successful examination were rewarded with some civil rank, supposed to be proportioned to the excellence of their standing. I should think that more than a thousand men from all parts of the country were gathered in these grounds, busily writing or copying their

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papers, some of which were then being handed to the judges.

I was told, however, that in nearly all the successful cases money was necessary to aid the judgment and clarify the minds of the judges. We were treated with great kindness, invited to a fine pavilion, and later offered refreshments in the royal dining hall. This old-time (shall I say, dishonored) institution has now fallen into disuse for some years. No doubt in its honest beginnings a truly competitive examination for office, it was good and useful, but abuses creeping in, rendered it an empty form to be finally abolished as a useless and effete remnant of ancient days.

Another event of the summer was a little trip made to Poukhan, or the northern fortress, about ten miles distant from Seoul. It is said by Koreans that a secret underground road leads from it to the palace in Seoul, so that in case of any danger, or the investment of the city by enemies, the royal family could flee hither for safety. It is in truth an ideal spot for such a purpose. European soldiers have said that properly fortified it would be for months, perhaps years, impregnable. Our visit was made in Korea's loveliest season, the month of May, which is, if possible, more beautiful than in any other land. Wild flowers of the most exquisite hue and odor abound everywhere, but at Poukhan they seemed to be in greater quantities and lovelier colors. The mountain rises bold and rugged in outline, and its scenery is wild and in places almost forbidding, but a beautiful brook dashes down its sides, leaping over huge boulders and turning everything into luxuriant beauty, like the lovely maids of fairy lore, in whose footsteps the sweetest flowers sprang and from whose lips dropped fairest gems.

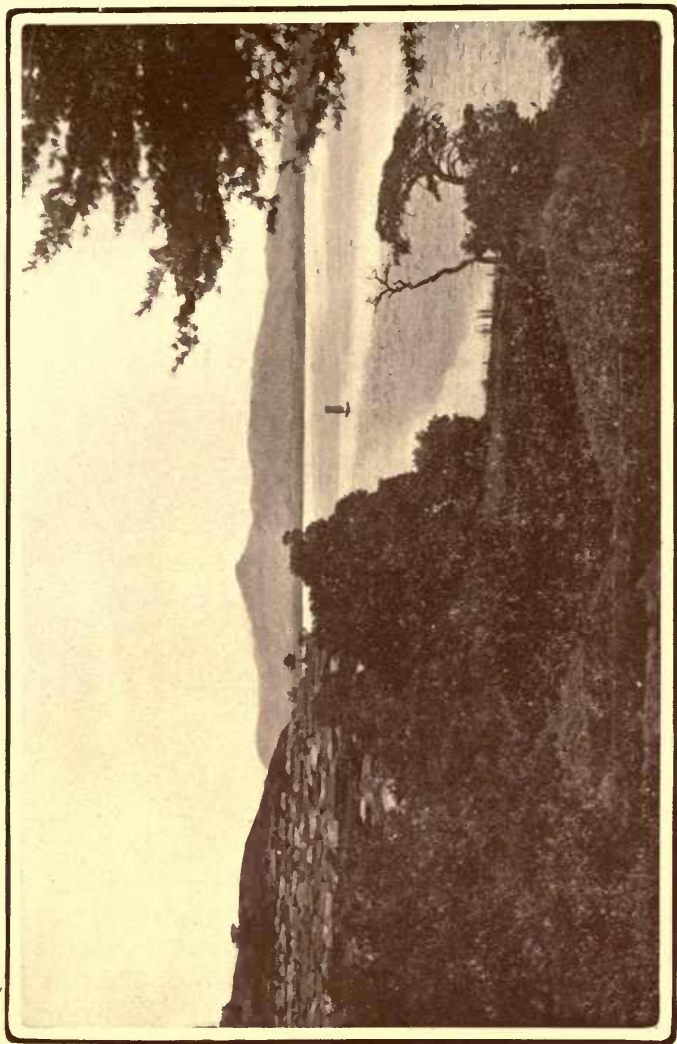
This brook flows from a spring which bubbles up in

the top of the mountain, so that any garrison stationed there need never surrender for want of water, nor indeed of food, for after a steep ascent of about a mile, the path suddenly pierces the rocks, and entering a picturesque gate in a more picturesque wall, all hung with ivy, dips into a verdant valley surrounded on all sides by lofty barriers of rock. Here are fertile fields where food can easily be raised and stored against an evil time.

Some of our missionaries often come here, and spend the hot and unhealthy summer weeks among the cool shades of these lofty rocks—in some of the Buddhist temples. There are some delightful little pavilions, near clear, cool pools of water, with scenery on all sides very wild, beautiful, and picturesque.

At that time, in the history of our mission nearly every foreigner possessed a horse, most of them Chinese ponies, very gentle and easy to ride. Utterly unacquainted with the nature of the people, it was feared by many that danger might suddenly arise, and that we ought to have means of escape at hand. We found them very useful and pleasant accessories, and often when the hot afternoon sun was low we explored some of the pretty and interesting surroundings of Seoul.

This city lies encircled by low mountains, whose treeless and bare outlines cut the blue horizon with a bold abruptness. Among the hills and mountain passes are pretty woods and groves—and here lies nestled many a little hamlet, entered through some charming lane, bordered with blossoming bushes of clematis, eglantine, hawthorn or syringa, in richest profusion. Mr. Underwood was often my guide on these excursions; sometimes we walked on the city wall, and saw the distant mountains and the sleeping villages beneath us, bathed in glorious moonlight, and thanked God for casting our lives in a land



SURROUNDINGS OF SEOUL, PAGE 32

of so much beauty and among a people so kindly and teachable.

During all these months and the following winter foundations were still busily laying, language helps and Bible translations were under way, and through hospital and school, as well as by direct evangelistic effort, people were being reached. The number of attendants upon the services in the little chapel was daily increasing, and reports came from the natives working in the country of inquirers and converts there, which made it seem necessary to make another extended trip as soon as possible. A second trip had already been made by Mr. Underwood, selling books and simple medicines, and gathering in here and there a little handful of converts. He met with great encouragement, but baptized few. During his first trip he traveled to the northern border of Korea, stopping in all the large towns, Songdo, Anju, Pyeng Yang, Kangai, Haiju, Oujju. During the entire year less than twenty-five were baptized, and from the first altogether up to that time hardly fifty, while Methodists and Presbyterians together up to 1889 numbered only a little over one hundred. In April of 1888 he baptized seven men at Sorai, a village in Whang Hai, where the Gospel had been brought in from China by a Mr. Saw Sang Hyen, a convert of Mr. Ross'. Some of these men had come to the capital in the spring of 1887 and three had been baptized after careful examination.

The seven who were received in their own village had been for more than a year in preparation, and then were baptized only after Mr. Underwood had spent ten days in their village, talking with and examining them. This is mentioned to show that extreme caution was used in making the first admissions to the native church, in order that its foundations might be laid securely, if slowly.

In the trip made in November, 1888, certain Koreans had been placed in a few localities to instruct, sell tracts and pave the way for the work of the foreigner on a succeeding visit. One of these men was stationed at Pyeng Yang, one at Chang Yun, and one at Ouiju. Extremely encouraging, but in some cases exaggerated reports came from all these places as to the increasing number of hopeful inquirers, and it seemed imperative that a trip should be taken as soon as spring opened, for the examination, encouragement and instruction of these new believers, and to oversee the work of the employed agents, who were necessarily unproved as yet.

Mr. Underwood and I had been engaged since the early fall, and we had arranged to be married, and to start for the country on the fourteenth of March. The whole foreign community seemed to vie with each other in tokens of kindness and good will towards us on that occasion.

On the morning of the eventful day, the jingling bells of many pack-ponies was heard in our courtyard, and I soon discovered that quite a train of the little animals had arrived with the gift of her majesty. One million cash! It sounds like "Arabian Nights," but as at that time 2,500 to 3,000 cash went to the making of the dollar, it was not, after all, more than a generous Korean queen might easily give, or a missionary easily dispose of. Their majesties arranged for several people from the palace to be present at the ceremony, the army was represented by General Han Ku Sul, a nobleman of the highest rank, and the cabinet by Min Yeng Whan, a near relative of the queen, and in highest favor with their majesties.

A number of palace women were also present, behind screens, and of course some of the native Christians. The whole foreign community gave us their good wishes, and

cable messages were put in our hands just after the ceremony, from each of our respective homes in America.

Early on the morning of the 14th of March, 1889, we set out on our wedding trip.

Everything except force had been resorted to by missionaries and foreigners residing in Seoul to prevent my taking this journey. No European woman had, as yet, ever traveled in the interior of Korea, and not more than four or five men had ever ventured ten miles outside the walls, except to the port. Tigers and leopards were known to exist in the mountains; the character of the natives was not well understood by most people; contagion in the inns, the rudeness of mobs, the difficulty of obtaining good water, no means of speedy communication with Seoul, the necessity at times of long marches, were all possible dangers, but were greatly overestimated. It was freely and frequently predicted, that if I came back at all, it would be in my coffin, and my poor husband fell under the heaviest of public censure for consenting to take me. As he had made two trips and saw no difficulty, I felt I could trust his judgment, and as country work was exactly what I had longed to do, and what had been my ideal from the first, I looked forward with the greatest pleasure to a journey through a lovely country, to be filled with blessed service; it seemed to me no honeymoon so rich in delight could ever have been planned before.

It was arranged that I should go in a native chair, which consisted of a sort of box frame, high enough for me to sit in Turkish fashion; it had a roof of bamboo covered with paper oiled and painted, the sides were closed in with blue muslin, and there were little windows of stained glass on either side. A curtain in the front could be raised or buttoned down to keep out the chill or the disagreeable piercing eyes of the curious sightseers or

kugungers, as they are called in Korea. My conveyance was made more comfortable by cushions beneath and behind my seat, a shawl was draped around the inside to keep out draughts, and with a hot-water bottle and foot-muff at my feet, I felt positively steeped in luxury, and quite too much babyfied for a hardy missionary.

I was carried by a couple of strong chair coolies, the poles on which the chair was placed resting in straps, which hung from the shoulders of the carriers, so that its main weight came on them, rather than on the hands, which grasped the poles. There were four bearers, two who carried, and two who, by placing a strong rod under the chair, lifted its weight from the tired shoulders, for half a minute or so, once every ten minutes. At the end of every three miles these lifting men and the others changed places, and so we easily made thirty miles or more every day, without much fatigue on the part of these hardy men, whose profession this had been for years.

I'm afraid they were a very rough set of customers, and undoubtedly got us into trouble on more than one occasion. They were full of fun and spirits, and told long and fishy yarns, to the country folks, and occasionally played off practical jokes on these simple swains, to beguile the tedium of the road. They aroused the awe and admiration of the natives in the country villages, by telling them what wonderful things we carried in our packs. There was nothing, according to them, that we could not do, or had not got. "Why, even a boat," said they, "is in that trunk. It folds up very small, but one blows into it, and it gradually grows hard and large, and lo! a boat." Thus was magnified our rubber bath tub. That we finished our trip with so little difficulty with such companions speaks well for the gentle good nature of the natives.



A STREET CROWD. PAGE 35

Of course, I walked as much as possible, but many weary miles must be endured in the chair, with its tiresome jogging, interrupted regularly with an upward jolt of several inches. The ordinary road soon came to be quite tolerable, but when the bearers in the half light of early dawn (or worse still, the evening, when tired with a long day's march) picked their way over the narrow foot-paths, slippery with clay, between half-submerged rice fields, or jumped across intervening ditches, the rear man going wholly by faith, I must say it was not easy or pleasant.

We had quite a little train. Mr. Underwood was on his horse, with a *mapoo* to lead and care for it. These horses are all fed on a hot food of beans and chopped hay, and very carefully attended to. We had two or three pack-ponies which carried medicines, tracts, at that time mostly Chinese, which only scholars could read, our blankets and bedding, a few cooking utensils, and foreign food and our clothing. The question of money and changes of horses was a difficult one, but it had been solved by an order from the Korean Foreign Office, to the country magistrates, to accept our receipt for any amount of money that we might need, and also for horses in exchange for ours, all of which bills we were to pay in Seoul on our return. The money was so extremely bulky, it was impossible to take more than a couple of days' supply on our ponies. On previous trips Mr. Underwood had carried large lumps of silver, which were exchanged in the towns for cash.

The little inns along the road never charge for rooms; the number of tables of rice and the number of horses fed are usually the only items in the landlord's bill. In addition to chair coolies and mapoos, we had a young Christian helper, a cook, and a kesu. The two latter left us at Pyeng Yang and returned home.

CHAPTER III

We Start on our Wedding Journey—Songdo—Guards at our Gates—Crossing the Tai-tong—Difficulties in Finding an Inn—Korean Launderings—An Old Man Seeks to be Rid of Sin—Mob at an Inn—A Ruffian Bursts Open my Door—Fight in the Inn Yard—Pat Defies the Crowd—Convenience of Top-knots—A Magistrate Refuses to Shelter Us—The “Captain” to the Rescue—Pack-ponies—We Lay a Deep Scheme—Torch Bearers—A Mountain Hamlet—Tiger Traps—Tigers—A Band of Thirty Conspire to Attack Us—Guns Used by Native Hunters—A Tiger Story.

We started on our trip at early dawn, turning directly north, on the road passing under the arch, which then marked the spot where the representatives of Korea yearly met the Chinese ambassadors who came to receive tribute. This custom was maintained until Korea's independence was declared; in honor of which the old arch was then taken down and a finer one erected. Beyond this arch lay the pass, a narrow, muddy and stony way, leading through the mountain. It was crowded with oxen and pack-ponies, going to and from Seoul. Shouting mapoos and coolies added to the confusion, great rocks seemed just ready to fall from above and crush the unlucky passers, and many which had fallen from time to time impeded the road. Now a fine road has been made across the hill, and the old way of danger and discomfort is closed up. From its darkness, its fiendish noises, gruesome odors and bad going it would not have been an unfit image of Bunyan's Valley of the Shadow of Death. The

snow still remained in sheltered places, for it was only March, and the morning air was sharp and chill, but we found a very fine road all the way to Songdo.

We made our first halt at noon, at a small village between Seoul and Songdo, and I had my first experience of a native inn. The Korean inn is second only in filth, closeness, bad odors and discomfort to those in the interior of China. There is usually only one room for women, which has from one to four or five paper-covered doors or windows—they are nearly always the same size and bear the same name—opening into the kitchen, the court and the sarang. This room is often not more than eight by ten or twelve feet large, and very low. The paper which covers the door is commonly blackened with dirt, so that few indeed are the rays of light which manage to struggle in a disheartened way into these gloomy little apartments. They boast little or no furniture, perhaps a chang or Korean cabinet (most unique and antique-looking chests, much ornamented with brass or black iron hinges, locks, etc.) stands against the wall, upon which are piled a great many bright-colored quilts and pillows, not the wooden ones sometimes described and much used, but like old-style long sofa pillows, and very much more comfortable. At the center of the ceiling, just under the roof tree, may be seen a bunch of dirty rags, feathers and sticks, where the household Lares and Penates are supposed to roost. A harrow or charcoal fire-pot with a smouldering fire probably stands somewhere on the floor. This should be promptly removed, as its presence often causes severe headache, and sometimes asphyxia, from which one of the missionaries was only resuscitated after repeated fainting and hours of effort on the part of a companion.

In most of the inns very picturesque tall brass or

wooden lamp-stands are seen. They consist of a rod about two and a half feet high, on a good solid base with a little bracket at the top for a saucer of castor oil, and an ox horn hanging below containing the main supply of oil. The lamp or saucer contains a small wick which yields a very tiny light, just enough to emphasize and make visible the darkness. Often these lamps have a special niche, or little cupboard in the wall, where they are enclosed during the day. Nearly always a stout bar crosses the room about a foot from the wall, and three or four feet from the floor, on which garments may be hung, and as commonly there is a wide shelf running around two or three sides of the apartment, very near the roof, on which are sundry household utensils, winter vegetables, very likely piles of yeast cakes for the manufacture of beer, and, in fact, a heterogeneous collection, too numerous and varied to mention. Here lies a dusty old book, there a work basket, and further on the wooden block and clubs used for ironing, a bottle of medicine, a pile of rice bowls, or a box of matches.

The mats which are placed over the oiled paper, or more likely directly on the earth floor, are full of dust and vermin of all descriptions, which run riot everywhere. It is best not to begin to think how many people have, in that room and lying on these identical mats, been ill, and died, of dysentery, small-pox, cholera or typhus fever, since the room was even swept or the mats once shaken. A "really truly" cleaning they are ignorant of. Fumigation and disinfection are as far beyond the flights of their wildest imagination as the private life of the man in the moon. The miracle over which we never cease to wonder and admire is that so many people of clean antecedents who travel through the interior are able to resist the microbes, bacteria, germs and all similar enemies

under whatsoever name which, according to all modern science, ought to attack and destroy them in short order.

In most of the inns, tall earthen jars, from two to three, or rarely four feet high, and two or three feet in diameter, in which Ali Baba's cutthroat thieves could easily hide, are ranged along the side of the wall, but more frequently in the courtyard. They contain various kinds of grain, pickles, beer, wine, and there are always several holding *kimchi* (a sort of sauerkraut), without which they never eat rice.

Numbers of dogs, cats, chickens, pigs and ducks are under foot in the courtyard, oxen and ponies are noisily feeding in the stalls, under the same roof with ourselves, only just outside the paper door, and if one is to sleep it must be in spite of a combined grunting, squealing, cackling, blowing and barking, anything but conducive to repose. Most of the hotels have, as has been said, only one inner room, where it is proper for a woman to stay. Our helper, chair-coolies, mapoos and other travelers use the sarang, packed very likely like sardines in a box, and the host's family turn out, and go to a neighbor's for the night, unless the inn is a large one on the main road. A large and fashionable inn in Korea would have perhaps five, or even six, sleeping apartments—though I do not recollect having seen so many.

Now we travel with cot-beds which roll up and slip into heavy canvas bags, and take up very little room on the pack. These blessings keep us off the dirty floors, which are usually much too hot for health, unless, indeed, one has come in wet, cold, and aching from a long tramp, when they are a specific preventive of colds and rheumatism. On that first journey, however, we had nothing of this sort, but we sent out for some bundles of fresh clean

straw used for thatch—one thing, at least, of which there is plenty in every village—and piled them at least a foot high. We spread thereon our bed, to the confusion and defeat of our little enemies, ploughing their weary way uselessly through the mazes of that straw all night. In this way we slept peacefully, except when the floor became intolerably hot, and our bed correspondingly so, then we rose, piled our straw in another place, remade our couch, and composed ourselves again to slumber. We never did this more than three times in one night, and it was a mere diversion.

The situation, however, develops into something quite beyond a joke, as was hinted in a former chapter, when one is forced to travel in hot weather. The rice and beans for men and animals must be cooked, which means—in nine cases out of ten—that a fire must be built under your room, and you must sleep on the stove, although the thermometer is already in the seventies before it is kindled. The room, you remember, is small and low, the windows opening to the court probably few. You look longingly at the open porch or *maru*, but there are leopards and tigers that prowl at night, or wanting these, no lack of rats, ferrets, and snakes; there are foul smells and rank poisonous vapors, pools of green water and sewage all about, a famous place in the damp night air to soak a system full of malaria, more deadly than wild beasts; so with a sigh you turn again to your oven, prepared for the worst. Up, up, steadily climbs the thermometer, your pulses throb, your head snaps, you gasp and pant for breath, and at length toward morning, when the fire is dead, and the hot stones a little cooled, you fall into an exhausted feverish sleep. But an early start is necessary to make the next stage, and by four o'clock at least a new fire is built to cook more rice, and you rush

out of doors, to draw a whiff of pure air and cool your burning temples.

So even if it were not for the rains, flooded roads, and overflowing, unbridged rivers, we should not travel except from dire necessity in the summer. Tents have not been found practicable among the missionaries in the rainy season, and their use has been followed in several instances by severe and even fatal illness. One of the chief annoyances, especially on this our first trip, at the inns were the *kugungers* or sightseers. The paper doors are speedily made available as peep-holes for the foe. From all quarters the word "foreigner," and above all "foreign woman," spreads like wildfire. Never did a lion or an elephant create such excitement in an American village. The moment we entered an inn the house was instantly thronged, besieged, invested. Every door was full of holes made by dampening the finger and placing it with gentle pressure against the paper. It was dismaying, when we fancied ourselves quite alone, to see all those holes filled with hungry eyes. Never since have I cared to visit a show of wild animals or human freaks. I sympathize with them so fully, that there is no pleasure in the satisfaction of curiosity at such a cost. We wished to meet the people, but we could not talk with such a mob, in any satisfactory way, as their frantic curiosity about us made it impossible for them to attend to what we had to tell until they were in some measure satisfied. But to return to our trip.

Some twenty miles this side of Songdo the road crosses the Imgin river, where a ferry boat is in readiness to carry the traveler and his belongings to the other side. A story is told here of the patriotism of a nobleman who lived in a magnificent summer house on the bluff overlooking the river, at the time of the Hedioshi rebellion.

His king, fleeing from the Japanese, arrived here at midnight, and to light him and his escort to the ferry this man set fire to his beautiful home. As a result of this, the king crossed in safety, and escaped his enemies. In token of his gratitude, he therefore ordered that a summer house should be kept perpetually in memory of his loyal friend on the site of the one which had been sacrificed, and loaded him with honors and rewards.

The city of Songdo is one of the largest in Korea, and from a Korean standpoint probably the most important commercially, as well as the richest. Here is grown the ginseng, so highly prized by Koreans, Chinese and Japanese, and sold—the best—at forty-five dollars a pound; more than its weight in gold. Though Songdo was formerly the nation's capital, a successful rebel general, making himself king, established his seat of government in Seoul.

We arrived in this ancient city about sundown, and shortly afterwards met ten Christian inquirers. In a few days we sold all our books, and medicines, which we expected would last for the entire trip, and had to send back to Seoul for more. We were besieged by large crowds of people during our stay, so that we were obliged to ask for a guard at the gate. We admitted fifty at a time, and when their curiosity had been sated, their diseases treated, and they had bought as many books as they wanted, they were dismissed, to make room for another pushing, struggling, eagerly curious fifty. Mr. Underwood baptized no one, but met, examined and instructed inquirers, and directed and corrected his native helper's work.

Songdo is about forty-five miles from Seoul, and has about two hundred thousand inhabitants. Thus far the Southern Methodists are the only ones who have a station there, though just why we other missionaries never started



TAI-TONG RIVER. PAGE 45

FERRY BOAT. PAGE 43

work in so important a center it would be hard to say ; except that it did not seem to develop there at first as promisingly, shall I say, as insistently, as in some other places, where need was so pressing we never could obtain workers enough to supply the demand, far less start new centers.

Songdo has no gates. It is said that they were removed, with the privileges as well of the Quaga, because the people of that city so persistently continued to despise and treat with contempt the authority of Seoul. Whereas it is the custom to speak of going *up* to Seoul, they would refer to going *down* to that city ; they would not measure their grain from right to left, as in Seoul, but from left to right ; and worst of all, from having constantly referred to the king as a pig, they came to speak of a pig by the king's name !

From Songdo, we proceeded north, by short stages to Pyeng Yang, which was the next place of importance, where Mr. Underwood looked for inquirers and where there were already a few Christians. We reached the Taitong River, which lay just below the city gates between us and it, in a driving snow storm. Long and loudly did the various members of our party try their lungs in the effort to obtain a boat, but at length, when patience was quite exhausted, the ferryman, or one of them, arrived with a great flat-bottomed boat, which accommodated us all—ponies, packs, coolies, chair, helpers and missionaries—and landed us in mud and safety on the other side for a few cash. I had almost forgotten, however, to speak of the beautiful road leading up to this ferry, with its noble overarching trees and its variety of beautiful bushes and flowers. Even at that bleak and wintry season it was lovely, and a month later, when we returned, it was charming, with its green woodland shade and its wealth

of sweet-scented blossoms. Now, alas! it is quite shorn of its beauty, for during the Japanese-Chinese war, the trees were all cut down.

We were no sooner within the city gates than a very noisy and constantly increasing crowd followed close at our heels, growing ever more annoying and demonstrative, till its dimensions and behavior were altogether too much like a mob. Respectable and frightened inn-keepers one after another turned us from their doors until the uncomfortable possibility of being obliged to spend the night in the streets suggested itself. However, after a time we found a refuge, and with the aid of a policeman from the magistracy we managed to keep the mob at bay, seeing only a stated number at a time, as in Songdo. It rained during most of our stay, and I could with no comfort or safety go out even in a chair to see the town, for if I so much as peeped out, some one caught sight of the foreign woman, and at once a crowd gathered which made it impossible to move or to accomplish anything. Once before we left I accompanied Mr. Underwood to a pleasant spot outside the gates, which he thought would be a good site for a sub-station, and we made a visit to the mother of one of our Christians. She was extremely sick, and as she recovered not long after we were very happy in having left a good impression and a grateful family behind us.

I had a practical illustration of the inconvenience of Korean methods of laundry in this town, for giving out a number of articles to the tender mercies of a Korean woman, they were returned minus all the buttons. They had pounded the garments on a stone in some stream, and as a precaution had removed all these little conveniences before doing so. There was no starch, no bluing, and no ironing. Korean clothes before ironing must be ripped,

and are then pounded for hours on a smooth piece of wood until they obtain a beautiful gloss. Koreans are, however, not without *iron* irons. They have quite a large one, which holds hot charcoal, and two sorts of small ones, not more than half an inch wide by two or three inches in length, with a long handle, for pressing the seams of sleeves, and of garments which it is only desirable to press on the seam.

After a stay of about a week in Pyeng Yang, during which time we saw a great many visitors, most of whom came from curiosity, but none of whom went away without a printed or spoken word about the gospel, we again started out on our journey north. Oh, if one prophetic vision might have been granted us of what was to be in such a few years! If we could have seen those dreary and heart-sickening wastes of humanity transformed into fields of rich grain waiting in harvest glory for the sickle, if we could have seen the hundreds now gathered yearly into the garner, how our hearts would have burned within us! "But the love of God is broader than the measure of man's mind," and though we saw visions and dreamed dreams, we hardly dared hope they would all be fulfilled. God kept the future hidden as a sweet surprise. Just after leaving this city an old man of seventy-six came three miles to inquire of us "concerning the religion by which a man could be rid of sin," one of the first fruits of that later harvest, which God permitted us to reap.

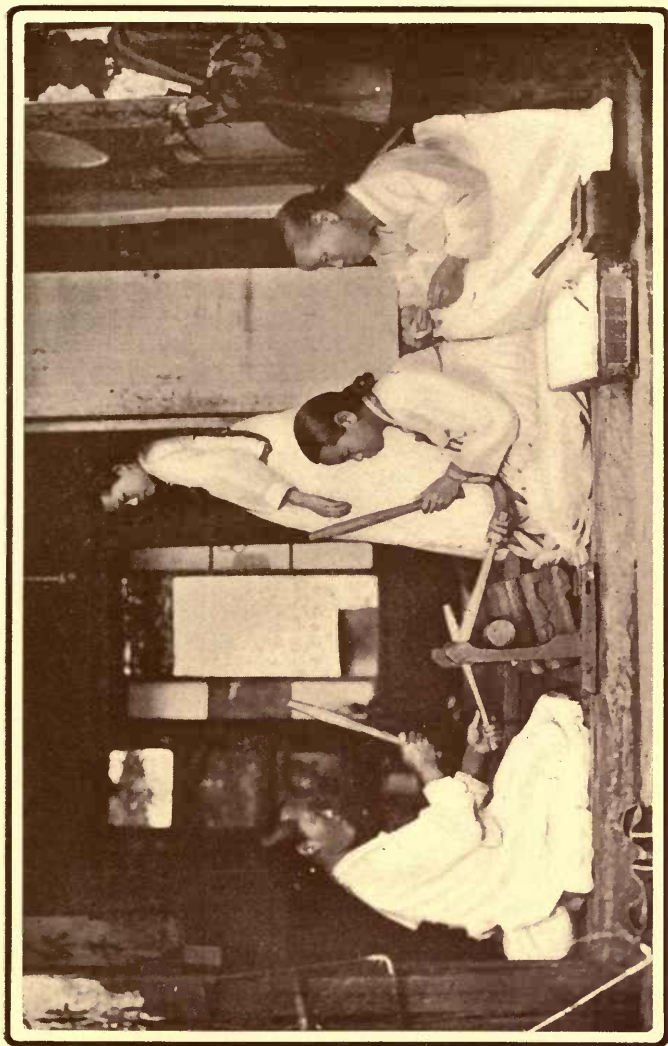
Ernsan, one of the small villages at which we spent the night, turned out to be a very rough sort of place. We were obliged in many of these towns to use the Foreign Office letter to obtain the shelter of the magistracies, as often the inns would not receive us or would prove no defense against the rudeness of the curious mobs, and we had no Christian constituency to fall back upon. At

this particular place the magistrate was away, and the "*chabin duli*" (roughs) were not under ordinary restraint.

In the morning, as the time for leaving drew near, a crowd of about one hundred men and large boys assembled in the little courtyard waiting for a *kugung* (sight) of the two curiosities. My husband, well aware that a woman who permits herself to be viewed by strange men is not respected or respectable in Korea, had my chair brought into the house, and the door closed, so that I might be shut in there and pass out unseen. On finding themselves thus balked of perhaps the one great opportunity of their lives to behold these strange, wild animals, some of the baser fellows could not restrain their curiosity, and one of them, probably egged on by the others, broke open the door of my bedroom. Than this, no greater breach of law or propriety is recognized in the land, and the guilty wretch is amenable to almost any punishment the injured woman's friends may choose to inflict. My husband, standing near the door, lifted his foot as the proper member with which to express his sentiments—the tongue being incapable of sufficient vigor and the hand too good—and this, though only a demonstration—the man was not touched—was sufficient encouragement to my chair coolies, who, considering their own honor bound up with mine for the time being, rushed forth to punish the "vile creature" who had insulted us all.

One of them, a brawny fellow whom we called Pat, from his resemblance to gentlemen of the nationality which favors that name, at a bound had singled out his prey from the midst of the crowd and dragged him forth from his encircling friends and protectors.

He dragged him forth in the usual approved Korean method, under such circumstances, by the top-knot, a very convenient and effective handle, for a man once in the



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grasp of his enemy in this way is practically at his mercy. He was soon on the ground being pummelled. But it must be remarked that we were but a little party, four coolies, one helper, one missionary, one woman, and they were a hundred or more strong. Our calling and dearest hopes forbade our using severe measures, nor would they, even firearms, have availed for long, but would only have served to make enemies for us on all sides, supposing we had frightened this crowd into order. So it behooved us to make peace, and speedily, for there were black looks and angry and threatening murmurings as the friends of the culprit drew near, preparing to defend him.

So Mr. Underwood rushed down into the crowd, drew off our exasperated coolie, and quieted the rising storm. But Patrick could not depart without giving some expression to his indignation, and waving his chair rod like a shillalah in the air around his head, he stood at the top of the steps, his back to the crowd (the pure Korean method in quarrels), vociferously announcing to whom it might concern his opinion of such actions in general, and this one in particular, and bidding them, in the spirit of James Fitz James" at the ford to

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

But my husband saw that it would be best to get away while we could without exasperating them further, and before the temper of the crowd should change again for the worse. A similar occurrence in either China or Japan would almost certainly have ended very differently for us.

The Koreans do not bear malice, nor are they very revengeful or cruel without great provocation. We merely had to do with a rough crowd, who gathered thinking we

were probably a base sort of people; and when they saw that we behaved as quiet, decent Koreans would do, they respected our reserve and curbed their curiosity, though a few boys threw stones and hooted, and they all followed us a few rods outside the village, but we soon found ourselves peacefully alone.

Before passing on I must say a few words on the general effectiveness of the top-knot method. It is a great pity men do not wear their hair in this way in America. We women who favor women's rights would soon find it a mighty handle by which to secure them, for in the hands of a discerning woman it is indeed an instrument of unlimited possibilities. Who would care to wield a scepter abroad, who could wield a top-knot at home? By one of these well-tied arrangements have I beheld a justly irate wife dragging home her drunken husband from the saloon; and firmly grasping this, I have seen more than one indignant female administering that corporal punishment which her lord and master no doubt richly deserved. The Korean wife stands and serves her husband while he eats, she works while he smokes, but when family affairs come to a certain crisis, she takes the helm (that is to say, the top-knot) in hand, and puts the ship about.

At another of our stopping places on this road we found a magistrate who had been so long in the interior and who was so ignorant and illiterate that he neither knew the uses of a passport, nor could read it when presented. This was serious, indeed, for here with a rough and curious crowd to be refused the shelter of the magistracy might mean our being subjected to mob violence, and would almost certainly insure our passing the night on the road. Here we must exchange exhausted pack-ponies for fresh ones, here we must obtain money for the next stage, and food and fire for our tired coolies and ourselves. So

when our helper returned with the disquieting news that the magistrate would none of us, "the captain" donned his harness, and passport in hand, strode into the presence, gesticulated, I am afraid, stamped, waved the passport in the air, flung it to the ground, and by dint of noise and vehemence succeeded in impressing the astonished little official with a sense of the dignity and importance of the Foreign Office passports in the hands of strenuous Westerners.

He promptly and politely gave us rooms, money, ponies, everything we needed, in order to rid himself of us and our arguments, I suppose, and no doubt he still recalls us as the most remarkable and alarming intruders who ever disturbed his quiet and uneventful life.

But although sheltered by the magisterial walls our annoyances were not over. Word had been passed far and near of the arrival of foreigners, and the crowds gathered thicker and thicker. They were only rude and good-naturedly curious, but curiosity is a strange passion when really aroused, as only those who have been its victims know. Men will travel miles, will undergo unheard-of fatigues and surmount great difficulties, and will pay very little regard to the convenience, comfort or even safety of those who try to oppose them in their desires to gratify this passion.

Aware that we were besieged, we hung shawls and rain coats round the room, before the doors and windows, hoping to prevent the usual peep-show made by perforating fingers, and thus fortified, seated ourselves in front of our trunk, which served for a table, to partake of our meal during the short respite thus gained. A smothered titter made us look quickly around. Long slender rods had been pushed through the peep-holes, the curtains lifted, multitudes of eyes applied to new holes, and we were

well in view. I must honestly confess that in some of these baffled moments, in the hot fire of the enemy's ungenerous triumph, I have thought with glee of the execution which could be done with a syringe well aimed at those eye-filled holes, if we were just common travelers and not longing to win all hearts and ready to bear all such small annoyances with patience for the love of these poor people, even the most annoying of them. And now that I am more fully seasoned, I endure these rude intrusions into my privacy with more *sang froid*, excusing and understanding it.

About this stage in our journey our provisions ran very low, and among other things sugar gave out. Natives do not have this article of food, but we were able to get the Korean buckwheat honey, than which I have never tasted any more delicious, and we found that it improved the flavor of the finest tea.

Here in these far recesses of the interior, where we were uncertain of the temper of the people, and where many more than doubtful characters were known to be in hiding, the magistrates thought it necessary to send at least one, sometimes two, officials with us.

At the town of Huiju we found the scenery growing quite wild, the hills rising into mountains (though not very high ones), the road zig-zagging up and up, while a brawling, hurrying brook ran noisily below. Here we found the first spring flowers under the lingering snow, and above the snow were butterflies darting about in the sunshine, quite sure that they were in the right place, since the Father sent them, even though it did look a little cold and bleak; and then if one only looked up, there was the sun. Just here in the steepest, dizziest and most difficult part of the ascent, two of those poor little pack-ponies which I had been pitying all along for the terrible

way their relentless mapoos overloaded them, began fighting (loads and all), and after kicking each other in the liveliest fashion for some time, squealing like little fiends, while the poor mapoos were dancing and vociferating around them trying to bring about a truce, they finally scampered off in different directions, and then and there my heart hardened, and never since has pity for these animals entered it. They are, I firmly opine, as self-willed, spoiled, obstinate, quarrelsome, uncertain, tricky and tough little beasts as ever carried a load.

Among many other people treated at this little village, a woman came sixteen miles for medicine, and carried away as well the news of the Great Physician. Thus the mission to the body proves effective to the soul, and the seed is scattered far and wide. How that little seed prospered He only knows who has promised that those who cast it upon the water shall find it after many days.

Here, after we had eaten our supper, Mr. Underwood and I conceived a deep scheme to escape the stuffy little cage-like room and take a walk by moonlight in the midst of that lovely scenery. It would of course be futile to go out of the gate, for then the alarm would be given, and we should be hounded by the entire able-bodied portion of the populace. But the wall was low, and waiting till we supposed every one had retired for the night, we stealthily crept like a couple of criminals out of our quarters, surmounted the wall, and were at last free, and for once alone, away from staring eyes, to enjoy the sweet air and each other's company. But alas! we had hardly gone twenty paces when a Korean cur (than which only a Korean pig is more detestable) espied or nosed us, and at once set up a loud and continuous bark. We hurried on, hoping to escape, but it was not to be; one white form

after another appeared at the doorways, soon a quickly swelling stream of people were in our wake, and the game was up. We returned and retraced our steps, attended by a long retinue, entered by the gate, and hid our discomfiture within the walls of our little dungeon.

From Huiju our road led up farther, over a still higher mountain, and here we were provided, according to the conditions of our passport, with oxen instead of ponies to carry our loads (being stronger and surer footed), and also, as for all travelers belated and overtaken by darkness, torches of blazing pine knots or long grass carried by some of the villagers to a certain distance, where it was the business of others to meet us with new ones. The men who provide the oxen and torches are given the use of certain fields by the government in payment for such services, but often they are unfaithful. The belated traveler pounds long at their gates in vain. Some neighbor appears to say the man is sick or away. At length, when a reward has been given, and when patience has not only ceased to be a virtue, but ceased to exist at all, he or his wife appears and deliberately prepares the long-desired torch.

On the other side of this mountain, as we descended into the valley, we found a village which presented a very different aspect from any we had yet seen. The houses were not made of a basket work of twigs filled in with mud, like the ordinary native dwellings, but of heavy logs. The little compounds surrounding each house were enclosed with high fences made of strong timbers, each sharpened to a point at the top and firmly bound together, instead of the usual hedge of blossoming bushes or tile-covered mud wall. It all looked as if these farmers and foresters were prepared for a siege, but from what enemy?

There were no Indians or wild tribes here. It was a most picturesque place. The mountains rose grandly above us, all around were woods, and a beautiful stream rippled along between them and the village. It was a glorious moonlit night, the atmosphere seemed fairly to sparkle with brilliancy. Again, after supper, we prepared to take a walk. Few indeed had been our opportunities for such honeymoon observances as this, which are supposed to be the peculiar privilege and bounden duty of all the good newly married. As has been noted already, the large crowds which watched our every movement, and from whose observation not the smallest motion was lost, precluded any such folly on our part, but here, far off in the wild recesses of the woods and mountains, in a village whose inhabitants seemed nobly exceptional in the praiseworthy habit of keeping at home, here we might wander at will, in the enchanting light, listening anon to the silvery cadences of the stream. So we sauntered along in the most approved fashion of honeymooners until a few steps beyond the confines of the village, where woods closed in on all sides.

We had observed here and there as we passed along what looked like a sort of huge pen made of logs, weighted with great stones on top, strangely constructed, as if for the housing of some large animal. Now as we stood on the edge of the brook trying to decide whether to cross into the woods, a sound as of heavy and yet stealthy footsteps on the dry leaves in the shadow of the trees arrested our attention. An uncanny mystery seemed to hang over everything. Slightly startled by the sound, we awakened to the fact that the pens we had seen must be tiger traps, that this was a famous tiger tramping ground (they would naturally come to the brook to drink), that the enemy against whom the village was so

strongly fortified were these beasts of prey, and that it would be in every way profitable to us to postpone our moonlight rambles for some more propitious time and place. So with a less lover-like and more business-like pace we returned to the prosaic but welcome shelter of the huts.

Korean tiger skins are very fine when the animal has been killed in the winter, but unfortunately the natives do not understand the proper method of preserving them, and those which are taken away, as well as the leopard skins, very soon become denuded of hair. The natives prize the claws very highly, and often remove them as soon as the beast is killed. They are found from the Manchurian border through the whole country, among the mountains; more than once have they been seen in the capital since my arrival, and only a few months after I landed a leopard was seen in the Russian legation compound next to our house. As our homes were all bungalows, and the extreme heat of summer nights necessitated open windows, I often lay awake after this for hours at night, certain that I heard the stealthy, heavy tread and deep breathing of one of these creatures in my room.

But to return to our experiences in the tiger valley, which were not yet done. While Mr. Underwood and I were having our evening prayers together we heard in the valley below us the sharp report of a gun. The house in which we were was on the side of a hill, while our servants' quarters, and indeed most of the village, was in the valley just below. Shortly some one came running to tell us that a tiger had just been shot. This was slightly exciting, but turned out later to have been a mere excuse to quiet any alarm I might have felt on hearing the explosion of the gun.

The real facts were, it seemed, that a band of some thirty men, probably fugitives from justice, and robbers, had conspired to visit us that night at midnight and destroy the vile foreigners who had dared to intrude into the sacred precincts of this mountain land, and thus warned, no more strangers should trouble their shores. They had drunk together to the success of their plot, and the leader had rather overdone this part of it. Far gone in intoxication, he had been too much fuddled to keep to the plan, had come several hours in advance of the time, had loudly boasted in the little inn of their intentions, and fired his gun in a fit of bravado. At the command of the head of the village he was immediately seized and locked up and his gun taken away. It was a poor old-fashioned affair, arranged with a long fuse wound around the bearer's wrist, lighted when ready to fire, and inserted in an arm held up by the trigger, the pulling of which raised and removed a small cap which protected the priming powder and dropped the fuse upon it, thus firing the gun. It is with these awkward and clumsy weapons that the cool Korean hunters face and shoot the most formidable leopards, tigers, wild boars and bears which abound in the mountains of Korea. The Korean nobles use tiger and leopard skins on their carrying chairs, and the teeth and claws for ornaments, while the bones, when ground up, are supposed to be unrivalled as a tonic.

Many are the tiger stories told by Koreans; their folklore abounds with them. One very brief one is all I have time to insert. Once upon a time a fierce tiger crept stealthily into a village in search of prey. But every one was in bed, the cattle and pigs well guarded behind palisaded walls, not a child, a dog, or even a chicken lingered outside. He was about to retire in despair of finding a supper there when he spied through the small aperture at

the bottom of a gate, such as is found in all gates for the egress of dogs and cats, a small and trembling dog. His majesty tried in vain to squeeze through this hole, and finding it hopeless, took a careful survey of the wall. It was high, it is true, and sharply spiked, but sharply set too was the royal appetite, and he resolved to try the leap, after carefully reckoning the height to be surmounted and his own strength. He was a great agile fellow, and with the exertion of all his might he jumped, barely escaping the spikes, and landed safely inside the enclosure, quite ready for his supper, well aware that he must snatch it quickly and be gone ere the hunter in the cottage should espy and shoot him. But puppy had gathered his tail between his legs, and with loud and long kiyies had slipped through the opening to the outer side of the wall. Nothing remained for our hungry prowler but to try another leap, only to find that his supper had again given him the slip. Alas, that his brains were not equal to his perseverance and industry! I grieve to be obliged to relate that this greedy fellow vaulted back and forth in pursuit of his meal, his anger and appetite growing with every leap, until he died of exhaustion and fell an ignominious prey to his small and elusive foe, illustrating the fact that might does not always win and that the small and weak need not always despair in the contest with size and strength.

In the little hamlet where we met the adventure with the man who meant to kill us we were treated to fine venison and delicious honey. All through the woods we found anemones and other spring flowers and saw specimens of the beautiful pink ibis, belonging to the same family as the bird so often worshiped in Egypt. On the road hither and all around us we saw stacked and ready for sale cords of fine dark hard woods, of which we did not know

the names, but much of which looked like black walnut. No one who has traveled through this part of the country could possibly say there was a dearth of trees in Korea, or of singing birds, or sweet-scented flowers, or gorgeous butterflies.

CHAPTER IV

Leaving Kangai—We Choose a Short Cut—Much Goitre in the Mountains—A Deserted Village—The Jericho Road—We are Attacked by Robbers—A Struggle in the Inn Yard—Odds too great—Our Attendants are Seized and Carried Off—The Kind Inn-Keeper—Inopportune Patients—A Race for Life—A City of Refuge—A Beautiful Custom—Safe at Last—The Magistrate Turns Out to be an Old Friend—The Charge to the Hunters.

OUR next stopping place of importance was the town of Kangai. This was a walled city of between ten and twenty thousand inhabitants in the northern part of the province of Pyeng An Do. Being in the center of a rather turbulent and independent community, at least at that time—and when were mountaineers not so?—and quite near the Chinese border, its governor was invested with almost provincial authority, had a large number of soldiers always under arms, and surrounded himself with the greatest possible show of power and state, having a numerous and obsequious body-guard, a gun fired whenever he left his office, and a great retinue of menials and officials who constantly attended him. He told us that all this was necessary to overawe the people and establish his prestige and dignity. He was a relative of the queen, and I had met him at the palace.

As we approached the city and about three miles outside of it, we saw in the distance a little company of soldiers with flying banners and sounding trumpets, awaiting us apparently at the foot of a hill. What this might



PRINCE YI CHAI SOON, COUSIN OF KING



HIGH KOREAN OFFICIAL, KIM YAN SIK. PAGE 23

portend we were at a loss to guess. It might mean fetters and warder for intrusive foreigners, it might mean an order to return, it might mean our immediate extinction, but so kind had been our reception everywhere, barring sightseers, that we did not entertain any serious misgivings, although greatly puzzled as to what the demonstration could possibly signify. However, we marched right up, as if this martial array concerned us not in the least. As soon as we came within saluting distance the leader of the little company made us the most profound obeisance and announced that he had been sent to escort us to the city. So we proceeded with this rather cumbersome addition to our modest suite, and not only this, for small boys are the same all the world over, and a motley throng of them, attracted both by the soldiers and the circus (or, shall we say, the menagerie?), closed in around us. A mile farther on a second attachment of military, with its inevitable corps of small boys, was awaiting us, and on we went, the hubbub ever increasing, drums beating, trumpets sounding, flags flying, wooden shoes clattering over the stones, louder, it seemed to me, than all the rest, as I cowered in the shelter of my closely curtained chair.

Momentarily the formidable dimensions of the crowd increased, while other bands of soldiers joined us at intervals, for which I was devoutly thankful, for while the crowd seemed good-natured and simply wildly curious, at the same time we were strangers, to whom Koreans had the reputation of being inimical. With so large a crowd a small matter may kindle a blaze of fury, and as we were rather inexperienced and ignorant of the character of the people, I felt that whatever the intentions of the magistrate might be, the hand of the responsible official would be gentle compared with the hands of the mob. And yet look-

ing back on it all now, in the light of all that has since occurred, it was not altogether inappropriate but in a way fitting, that the first heralds of the gospel and the advent of Christianity to this province should be with banners, trumpets and great acclaim. The Kingdom had come, if only in its smallest beginnings, and had come to stay.

The wonder of it, which will grow, I think, more and more through the eternal ages, is that God should allow us, his poor creatures, to share with him in a work far greater than the creation of a universe, even the founding of an eternal and limitless kingdom of holiness, glory and peace.

But to return to our noisy procession. Within the city the noise and excitement ("yahdan" the Koreans would say, and nothing expresses it so well) were far greater than ever. Dancing girls and hoodlums of every description swelled the crowd, laughing, shouting, pushing, jostling. High points of vantage were occupied to the last inch with small boydom, booths or screened seats had been rented for the use of the ladies, and the streets were hardly passable. I shivered. I felt like a mouse in the power of a playful tiger. It is not a pleasant thing to feel one's self the object of desire—even if merely in a sight-seeing way—of thousands of strange people. Many in that crowd had come more than ten miles to behold us. My husband to protect me from the unpleasantness, to say the least, of falling into the hands of so large and eager a mob, hastened to the gates of the magistracy, quickly dismounted and bade the guards be ready to close them the instant my chair had entered. This was promptly done, the gates well bolted and guarded, and proud of our victory over the small boys, we hastily retired to our rooms. But hark! what noise was that, like thundering of a waterfall, or of a river dashing away its barriers? Alack!

it was the boys. They had scaled the wall on each other's shoulders, and were literally pouring over it into the compound.

I looked around the little room for some means of escape, like a hunted animal. Its windows and doors were double, the inner one sliding into the wall, but both were composed simply of a light frame of slender sticks covered with stout paper, and already the dancing girls and boys were tearing away the outer coat preparatory to forcing an entrance. Suddenly I espied a small door, which I found opened into a long dark closet, full of the dust and dirt of unclean centuries. Hither I fled, cowering in its farthest recesses. Those who looked in the windows, and saw nothing of the strange animal *genus Americanus*, concluded she must be in some other place, and so a short respite was granted, which Mr. Underwood and the deputy magistrate made good use of in guarding our house doors. The deputy himself was obliged to take his station there, and threatening with awful penalties any soldier who should permit the "*chabin duli*" (roughs and crowd) to enter uninvited. Henceforth during my stay in that town I was comparatively untroubled.

A very epidemic of diseases, however, seemed to have smitten the place. Every one needed the doctor, and old, almost forgotten complaints were resurrected and rubbed up, or if none existed new ones were invented to furnish an excuse for an introduction. People stood in long rows from morning till night to see this popular doctor, and had I been medicining for money, I might have charged almost any price and filled high our coffers; but I was only too glad to be able to tell them of the great Physician, whose unspeakable gift is without money or price.

The magistrate treated us very kindly, and one day made

a dinner for Mr. Underwood at a little summer house outside the city. Here, after partaking of various Korean dainties, he asked him a great many questions about America and Americans. My husband had thus a fine opportunity to enlighten the man on our own mission and work. He of course listened politely, but the Korean noble is very difficult to reach. He is bound so rigidly by so many social, religious and political fetters, that he usually will not allow himself to consider for a moment the possibility of casting them off.

We were much disappointed at not finding here any of the inquirers of whom we had been told so much, and to examine and instruct whom Mr. Underwood had turned so far aside from the main road to his final destination, Weeju. We could only conclude that they had either been too shy to approach us in the public quarters in which we were located or that we had been entirely misinformed, and we were forced very reluctantly to accept the latter as a fact.

The magistrate sent a number of presents to us ere we left—a box of cigars, though we were not smokers, another of candied Chinese ginger, honey, flour, beef, vinegar and potatoes. These were articles which they found by diligent inquiry from our attendants that we were fond of. They scoured the country for potatoes, though except in the mountains, where rice will not grow, few Koreans cultivate or eat them.

On leaving Kangai we could either take a long road around the mountains, well known and much traveled, or a short cut through and over them, much less frequented, but which the magistrate assured us was now quite safe, as he had recently passed through there himself and believed that everything was now quiet and orderly. The locality had a bad reputation, being off the main lines of



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travel in the recesses of the mountains, where escaped criminals were wont to hide, and where a band of robbers were said to have made their lair. But time pressed, work was urgent, the magistrate's statements were reassuring, and we decided to take the shorter road. We were provided with a police official and a soldier, who, our host told us, would be respected and feared, and our entire safety would thus be assured.

Our road on leaving Kangai passed directly over the mountains, through a region more sparsely populated and more wildly beautiful than anything we had yet seen. There were a few stray farms where sparse crops of potatoes were raised, but the mountains hemmed us in closely on all sides. They were covered with magnificent trees; here and there a woodcutter was seen or heard, but the evidences of human life were few. We had noticed with interest through the mountain districts a large number of people for these sparsely settled regions who were afflicted with goitre.

At night we reached a small village of scarce a half dozen houses, established by the government as a place of rest for travelers, since there was no other place within convenient marching distance. A subsidy was given in return for which these natives were bound to provide refreshments, horses, oxen, or torches for those who bore passports or official orders. But travel was rare and they had come to consider their duty a tyrannical exaction, their subsidy as their right; so when we arrived an ominous silence reigned over the place, and we found it had been completely deserted and that not long since everything had been dropped and the people had fled and hidden. This inhospitable reception was a very definite sign of ill will, a plain refusal to give the shelter and assistance they were so well paid to bestow. Of course it did not

auger well, but there was nothing to be done for the present but to try to supply our needs. Fires were built, horse provender found, and rice for coolies, mapoos and attendants cooked, while for ourselves we fared well on the contents of our box of stores. Some of the villagers returned that night to their homes.

Early next morning, having paid for what we had used, we started away. But the necessity for haste, as our stage that day was a long one, and our want of suspicion of any serious danger led us into making a mistake; we divided our small party, Mr. Underwood, the soldier and myself hurrying on ahead on what we afterwards called the Jericho road, leaving helpers and constable with the pack-ponies and mapoos, which traveled more slowly, to follow at a distance of several miles. We planned to reach our noon rest place early, and order food and provender (which it always takes an hour to cook) in advance, so that all might be ready on their arrival and a speedy departure insured. The day was a very fine one, the mountain air exhilarating and delightful, and there were no sightseers, so that Mr. Underwood and I walked together a long distance, laughing and chatting and gathering the pretty spring flowers, of which there were many, especially the sweet-scented violets, which I was surprised to find growing thus wild in the mountains. We arrived early at the little hamlet which was our destination, and were immediately installed in the one tiny inn the place could boast.

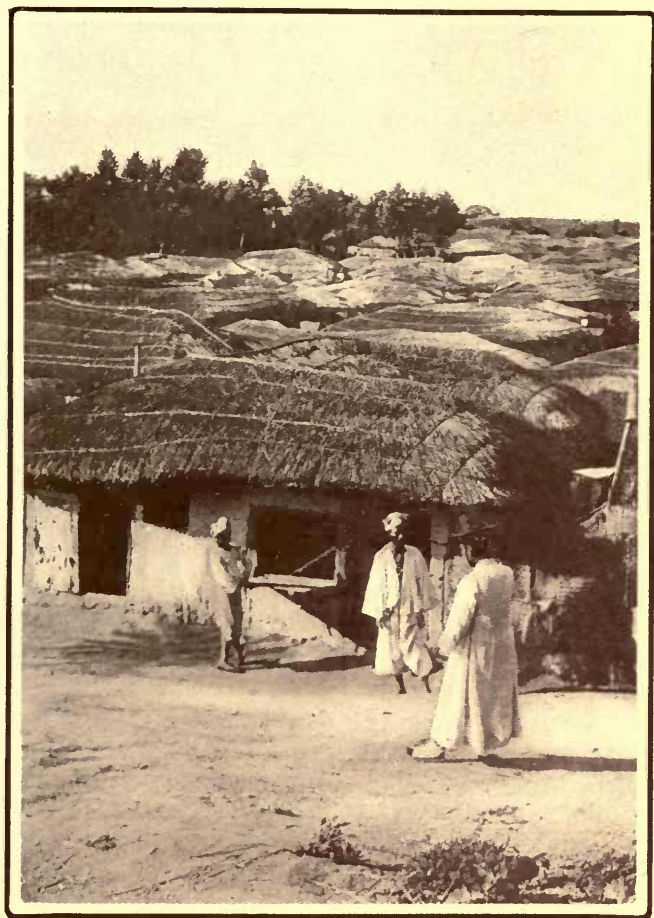
I am not sure how much time elapsed before our loads appeared, but it was not very long, and when word was brought that they were coming my husband slipped a small revolver (our only weapon) from our traveling-bag into his pocket. I understood too little of the language to know what message he had received, but he told me that

some rough fellows were coming with our party and that there might be trouble, in which case he might need the revolver. He had received a message, while on the way to the inn, that robbers had overtaken our people and were following us. It seems that as soon as we were out of sight a number of men had overtaken our loads and charged one of our mapoos with theft, saying that they had come to reclaim their stolen property. They bound his hands, took possession of our ponies and loads, and followed us to our inn. I peeped out through a crack where the door stood ajar, and saw what was not reassuring, a party of twenty or thirty country fellows, wilder and ruder looking than any I had yet seen, their hair falling in matted locks around their evil faces instead of being fastened in the usual rough top-knot, and their angry eyes fierce and bloodshot. Each carried a short stout club, and they were all shouting in angry tones at once, while our mapoo, his hands bound, my husband, the constable, soldier and helper stood in the midst of this wild throng. The tiny place seemed filled with the men and the hubbub, while the frightened villagers peeped in at the gate or over the wall; our brave chair coolies had hidden away, for which we were later extremely thankful.

The attacking party with loud and angry voices accused our mapoo of having stolen their money, a hat and a bowl; and when asked for evidence, pointed to the man's own shabby old hat, then on his head, to a rice bowl, placed on top of the packs (he said by their hands), and to our own large and heavy bag of Korean cash, fastened and sealed just as we saw it placed on the pony's back in the morning. They refused to release the mapoo unless these things were delivered up. Mr. Underwood told them that the hat and money were ours, but that he would go with them before a Korean magistrate and leave the

whole matter to his decision, only they must unbind our mapoo. This they would not hear to and continued to insist on our giving them the money. My husband absolutely refused to do this. Meanwhile, having placed himself, with the brave little soldier at his side, in a narrow space wide enough only for two, between the wall of the compound and the house, he bade the latter cut the mapoo's bands. The mob threatened to kill him if he did so, but he turned to Mr. Underwood and said, "Does the great man bid me cut?" and receiving the affirmative reply, he at once cut the ropes which bound the mapoo. The ruffians made a rush, but Mr. Underwood, hastily pushing the mapoo behind him, managed with the aid of the soldier at his side in that narrow place to push one man back against the others and keep them off for some time.

While his whole attention was thus engaged, however, with those in front, some of the party found a way to the rear, and coming up quietly behind, suddenly pinioned his arms back and held him helpless, while the others carried off our poor mapoo away outside the village, their voices dying away in the distance. In the awful silence that succeeded the uproar we waited what would follow. After what seemed an age of suspense they returned without the man and seized and carried off our constable. Again that fateful silence, that agonizing suspense; again another raid, and our other mapoo was dragged away. If these and our other companions had shown half the courage of the little soldier and made any effort to defend themselves and us, and especially had the chair coolies stood by us, the ruffians would very likely have been beaten off. As it was, we were practically helpless, the only question was who was to be attacked next. Mr. Underwood was very doubtful of the wisdom of pro-



A KOREAN VILLAGE

ducing the little revolver until the very last extremity. One by one they carried away the members of our party till only Mr. Underwood, the little soldier and I were left.

We learned afterward that they were a set of wild men, many of them fugitives from justice, probably an organized band of robbers, into whose hands we had fallen, and the fear that lay like ice at my heart was that when all our friends and defenders were one by one removed they would carry away and murder my husband too. So I waited, scarcely breathing, for the next return. What I dreaded they did in fact propose to do, saying it was the right way to treat foreigners. They said they had robbed and killed a Japanese officer some years ago, and having never been punished, would be quite safe in treating us in a similar way. On our return to Seoul we found by inquiry that this was true, that while the government had been forced to pay a heavy indemnity, they had never been able to identify and punish the murderers. Had we been overtaken before we reached the village perhaps our fate would have been that of the Japanese; but when the affair reached this point the villagers interfered and forbade. They said they had allowed them to carry off our Korean servants and our money, but should we, foreigners, known at the palace and carrying a passport, be killed there, their village would have to bear the penalty, and we must be spared. They were only a few men, but probably people who, knowing the haunts of the criminals and able to identify them, had them to some extent in their power. The men therefore sullenly filed away, or at least most of them. One or two of the fiercest and most repulsive still hung about, and one of them walked into my room (an insult in the eyes of all Koreans) and insolently stared until my husband, entering, ordered him out.

The inn-keeper was a little man not five feet high,

who did all in his power to reassure and make me comfortable, as if such a thing were possible with our poor friends in distress, if not dead, and our own fate only too uncertain. It was twenty-five English miles to the nearest magistracy, and doing our best, it would be difficult to reach it that night; but we knew that if any help was to be had for the captives it must be secured at once, aside from the fact that we had no assurance of safety with so small a party until within the walls of the yamen. So it was decided to start as soon as possible. My scared chair coolies had sneaked out of their hiding places in a sufficiently well-preserved condition to be able to partake of a hearty meal, and were soon ready to start. My husband had a Korean pony which possessed the rare virtue of kicking and biting every one who attempted to touch him, except his mapoo and his master; to which quality we were indebted for his being left us that day. One other pony we were able to obtain, but as it of course could carry only our rugs and bedding, the rest of our belongings we were compelled to leave behind.

We asked the host to take them into his house and take charge of them, to which he willingly consented. His son, in an agony of terror, begged him not to do so, as the robbers had threatened to come and burn down his house if he sheltered either us or our goods. The stout-hearted little fellow, whose soul was much too large for his body, laughed at the threat, and bidding one of the very men who had attacked us give a lift, he carried our trunks into his house and said he would take good care of them for us until we should send for them. In the meanwhile Mr. Underwood had been urging me to eat, which I tried in vain to do, as a large lump of something hard had become fixed in my throat, would neither go up or down and no food could pass that way. In fact, I may

as well admit I was a very much frightened woman, and my whole desire was to run away as fast and as far as possible from that dreadful locality. It sounds, and is, disgraceful, but as this is a narration of facts it may as well be confessed. My chief grief was that we must leave our poor friends behind. That, indeed, seemed cruel and unthinkable, yet there appeared to be no other way to relieve or help them.

Just as we were ready to start two or three country people came and asked for medicines for trifling complaints. Was anything ever so ill-timed? Surely we could not wait then, when the lives of our poor people as well as our own perhaps depended on our speedy departure. But not so, counseled my husband. These men and women needed help which we could give. It was our duty to show that we, as the servants of Jesus, had come in a spirit of brotherhood and love, and it gave us a fine opening to deliver a message and to distribute the printed Word—it would not take long, and in any case were we not in God's hands? So not knowing what moment the ruffians might return to drag us away to share the unknown fate of our attendants, perhaps death, surely torture, I prescribed. Alas! I hope none of my patients were poisoned; but with so distracted a mind did I work that it was very difficult to fix my thoughts on afflicted eyes, ears and throats, etc. At length all had been seen, the medicines repacked, when another patient appeared; again we waited, I diagnosed and prescribed and Mr. Underwood prepared the medicine; but still another and yet another appeared, till I began to think we should not be able to leave that day at all. At last, however, all were satisfied, and we started with our race with time, considerably after two o'clock.

We had twenty-five English miles to travel before we could reach the nearest magistrate, on a road leading

through and over the mountains. It was wild and exceedingly beautiful, but correspondingly rough and difficult. Sometimes it was only the narrowest foot-path, running along a ledge of rocks overhanging the stream; sometimes it was almost lost among great boulders, which must be skirted or surmounted. The loveliest wild flowers were all around us, but for once they did not tempt us to linger. We had barely left the confines of the village before we saw in the road before us the prostrate and apparently inanimate body of a man, whom we soon recognized as our constable. He proved to be not dead, but simply fainting from the cruel beating he had received. He soon revived a little and begged us to hurry on for aid. He was too much exhausted and bruised to be carried on with us, unless we abandoned our purpose of reaching the magistracy that night, which it seemed for the best good of all to do; so most reluctantly we left him to the mercy of the villagers. It was a sore alternative, but otherwise help for the others would have been delayed many hours.

When we had proceeded two or three miles farther we saw a line of armed men half kneeling barring the road in front of us, with their guns aimed apparently at us. I of course concluded that my last hour had come, but we decided that to advance with no signs of fear or doubt was the only course to pursue, and found a few minutes later that our formidable-looking opponents were only some hunters waiting game that was being driven towards them by others. Our road steadily ascended, and was more and more difficult. Where it was worst I walked to relieve the tired coolies, for even with four men and a light burden it is no easy matter to carry a chair up the mountain side on a warm April afternoon. When sunset was almost due, and we had many miles yet to go, the coolies insisted on waiting for supper. I dreaded the possible

necessity of being obliged to spend a part of the night unsheltered in a country that seemed so hostile, added to which the other thought of the necessity for speed made it seem impossible and wicked to delay for such a paltry thing as food.

Why the men who had seemed so bitter and cruel at noon had not followed and attacked our weakened party I have never been able to entirely explain. I can only surmise that, like most Asiatics, they were firmly convinced that Mr. Underwood, in common with all foreigners, always went heavily though secretly armed, and that any attempt to injure our persons would result in awful calamity. In addition, our passport and the well-known fact that we were on very friendly relations with the palace may have made them fear the consequence of harming us, even though they were more than half resolved to do so. More than this, the villagers who forbade them to touch us probably knew their haunts and would be able to hunt them out; and lastly, the fact that Mr. Underwood stoutly resisted them and showed no signs of fear undoubtedly had a marked effect upon their treatment of us. Witness the fact that even the little soldier, the only man of our native party who fought them and showed no fear, was the only one of the Koreans who escaped unhurt. If we had at any moment shown ourselves afraid of them they would have taken it as sure proof that we were defenseless. Had they seen our little revolver, and known it for our only weapon, they would have counted us, as we were, practically helpless, and our fate might have been decided very differently.

At the time I felt certain they were not through with us, but having weakened our party, they would attack us in the lonely road, far away from the friendly village, and finish their work.

We could scarcely hope to distance them, handicapped as we were, but I felt we could not put too much space between them and us, and many a backward glance I cast, expecting to see them emerge any moment from some rock or tree. Good for man or woman it is to feel one's self cast utterly on God's mercy, and entirely in his hands, to know one's self beyond all human aid, with him alone to look to for succor. As I turned to my husband that day and said, "Well, there's nothing left to do but to trust the Lord," it flashed over us both how commonly we only trust him when there is nothing else to do, as if his help were the last we should ever invoke, a last forlorn hope. How far, far too much, we fall into the habit of trusting in an arm of flesh and all the frail little human makeshifts with which we encompass ourselves and fancy we are safe. But how near he seems, how strong the uplift of the "everlasting arms," when the soul is left alone to him.

We were forced to wait some time while our tired coolies fed, the darkness meanwhile coming on rapidly. At length, rather than waste any more time, I started, walking in advance and leaving the coolies to follow; eat I could not. Soon the road divided into two, one a short cut over the mountain, the other a much longer one around it; we decided to take the shorter road, which also leading through the woods became extremely dark, so that in a short time we were obliged to call for torches, the road too turning out to be very bad. It was barely a foothold, circling and twisting down the precipitous mountain side. Mr. Underwood soon concluded that he would rather trust his own feet than his pony's, as we heard the displaced stones go rattling down into depths far below; but as for me, though I would have much preferred to descend from my chair, which had some time before over-

taken us, I was now so tired that it would have delayed us too much and added nothing to my safety.

Still it was rather an uncomfortable thing to be carried along on the brink of a precipice, down a slippery, uncertain path, in a darkness which was scarcely relieved, only made visible, by the flickering torchlights, especially as they invariably burned out before the next came up, and we were obliged at times to proceed a quarter of a mile or more—it always seemed more—in total darkness; and yet worse than this is probably often experienced by people traveling in the mountains for pleasure. At last, however, after nine o'clock, Mr. Underwood came to the chair and bade me look up. There above us on a hill in relief against the starlit sky stood the walls and gate of the little city. A city of refuge indeed, and we realized that night, a little at least, of the joy of the hunted, who, closely pursued by the avenger of blood, found himself safe within protecting walls. The gates were hospitably open as our messenger had arrived, and we were expected.

We were told that it was a custom in many towns in the north to set a lamp in each doorway as a token of welcome to expected guests who for any reason were persons of importance. As we passed down the street and saw these bright little beacons before each door our hearts were deeply touched. Although it was too late for a formal audience, and the gate of the magistracy was closed, my husband insisted on being admitted at once. The request was granted and he hurried in and began the usual ceremony of introducing himself, when a familiar voice exclaimed, "And don't you know me?" Then for the first he looked closely into the face of the official before him, and found that he was an old friend from Seoul, who had often been entertained at our house.

All was now easy. The events of the morning were

carefully related, with the request that the police should be sent at once to rescue and bring back our people, reclaim our goods and arrest, if possible, the criminals. This he promised to do at once, and in fulfillment, immediately ordered up the hunters, a guild of brave men who know the woods and mountains for miles around, and who fear nothing. His spokesman then called out to them in loud tones, which thrilled through the clear starlit night, the order to go at once, find and arrest the robbers, and bring safely our attendants and goods in three days' time, or lose their heads. To which they replied in a sort of chant in a minor key that they would so arrest, reclaim, and bring back in three days' time or would lose their heads. The last syllable long drawn, rolled, rippled, and re-echoed, seeming to die away somewhere among the stars. The condition about the loss of their heads was, of course, merely for rhetorical effect, or very likely the echo of an old custom, the address and reply being probably a form hundreds of years old. At any rate, though they returned after three days had passed, their mission not fully accomplished, there was no talk of beheading, or thought of it in any quarter.

It may be noted that not much has been told in this chapter of Christian work and its results, but it must be remembered that conditions were somewhat unfavorable. Owing to the fears of our American minister, Mr. Underwood had been forbidden to preach in the country at this time, so that his work was limited to studying the country and the people and their possibilities, laying plans for future work, examining, instructing and encouraging converts and supervising and testing the work of native helpers. As for me, the effort to make a favorable impression through the treatment of the sick and the distribution of tracts was the limit of my usefulness.

CHAPTER V

Our Stay in Wewon—We Give a Dinner—Our Guests—Magistrates Propose that we Travel with a Chain-Gang—Our Trip down the Yalu—The Rapids—Contrast between Korean and Chinese Shores—We Enter Weju—The Drunken Magistrate—Presents and Punishments—Unpleasant Experiences with Insincere People—Rice Christians—The Scheming Colporter—The Men Baptized in Weju—The Lost Passport—Another Audience at the Palace—Queen's Dress and Ornaments—Korean Summer House—The Pocket Dictionary—Our Homes.

HERE, then, in the hospitable little town of Wewon we rested, made friends whom we hoped to draw into the friendship of our Leader, and ministered to sick bodies and souls, as opportunity was given. Here in a few days were brought our boxes and a few of the men who had attacked us. Still later, for they were unable to travel for some time, came our poor attendants, who had twice been cruelly beaten with clubs and left tied up all night in a painful and agonizing position. The mapoo's arm was broken, and our helper never entirely recovered from the injury his back had suffered. Those of the criminals who were found were sent up to the provincial capital to be punished by the governor.

Before leaving Wewon we gave a dinner to the magistrate in order to gratify his curiosity and that of his friends. We wished to show in some way our appreciation of his kindness and hospitality, and Mr. Underwood,

who had considerable experience and much skill in camp and bachelor cooking, undertook, in the face of some odds, to manage the matter; and we found our ingenuity well taxed in evolving a feast from the now scanty remnants of our larder and the few obtainable native articles out of which a foreign meal could be manufactured. However, we prided ourselves that we did quite well, with some six courses, including soup, fish, a bewitching little roast pig, well decorated with wreaths and berries, served with apple sauce and stuffed with potatoes, chestnuts and onions. Our dessert, marmalade spread on crackers, was sufficiently light to please the most æsthetic, and we introduced a novelty, coffee sweetened with honey, never whispering that our sugar was gone. The magistrate came with a huge crowd of retainers, who filled our tiny room and flowed over into the kitchen, peered into and fingered everything, and nearly wrecked the courses, which our overtried servant was attempting under many difficulties to serve. With nothing but a bowl of charcoal in lieu of a stove, and no proper kitchen utensils, it was by no means easy to achieve such a feat of culinary art in the far interior of the hermit kingdom, but we did not stop to consider a little inconvenience or bother, nor regret a little extra work where we could thereby make or strengthen friendship with Koreans. Trifling as it may look for missionaries to be planning *menus* and giving dinners to country magistrates, there are more ways of furthering the cause than preaching only. The hearts of the people must be won, and he who wins most friends wins the readiest and most attentive audience, one inclined in advance to favor and accept what he has to teach, and nothing is trifling which helps.

After the return of our men and belongings, and as soon as the former were able to travel, we felt we must

hurry on to Weju. The magistrate of Wewon proposed that when we departed, the eight criminals who had been captured should be chained together, two and two, and led in advance of our company during the rest of our journey. Thus should we march through the land like conquerors, instilling awe and terror in all hearts, and none who looked on this tableau would ever again dare assail a foreigner. Now this was of course exactly the impression that we wished to produce as missionaries! We pictured ourselves going about preaching the cross, with such an object lesson as this, trying to win the hearts of the people, while driving their compatriots before us in chains, and we enjoyed the vision hugely. It would hardly have been possible to have obtained the relief of our Koreans without the arrest of the criminals, several of whom were identified as notorious men, whose seizure was necessary to the peace and safety of the community. But we never would have had them punished on our own account or to gratify revenge, so we politely thanked the magistrate for his tactful suggestion, but begged to be excused.

We found the town of Chosan, where we stopped on the evening after leaving Wewon, quite a unique and interesting little place. It is situated near the Yalu, or, as the Chinese call it, the Amno River, which forms the boundary line between Korea and China. Two "*kisus*," a sort of soldier police, were sent out three miles to meet us, and preceded us into the town, blowing trumpets all the way, to our helpless annoyance and disgust, for they either could not or would not understand that this sort of demonstration was most distasteful to us both.

As at Kangai, more and more soldiers met us at intervals. There were flags, music, crowds, and again we entered the town like a circus. The crowds, however, were kept well back, the place was much smaller, and we

were undisturbed at the magistracy. As soon as we entered the house a small tray was brought, with cups of hot ginger tea, most restful and refreshing, the kind thought of the magistrate, who, unlike others, did not force himself at once upon us, but considerately waited until we were a little rested and refreshed. We found here a custom which we had not met elsewhere, that of sounding a bell every morning at a certain hour, when all morning fires must be extinguished, not to be relit until late in the afternoon.

We were compelled to go on some miles farther to obtain a boat for our short trip down the Yalu. In rainy weather the rapids between this point and Weju are rather dangerous, but at this time it was only a swift current, which made the trip the pleasanter. We found a Korean junk, which served our purpose as well as any that were to be had, which was flat-bottomed, and thirty feet long by three wide. This would carry our attendants, our packs, two or three boatmen and ourselves. Some mats were rigged on bamboo poles above us for an awning, and others stretched across the middle of the boat for a partition, which left one half for the use of the natives, while we reserved the other for ourselves. Here we spent three days and nights; during the latter, however, we always anchored near the shore. Provisions in plenty were obtained from the villages we passed, when a great many people came out to kugung; but here we had the advantage, and while quite able to talk to them from the boat, were not forced to permit more than we liked to examine us and our belongings.

One night we were wakened with the cry of "Pull, pull!" "Fire, fire!" and found the boat was on fire. Some one had fallen asleep while smoking and dropped hot ashes among combustibles; but we were close to the shore,

there was plenty of water and people to use it. The blaze was soon out, and nothing thrilling came to pass. Thus was it ever with our adventures. While danger in one form or another made itself known, as if to prove beyond a doubt our Father's care, we were kept as safe and unharmed as a child in its mother's arms; and were we not with the everlasting arms underneath us?

As we drifted down the Amno those lovely spring days, with China lying on one side of us and Korea on the other, the contrast was wonderfully marked, almost as much, indeed, as if the two nations had been separated by oceans rather than a river. This difference too was almost as marked in the physical features of the country as in national customs. On the Korean shore the trees were mostly of pine; on the China side, of oaks and other deciduous varieties. The Korean peasants' huts were of mud, straw thatched; the Chinese houses of brick or stone, roofed with tile. Koreans dressed in white were plowing with oxen; Chinese farmers in blue were plowing with horses. Rhododendrons gave a lovely roseate tinge to the rocks and hills on either side. It was easy for the passing traveler to see which country bore the greater appearance of prosperity and thrift.

On the evening of the 27th of April we reached Weju. Fortunately no official notice had gone before, and there were no trumpets, drums, harps, sackbuts, psalteries and all kinds of music at hand to make our lives a burden. A chair was hired for Mr. Underwood, and in the kindly protection of the deepening twilight we surreptitiously entered these conveyances and were carried into the city as quietly and unobtrusively as happy common folks.

And now, to return a little, soon after leaving Pyeng Yang we had met a Mr. Yi, of Weju, an agent of the Bible Society, then on his way to Seoul; but when he heard

where we were going he concluded to return with us. Mr. Underwood was at that time trying to decide whether Weju or Pyeng Yang would be the better place for a substation, with a half-formed plan to purchase a house, to which we could go when itinerating, in charge of which we might place a care-taker, who would also be helper, intending to select from among the converts in that region, if possible, one of the most capable and earnest. This plan was in part communicated to Mr. Yi, and seemed to strike him most favorably. He shortly proposed to precede us to Weju and select such a place. Mr. Underwood, however, told him plainly that he must on no account purchase or promise to purchase any such house for us; that, as our plans were indefinite, we could not buy until we had seen the city and the Christians, and, in a word, until we had some data by which to decide whether we needed such a house there at all. And even then the locality and the house must first be seen by us.

We, however, consented that he should go in advance and arrange at some inn or Christian home for our entertainment, so that we could be quietly and quickly housed on entering the town. We also consented that some inquiries should be made as to what houses in localities convenient for work were purchasable, and at what price, so that we might have something definite to consider on reaching there. Accordingly he left us before we reached Kangai and hurried on to Weju. When we arrived, therefore, he met us and conducted us with much *éclat* to a very commodious and nice bungalow, which he said was his own. Here we were introduced to his consumptive wife, his aged father, and his little children.

According to custom, we sent our passport to the magistrate as soon as we arrived. This scarcely reached his office before an order was sent out for the arrest of our



A BUTCHER SHOP

BASKET SHOP

servants and helper, who were forthwith dragged off to the yamen, beaten and locked up. We had hardly received this disconcerting news when it was announced that some messengers had arrived from his excellency with a very generous present of chickens, eggs, nuts, fruit and other edibles. These articles again had barely been received and the messengers not well out of sight when officers arrived with orders to arrest our host and have him beaten. This very contradictory conduct was certainly disquieting, and we were at a loss to conjecture what it meant.

However, we had not long to wait. The deputy or vice-magistrate was shortly afterwards announced, and before he left, he gave Mr. Underwood to understand that his honor the magistrate had been imbibing rather freely and was not altogether responsible for his honorable(?) conduct, and that he, the deputy, hoped, therefore, that we would overlook his slight playfulness in arresting and beating our poor innocent people. These little aberrations were, he said, quite frequent, and of course when once we understood what was to be expected and the reason, no concern need be felt. We were, of course, immensely comforted and soothed by this explanation, and rested with quiet minds in the happy consciousness that it was entirely uncertain what sort of magisterial and honorable earthquake or cyclone might strike us next; assured it would be all right, as he intended no harm in his sane moments. The poor deputy, in a strait betwixt two (the magistrate near at hand, and the Foreign Office in Seoul, represented by our passport), had been trying to smooth over the magistrate's uncivil reception of the passported foreigners, by offerings of said chickens, eggs, etc., and this was the explanation of the strange combination of presents and punishments.

Drunkenness is, I am sorry to say, very common in

Korea. The people do not, as in Japan and China, raise tea, and even the wealthiest have apparently only recently learned the use of either tea or coffee, which the common people are far too poor to buy. Milk, strange to say, they have never used, and they are therefore without a harmless beverage which they can offer their friends on convivial occasions. As it is, they resort only too generally to wines and some very strong alcoholic drinks, which they make themselves.

We had had Christian workers at Weju for some months, one of whom Mr. Underwood had appointed and two who had constituted themselves such, of whom we were doubtful then, and later had cause to be more so, and who now hoped to prove themselves so useful to us that we would give them some good-paying position in the mission. Several of our experiences at Weju were very bitter and disappointing to us, for the insincerity of men whom we trusted was made clear, and yet at the same time they were instructive, for they taught us to be very slow and cautious in investing men with responsibility, and to be very guarded both in receiving converts and in using money, and helped to strengthen us in those ideas of rigid self-support which Mr. Underwood had already, from the study of Dr. Nevius' book, begun to consider deeply and to some extent follow. One of the self-appointed begged us to start a Christian school in a place where as yet there was no opening for it, and to put him in as teacher with a good salary. "But," Mr. Underwood objected, "we are not yet ready for such a school, and I cannot start a school merely to give you a living." Such unconcern for his material interest grieved him sorely. Long he pleaded his need and begged with great naïveté that we would then inform him how he was to subsist, with refreshing guilelessness rolling the whole of the responsibility of his ex-

istence upon us. We were obliged to tell him with some emphasis that we were not here to provide incomes for indolent men, but to further the gospel.

Another man whom we had trusted had given us altogether exaggerated, and we feared intentionally false, accounts of the interest in Kangai, of which we had failed to find any signs. He did not suppose we would go there to verify the reports which were to accrue to his credit. But another and still more annoying experience awaited us. The agent Yi told us that the house we were in belonged to us, that in spite of our repeated injunctions he had bought it for us, and had sold his own little home in part payment and installed his family here. This was now the only shelter of his aged father, his sick wife and his helpless little ones. The scheming fellow had indeed placed us in a serious predicament. To turn these weak and helpless people into the street for the sins of this man was not to be thought of; to allow the man to profit by his dishonest trick would be to encourage every covetous hypocrite who sought to make gain out of the church and to misuse consecrated funds. Fortunately within ten days after a sale the money or deeds may be demanded back, and so we made him ask back his own house and return the one we had used, with a slight extra payment, to the original owner. It is due to the British Bible Society to say that they were of course deceived in this man, as we are all liable to be at times, no matter how careful. The distance from his employers at which he was working made supervision almost impossible.

We were visited by a great many people, mostly men, who seemed deeply interested in Christianity and eager for baptism. Over one hundred such applicants presented themselves. Mr. Underwood examined them with great care, and found that all had studied the Scriptures and

tracts with great assiduity, and nearly all were well informed in the cardinal truths of the gospel. One man was quite a phenomenon of a rather useless kind of Biblical erudition. He knew the number of chapters and verses in the Old and New Testament (Chinese, of course), the number of characters, the number of times the name of God and Christ occur, and a variety of similar facts, showing he had an extremely facile memory, but proving nothing with regard to his conversion. I could not help regarding the poor man with compassion. It seemed too bad that he should have taken so much pains and spent so many hours of toil to gain non-essentials when the sweet bread of life and honey out of the rock might have been had so simply and easily, had he only really wanted them, had he learned enough of their wondrous value to desire them. I am afraid that this man and some of the others that we questioned had no inkling of what Christianity really is, but supposed it was a philosophy, fine and good, no doubt, which if adopted would bring them in touch with rich and influential foreigners, and find them speedy employment as teachers, helpers and what not.

What we anxiously, longingly sought for in these applicants were the signs of a sincere change of heart, of a real love for the God who was crucified to save them, and of the fruit of this belief in a change of life and character. Out of the hundred applicants we selected thirty-three, not those who answered most glibly or showed the greatest information, but those who gave almost unmistakable evidence of sincerity of heart and true knowledge of Jesus. I say almost, for it is well-nigh impossible not to make mistakes at times.

We had been forbidden to baptize in Korea, under our passport, and we all crossed the river into China, and there held a communion service, a very solemn and deeply felt

occasion to us, and Mr. Underwood baptized these men, the only ones baptized during the whole trip, a larger number than he ever received before, or after that, for some years. These numbers, rather large so early in the history of the mission, were afterward much exaggerated by rumor. No one was able to visit this little company of newborn souls for two years. No response from the church at home to urgent pleas for help; exacting demands of work in Seoul, sickness which took us to America, made it impossible for any one to go and strengthen, encourage and uphold them. With no pastor, few books but Chinese, they were sadly neglected, and humanly speaking, it would hardly be surprising if they were scattered and lost as sheep without a shepherd. We had hoped to visit them at least once a year, but had no idea how the work near home would grow and how impossible it would be to leave. These men were not of the city of Weju, but from some little hamlets at some distance, some of them fifteen or twenty miles away. Several of the men were already well known to Mr. Underwood and had been under instruction for more than a year, and some had been reported ready for baptism by Mr. Saw, who had been employed by Mr. Ross when he came to Seoul three years before.

This is to show that a horde of new professors, of whom we knew nothing, were not rashly baptized in zeal to increase the list of church-members, as was stated by persons who were ignorant of the real facts. All were rigidly examined, all had been long prepared, and although two missionaries who paid a visit to Weju on their way to China two years later, and one who made a long stay eight or nine years later, said they found none of these Christians, we believe God was able to keep his own. It would not be easy, knowing neither the names of the men nor

the villages where they lived, to find them, especially when we remember the roving, almost nomadic character of the people, most of whom had probably moved quite away, the Japanese war having worked marvelous changes. More than half of the population of Weju and vicinity seemed to melt away during that disastrous war.

When our work in Weju was done we started on our return trip to many waiting duties in the capital. The magistrate had not restored our passport, so we sent for it, but it was not forthcoming. We waited some time, and again meekly requested it; still it was withheld, and at length we learned that on the night of our arrival the magistrate had been in such an irresponsible condition that he had no recollection to whose care he had confided it, and, in fact, *the passport was lost*. This was indeed a serious state of affairs! To travel without one would involve great risk, to wait for another from Seoul would take more time than we could afford to spare. And, indeed, whether we should believe that it was really lost, or that this was only the excuse of an inimical magistrate who meant to detain us there for some dark purpose, was a question. After some annoying delay, however, it was found and duly returned, and with sad farewells from our friends, but with the hope and intention of returning soon to feed these lambs of God's fold we left Weju, to *which we have never as yet been permitted to go back*.

Mr. Underwood and I discussed long and earnestly on our return trip the comparative merits of Pyeng Yang and Weju for the establishment of a sub-station. In the one the opening was more hopeful, the other held the more advantageous position. We at length concluded to leave the matter open and allow future events to decide where we should start our station. We returned to Seoul by the main road, with as few delays as possible, and had an un-

eventful trip, troubled by no mobs or robbers. The season was somewhat advanced and the inns were very hot, but the country was beautiful, with many varieties of the loveliest flowers. Lilies of the valley we found growing in masses not ten feet from the roadside, lilacs, eglantine, sweet violets and quantities of other sweet-scented flowers filled my chair. We found ourselves safely at home near the middle of May, having been absent over two months, traveled more than a thousand miles, treated over six hundred patients, and talked with many times that number.

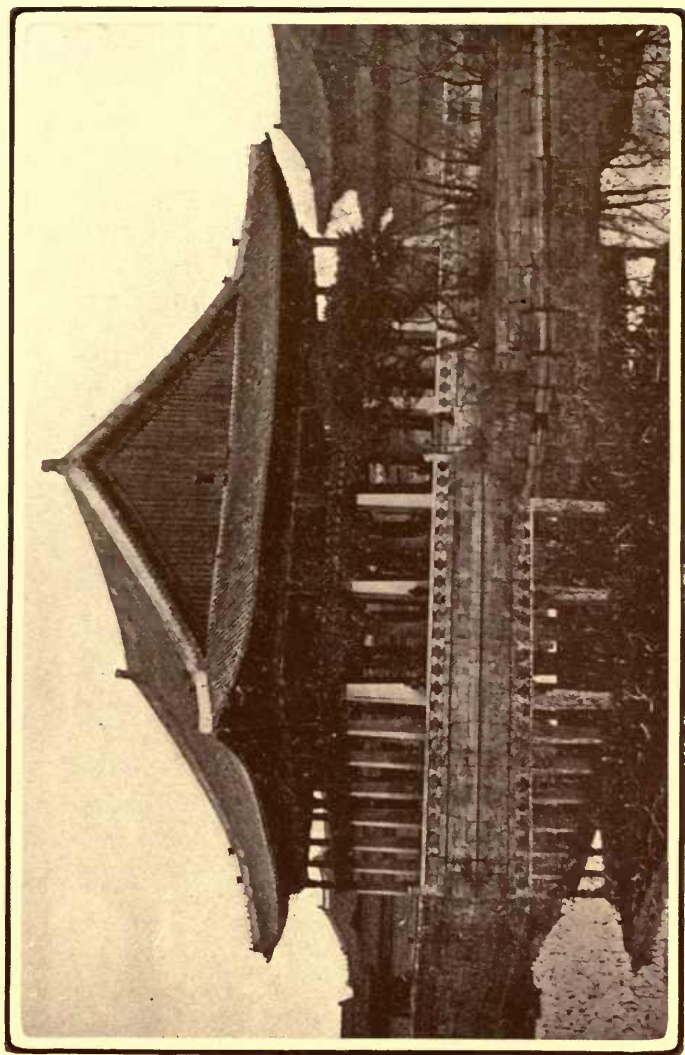
We were dismayed to find on our return that one of the too loyal missionaries had, in supposed obedience to the edict, closed the little room, where services had been held with the natives, and they were worshipping secretly in one or another of their own little homes. We at once threw open our own house and regularly gathered the Christians there, till all the mission were willing to use the little chapel again.

Shortly after our return the queen invited me to a private audience, in order to give me a very unique pair of gold bracelets, which she had ordered made for a wedding present, and which had not been ready before we went to the country. She also gave a ring set with a beautiful pearl for my husband. She kindly asked about our trip, and was, as usual, all that was friendly and considerate. I wish I could give the public a true picture of the queen as she appeared at her best, but this would be impossible, even had she permitted a photograph to be taken, for her charming play of expression while in conversation, the character and intellect which were then revealed, were only half seen when the face was in repose. She wore her hair like all Korean ladies, parted in the center, drawn tightly and very smoothly away from the face and knotted

rather low at the back of the head. A small ornament (indicating her rank, I suppose, as I have never seen any other woman wear one) was worn on the top of the head, fastened by a narrow black band. One or two very ornamental long hairpins of gold filigree set with coral, pearls or jewels were stuck through the knot of hair at the back. She usually wore a yellow silk *chogerie*, or jacket waist, like those worn by all Korean women, fastened with a pearl or amber button and a very long flowing blue silk skirt. All her garments were of silk, exquisitely dainty.

Her majesty seemed to care little for ornaments, and wore very few. No Korean women wear earrings (except young girls in the north, who wear a large silver hoop), and the queen was no exception, nor have I ever seen her wear a necklace, a brooch, or a bracelet. She must have had many rings, but I never saw her wear more than one or two of European manufacture, set with not so many nor so large diamonds as numbers of American women of moderate means and station often display. She had any number of beautiful watches, which she never wore. According to Korean custom, she carried a number of filigree gold ornaments decorated with long silk tassels fastened at her side. So simple, so perfectly refined were all her tastes in dress, it is difficult to think of her as belonging to a nation called half civilized.

On the occasion of this visit she gave me a fresh proof of her thoughtful kindness. I was wearing my wedding dress and very thin satin slippers, and as I was leaving it suddenly began to rain. My chair was nearly half a mile distant, waiting outside the gate, according to rule. The queen, whom nothing escaped, noted the rain, and my difficulty. She came in person to the window and imperatively ordered word to be sent to the gate for my chair to be brought to the waiting room.



PLEASURE HOUSE. PAGE 22

But this was too much. The officials who attended me there said that such an exception as this in my favor would awaken bitter criticism and jealousy, that one of the highest officials in the land was at that moment waiting at the gate for the shower to pass so that he could attend at an audience, and would be obliged to walk through the rain. They therefore begged that I would wave the fulfilment of the queen's order and walk to my chair. I saw the reason and the good sense in their protest, and of course at once consented, as much comforted by the queen's kind intention as if my slippers and silk gown had been well protected. This rule for the exclusion of chair coolies was changed soon after, and my chair was brought close to the royal apartments.

That summer was passed on a high bluff on the banks of the river, in a Korean summer house, which belonged to the king, which their majesties had allowed our mission to use a previous year, and which favor was now extended to us. It was situated on the rocks about fifty feet above the water, and was one of those charming, cool and picturesque summer refuges which Koreans understand building to perfection. Its roof, with artistically upward curving corners, was supported on several stout pillars, but its walls were all windows of light wood, in fancy open-work designs, which were covered with paper on one side, and which, being made to swing out and hook to the roof, formed a very effective awning. Here with a breeze always sweeping through, effectively screened from the sun, with a perfect view of the mountains and the Han River, with its lovely green valley, Mr. Underwood worked nearly all summer on his small dictionary, Mr. Gale or Mr. Hulbert giving him much useful help at times. My husband had been at work on a larger dictionary, which he planned to make a very full and complete one, for nearly

three years, and had already many thousands of definitions of words with synonyms. It was to be both Korean-English and English-Korean, not like the French, merely the Korean into the foreign tongue. It was a darling scheme of his heart, on which he was putting all the time that could be spared from direct mission work; but persuaded by his brethren that something was sorely needed immediately by missionaries now beginning to arrive, he laid his *magnus opus* aside for the present, not without regret, but without a backward look, and working without cessation from early dawn into the night hours all that long summer, prepared and finished the small dictionary, for the convenience at the present indigent moment of those who were struggling with the language.

The following fall, the loved secretary, Dr. Mitchell, and Mrs. Mitchell visited our mission and gave us all much advice and help, for which we were most grateful. We were not then quite so well housed as now. Our homes were mud-walled and rather damp, often leaking badly in rainy season and admitting much frosty air through numerous cracks in the winter. Many of our windows were not glazed, but merely covered with paper. During the doctor's visit there came one night a heavy storm of wind and rain, which beat against the window near our bed, and thoroughly demolished it, the rain pouring in on the floor. The roof leaked over us, but with umbrellas and waterproofs we kept quite dry. In the morning, however, at the sight of the flooded floor and the paper windows hanging in shreds, Dr. Mitchell gave us a severe reprimand for our carelessness, warning us that missionaries are far too expensive commodities to be so ill protected. A lesson it were well for all young missionaries to learn, but which, as a rule, alas! they are too slow to heed.

CHAPTER VI

An Audience at the Palace—Dancing Girls—Entertainment Given after the Audience—Printing the Dictionary and Grammar—A Korean in Japan—Fasting to Feast—Death of Mr. Davies—Dr. Heron's Sickness—Mrs. Heron's Midnight Ride—Dr. Heron's Death—Difficulty in Getting a Cemetery Concession—Forced Return to America—Compensations—Chemulpo in Summer—The "Term Question" in China, Korea and Japan—Difficulties in the Work.

EARLY in the fall of 1889 I was invited to another audience at the palace, with some of the foreign state officials and their wives. After the audience a dinner was served, and later, a performance by dancing girls was given. And right here I must say, that although on several occasions at the palace I have seen dancing girls in these entertainments, I have never beheld anything at such times in their actions that was improper or even undignified. Their motions are graceful, usually slow, circling around hand in hand or in various combinations of pretty figures. They wear high-necked and long-sleeved jackets or coats, and long skirts, the figure quite concealed by the fashion of the dress. And yet, thus to appear in public, allowing their faces to be seen by strangers, is the gravest breach of propriety in the eyes of all Koreans, and these girls are, alas! as depraved as women can be. Like those of their class in all countries, they are the most pitiable and hopeless of women, but unlike those who have thrown themselves away, they deserve small blame mixed with the compassion one feels for them, for these poor girls

have been sold by their parents into their awful lives, and were given no choice of their destiny. Many a poor little Korean child is sold into slavery for a few bags of rice, to be trained as a dancing girl, used as a common drudge, or married to a man she has never seen, while she is hardly larger than our little ones playing with their dolls in the nursery.

But to return to our palace entertainment, from which I have made a rather long digression. The guests were seated on the veranda, or "maru," in front of the dining hall, and in the grounds before us appeared a pretty boat with wide spread sails, in which were seated some gaily dressed girls. Others now appeared, dancing to slow native music, a stately figure, almost in minuet fashion, with waving of flowing sleeves and banners. They were evidently the spirits of the wind, and the boat was waiting the favoring breeze. The music grew quicker, while faster and faster stepped the dancers, more and more swiftly fanning the sails with sleeves, skirts and scarfs, till at last the boat slowly moved forward, and with its attendants moved out of sight. When the boat had been thus gracefully fanned away, a couple of mammoth lotus plants were brought out, with great closed blossoms seen among the leaves.

Following them came a pair of gigantic storks, extremely well simulated. The birds came forward slowly, advancing, retreating, sideling, mincing, waiving their heads and long bills about, all in tune to the music, wavering and uncertain, yet evidently with some definite, not to be resisted, purpose in mind. At length, after long hesitation, one of them plucked up courage and gave a vigorous peck at a lotus bud, which forthwith burst open and released a pretty little child, who had been curled up at its heart. The other stork, with similar good fortune, dis-

covered another little one. I was much interested to find this stork and baby myth here in Korea, centuries old ; but those hoary nations of the East are ever reaching down into the apparently limitless depths of their remote past, and dragging forth some fresh surprise whereby to convince us there is nothing new under the sun.

Late in November of the same year we went to Japan to publish Mr. Underwood's grammar and dictionary, as there were no means of printing such books in Seoul. In Japan we were forced to wait while type was made, and during this delay Mr. Underwood perfected the grammar, adding what is now the first part. A Korean teacher or scholar accompanied us, but great was his distaste for Japan and all her ways, and herculean our toils and efforts, as each steamer sailed to prevent his returning to Korea.

Rice is the staple article of food in China, Korea and Japan, but it is cooked and eaten differently in all three countries, and no one of either will, except under dire necessity, eat the rice prepared by one of the other nationalities. Our literary assistant was of the *Yangban*, or noble class, he had never soiled his hands in labor, or cooked anything for himself, but after enduring a Japanese hotel with many and doleful complaints for a very short time, he begged us to find him a room and let him keep house for himself. That a *Yangban* should make a proposition like this showed to what straits he had been brought, so we at once complied with his request, and from that time on he prepared his rice with his own gentlemanly hands. He was a Chinese scholar of fine attainments, and his learning was much respected in high Japanese circles. He was often invited out, and was distinguished by an invitation to the house of the governor of the city.

Now, when Koreans attend a feast, they expect to finish an incredible amount of food on the spot (nor is it altogether unusual, in addition, to carry away as much in their sleeves and hands as strength will permit). Sometimes they fast for several days previous in order to do full justice to the entertainment, and generally, I believe, quantity is considered of far more import than quality. Not so with the Japanese, among whom our teacher visited. If his word was to be believed, they had developed the æsthetic idea quite to the other extreme, and provided a few tiny cups and dishes of supposedly delicate and rare viands for their guests. So on this occasion to which I refer, it was almost pathetic, the poor Korean fasting to feast, with visions of quarts of rice and vermicelli soup, pounds of hot rice bread, nuts, fruits, fresh, dried and candied; meats with plenty of hot sauce, "*kimchi*," or sauerkraut, etc., etc. Alack the day! A few microscopic cups of tea, a few tiny dishes of articles which knew not Korea (among them no doubt raw fish), and for the rest, a feast of reason and flow of soul. Next day, a wiser and a thinner man, he sadly told Mr. Underwood that he now understood why Japanese prospered, while Koreans grew poor. "Koreans," said he, "earn a hundred cash a day and eat a thousand cash worth, while Japanese, on the contrary, earn a thousand cash a day and eat a hundred cash worth." Never were truer words spoken, with regard to the Japanese at least. If these people have a virtue, which their worst enemies cannot gainsay, it is their industry and thrift.

Just what is the ordinary number of slight earthquakes in Japan per month or year, I do not know, but during the six months of our stay they averaged one every three days. During one twenty-four hours of our experience there were eleven. They were not, of course, severe, but

sufficient to swing doors, set chandeliers clattering and rocking chairs in motion, and to convince me more than once that the house was on the point of tumbling about our ears.

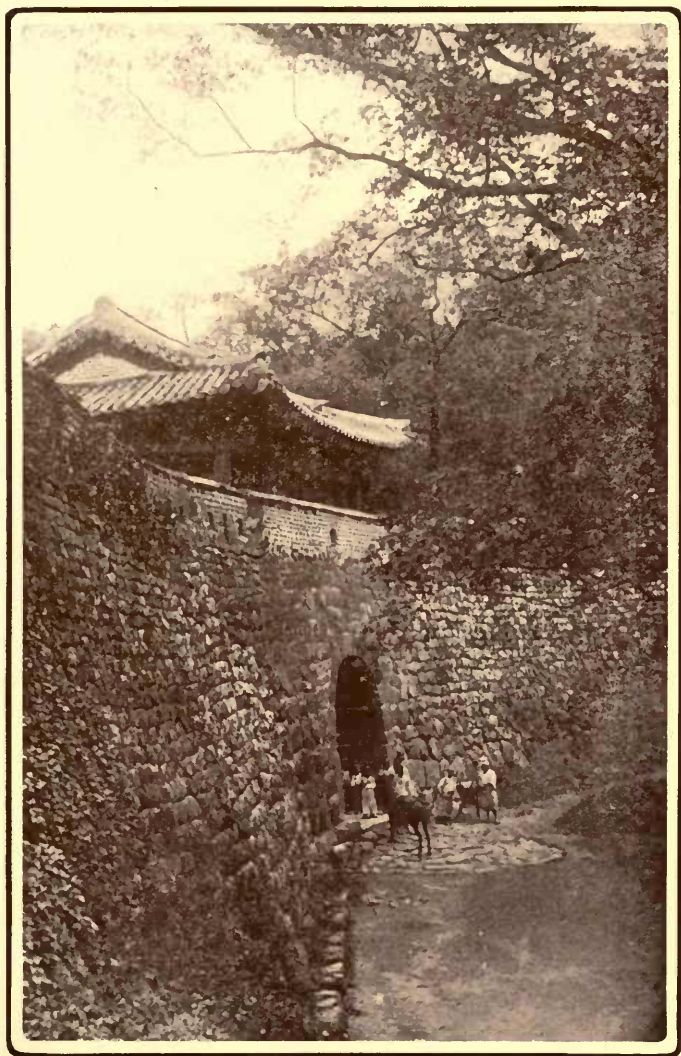
Just before we returned to Korea we were shocked to hear of the sudden death by smallpox of Rev. Mr. Davies, a brother greatly beloved in the Lord, who had arrived early the previous summer and had made phenomenal progress in the language, whose gifts and learning were unusual, but were all excelled by his spirituality and consecration. His zeal never permitted him to spare himself in the least. He seemed to link himself at once, heart to heart, with Mr. Underwood, and together they planned, studied, worked and prayed for the salvation of the people. It was as if death had entered our own family when news came of his loss, and a black pall seemed to lie across our path. We knew God does all things well, and his ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts ours, and yet in the weakness of the flesh, which cannot see, with all those unsaved millions dying around us, we felt we could not spare Mr. Davies, and to us, to whom he had been confidant, sympathizer, counselor and friend, the personal loss was bitter. But we have learned that often when we think, or come in any way to feel that his cause depends on a man, God removes him, to teach us that his cause depends on no man, that he can bless the efforts of the weakest and poorest and feed five thousand from the basket of a little boy.

On April 26, 1890, the books were finished, and we started at once for Korea, reaching here in May. Soon after our return from Japan we were visited by Dr. and Mrs. Nevius. We all recognized Dr. Nevius as a king among men, with a mind so clear and broad, a spirit so genial, a heart so full of charity and with a record of such long years of faithful labor that we were glad to sit at his

feet. The sense of ignorance, incompetence, inexperience, combined with a realization of awful responsibility, is almost overwhelming to the young missionary on a new field, and it is only by constantly leaning on the almighty arm that he is kept from despondence and despair. At such times the advice of such an elder brother is invaluable.

The little missions had by this time been reinforced by several arrivals, and the following summer, which was very warm, many of them went to Namhan (Southern fortress) to spend the hot months. Seoul lies in a basin, encircled by mountains, and is extremely unhealthy in summer, its festering pools and ditches overflowing with filth, steaming a very witches brew of evils upon the sickened air, with odors unspeakable and undreamed of in civilized lands. Namhan is about seventeen miles distant from Seoul, on top of a mountain, not quite two thousand feet high. It lies on the further side of the Han River, but is fairly easy of access, reached by a steep road winding up the mountain.

Dr. Heron had taken his family there, and frequently traveled back and forth to his duties in Seoul, which was doubtless too much for his strength in those hot and humid days. He was soon attacked by dysentery, which did not at first seem serious, and was consequently ignored too long. It finally developed into the most malignant form of the disease, which resisted every effort of the physicians, Drs. Scranton and MacGill, who were unremitting in the struggle in which they were steadily worsted. As soon as the symptoms began to look grave Mrs. Heron was sent for. In great distress and alarm, she set off that very evening, in a terrible storm of rain and wind, a very carnival, no torch or lantern could be kept alive, the wind howling around the frail chair as if to tear it from its



GATE IN THE WALL OF NAMHAN. PAGE 98

bearers' hands. The roads, steep and difficult in pleasant weather, were really dangerous when slippery with mud and water, in darkness so absolute that not one step in advance could be seen, while in the woods and valleys the coolies were sometimes up to their waists in water. Drenched to the skin, this poor afflicted young wife arrived at her home near morning, after traveling all night in this terrible storm, to find her husband fatally ill. After a little more than three weeks' sickness and great suffering, Dr. Heron passed away, to the grief and loss of the whole foreign community, as well as that of the Koreans (and they were many) with whom he had come in contact, to all of whom he had endeared himself by untiring kindness.

The government had never set aside any land for a foreign cemetery near Seoul, although in accordance with the treaty they should have done so long before. A strong superstition and very rigid law forbid the burial of the dead within the city walls, and hitherto the few Europeans who had died had been buried in the cemetery near Chemulpo. But to carry remains thirty miles in the heat of July, to the port, with no conveyances but chairs, to be forced to bury our dead so far away, was unnecessary, inconvenient and expensive, as well as an additional trial to hearts already sore. As soon, therefore, as Dr. Heron's death seemed inevitable, a request was made that the government would set apart a place near the city for this purpose. This, with characteristic procrastination, they failed to do.

On the day of Dr. Heron's death they offered a place which we found altogether impossible, beyond the sand beds across the river, a long distance off, in very low ground. It was then decided that as something immediate must be done, we would make a temporary resting place on

a piece of ground belonging to our mission, where there was a small house, occupied just then by Mr. Underwood's and Dr. Heron's literary helpers. As soon as they heard of this plan they objected most strongly, saying it was against the law, and as the body must be carried through the streets to reach there, there would probably be a good deal of excitement and trouble.

We then ordered the grave dug on Dr. Heron's compound, back of his house, sending word to the Foreign Office that as they had provided no other place, we were forced temporarily at least to make this disposal of the remains. The time for the funeral was set for three o'clock, and about a half hour before the literary helpers again came to us in a state of the wildest excitement and terror, tearing their hair, weeping and trembling. They averred that the people in that quarter were planning to mob us all, to burn down their house, beat and kill them, and very likely kill us too, if the body was buried within the walls.

It seemed cruel that no place could be found where we could lay our dead. Our hearts were torn with grief for the poor burdened sister, who ought to have been able to claim a quiet and decent burial for her dear one's remains, as well as the sympathy of every one, that she must be refused a place for his repose, and assailed by all this wrangling and confusion. We were hotly indignant with the teachers, who we thought ought to have risen above heathen superstition on their own part and kept the secret from the people. It was now uncertain where Dr. Heron's remains could be laid, and they were therefore embalmed and hermetically sealed. The Foreign Office, however, on hearing that it was our intention to bury on the compound, at once came to terms and gave us a large field on a fine bluff overlooking the river, about five miles from Seoul.

This was obtained through the indefatigable efforts of Dr. Allen of the United States legation, who besieged the foreign office and insisted on this concession.

During all these months the work was steadily going forward; more than we had dared to hope were added to the number of believers and inquirers; a Bible translating committee, of which Dr. W. B. Scranton of the M. E. Mission and Mr. Underwood were members, had been appointed; a girls' school in each of the two missions had been started long before, and both were steadily growing (though the Methodists were far in advance here), the boys' orphanage had been changed to a boys' school, and hospital and dispensary work in both missions was flourishing; with an increase of confidence of the people in our friendship and trustworthiness.

In the early fall a new member of the mission appeared in our family, making life richer, in a measure absurdly disproportionate to his dimensions and weight. Some months after this, sickness, growing more and more threatening and intractable, followed, until the doctors' verdict was that a return to America was the only condition, and (that a doubtful one) on which life could be saved. The kindness and goodness of the whole community shown to me were beyond expression. Here in the East, where the ordinary conveniences of large cities are not to be had for money, where we are very dependent on each other's kind offices, mutual love and service draw and bind us very closely together.

I was nursed, and friends and neighbors helped my husband pack away our goods, for a year's absence means that everything must be nailed or locked or sealed up from mildew, moth, rust, rats and robbers. Furniture must be compactly stowed away so that the house may be occupied by other homeless missionaries waiting for an appropria-

tion for a house. They sewed for baby and me, and spared neither pains nor trouble to help us. Two of the ladies, Mrs. Bunker and Miss Rothweiler, went with us to Chemulpo, a journey which I made, carried by six coolies to ensure steadiness, on a long steamer chair, stopping over night, half way, at a primitive Japanese hotel.

I can never tell with what regret, shame and pain I left Korea. I had looked forward with pleasure to a return after a long period of years, when the work had been well begun and the appointed time had come, when something had been accomplished, but to go *now*, a *failure*, to leave my work scarcely begun, perhaps never to return, was bitter. But more bitter still was the thought that I was dragging my husband, in the freshness of his health and vigor, back from a life of usefulness, where workers were pitifully few and calls for help from all sides were many and loud. Christian tracts and hymn books were needed, the Bible, as yet not translated, the dictionary not half finished, schools to be established, a fast growing band of Christians to be nourished and taught, and when I thought of it all, it looked dark.

But God brought a blessing out of it, as he always does from every seeming misfortune, for through that return to America several missionaries were obtained, a new mission established and greater interest in Korea aroused in the minds of American, Canadian and English Christians.

"Man's weakness waiting upon God its end can never miss,
For man on earth no work can do more angel-like than this.
He always wins who sides with God—to him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when it triumphs at his cost.
Ill that he blesses is our good, and unless good is ill,
And all is right that seems most wrong, if it be His sweet will."

On our return to Korea most of the summer was spent

at Chemulpo, as our baby was very sick. We stopped in a so-called "hotel," kept by Chinamen. The long hot nights were rendered almost intolerable by the noise and odors of such a place. From early in the evening till past midnight we were tortured by the high falsetto singing of the actors in a Chinese theatre across the street. The sailors returning to the gunboats in the bay kept the dogs in fits of frenzied barking, which would have effectually murdered sleep had it ever ventured near. By the time the dogs had begun to regain their composure, the Japanese venders of vegetables, fish, etc., with a devotion to business which under any circumstances ought to have won high praise, began with loud strident voices to call their wares under my window until it was time to rise and face a new day.

All day I brooded over my starving little son with an aching heart, looking out across the long reaches of dreary mud flats to the sea, watching for the steamer that was bringing the only food that he could digest, and prayed it might not come too late. Day by day the little life trembled in the balance, but at last the ship came in, and never was argosy from the Indies laden with gems and treasures untold half so welcome. Never could ship come to me with half so precious a cargo as that which brought my baby strength and life.

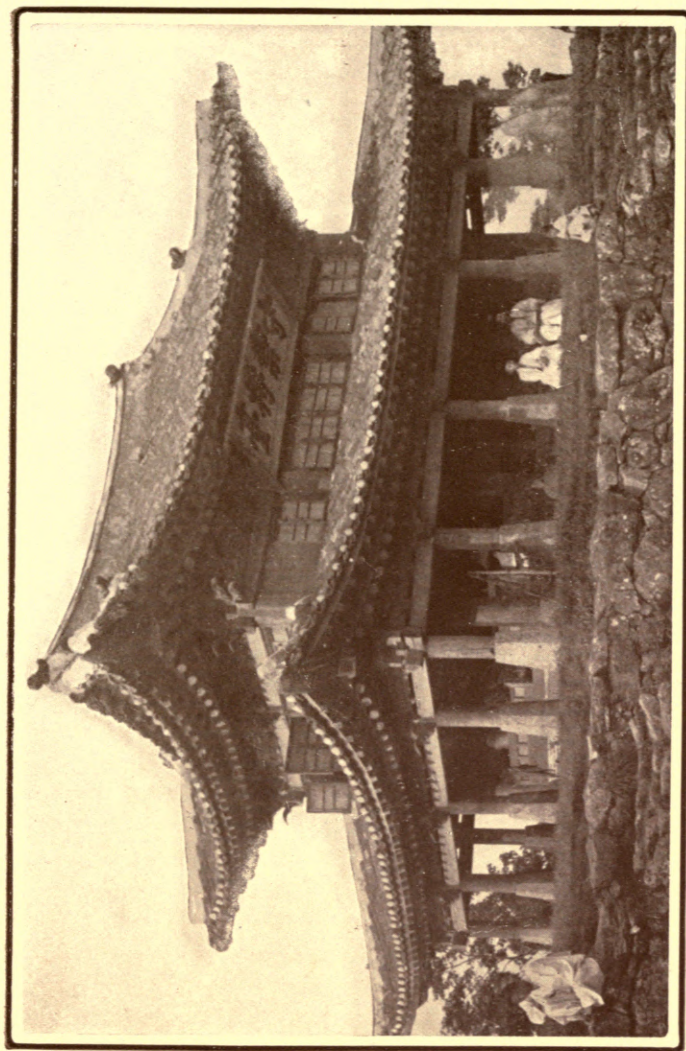
In the meanwhile Mr. Underwood toiled in the city, overseeing the repairs on our house, for we must be builders, contractors, carpenters, gardeners and jack of all trades, and throughout the summer working unremittingly on a hymn book which the little church now greatly needed.

The "term question" is a vexed problem which as yet has failed to find a solution that secures the assent of all missionaries. This question relates to the proper word to

be used for God. China, Japan and Korea alike use the Chinese characters and have words which mean "gods," or things worshiped, but they do not have either a definite article or capitals, such as those by which in English we can change "gods" into "the God" or "God." They also have *names* (quite a different matter) signifying the chief god of heaven (Sangchai or Hannanim), the god of earth (Tangnim) and others.

Some missionaries hold that by using this name of the chief god of heaven and explaining it by instructing the people in the character and attributes of him whom they ignorantly worship, they will more easily understand and more readily accept our teaching. Many also believe that the name really refers to the great God of heaven, although of course it is impossible to claim that it refers to the one only God, since all the heathen who worship this one also worship countless other smaller deities.

On the other hand are those who conscientiously believe that the personal name of a heathen deity should not in any way be applied to the Eternal Jehovah, that such a course is in direct conflict with God's own word. Then aside from their convictions on this matter they believe that the use of a heathen cognomen of one of these gods, be he of heaven or earth, applied to the great "I am" may, in addition to being forbidden, lead to dangerous mistakes in the minds of the members of the infant native church. They believe, in short, that a false thing can never be right, and that to address Jehovah by a name not his, but another's, cannot be right or result well in the end. This view has been adopted by missionaries of all creeds in Japan, a large minority of Protestants, and all Romanists in China, and by all the Episcopalians and Romanists in Korea. They use the name Jehovah for God.



HOUSE USED BY MISSIONARIES ON TOP OF NAMHAN. PAGE 98

Almost the entire body of the Presbyterian and Methodist missionaries in Korea, and a majority of them in China, belong to the other party, although quite essentially different words are used by the Chinese missionaries from those used in Korea. The Chinese use Sangchai; the Koreans, Hannanim.

It is with no controversial intent that this matter is referred to here. It is indeed a vexed question, but one whose satisfactory settlement is to be devoutly hoped for. No little feeling has been awakened, because it is a question which has involved in the minds of many some very deep principles.

The only reason for referring to this matter is that men and women in Christian lands may gain a little glimpse of some of the difficult and perplexing problems which confront the workers in some of the mission fields. These problems vary in different countries, but they all have their difficulties.

Immediately after our return Mr. James Gale's Grammatical Forms was published, and about a year later his Korean-English dictionary, so that the mission was now supplied with several language helps. Much stress had been laid from the first upon securing a thorough mastery of Korean, and each missionary was required to pass three very rigid annual examinations. A course of study for first, second and third grades was made out for each year, to assist students, and members of the examination committee and others were appointed to oversee and aid the language study of the newcomers.

CHAPTER VII

The Mission in 1893—"The Shelter"—Opening of Japanese War—Seoul Populace Panic Stricken—Dr. and Mrs. Hall in Pyeng Yang—Heroic Conduct of Native Christians—Condition of Pyeng Yang after the War—Dr. Hall's Death—Preaching the Gospel at the Palace—The Queen Seeks to Strengthen Friendly Relations with Europeans—Her Majesty's Generosity—A Little Child at the Palace—The Slaves of the Ring—A Christmas Tree at the Palace—The Queen's Beneficent Plans—The Post Office Emeute of 1884—A Haunted Palace—The Murder of Kim Oh Kiun.

IN the fall of 1893 we moved too early into a house recently repaired and not yet completed, with wet mud walls and no windows fitted in some of the rooms. It seemed a necessity, but resulted in continued sickness through the entire winter for the little one and myself, so that I was largely debarred from the good work going on among the Koreans. Many of the middle and lower classes were coming into the church, men's and women's meetings were well attended, and even the little boys in the school seemed full of Christlike zeal, and spent some of their holiday and play hours in telling the good tidings and distributing tracts. One of our missionaries, Dr. Moffett, had been appointed to Pyeng Yang, other appointments of Presbyterians to the same place soon following, as well as that of Dr. and Mrs. Hall from the Methodist Mission.

On my own part, a little, very interrupted medical work was done, and women's meetings were begun and carried on with great difficulty on account of deficient knowledge of the language, but little by little, in trying ever so lamely to use what I had, I rapidly gained more and more, so that

I could soon talk and pray with freedom, if not always with perfect elegance and correctness, and as my chief aim was to be understood by the Koreans, not to display myself as an accomplished linguist, I was satisfied and happy when I had proof of this. Other women by this time were prepared to do this work well, in all three missions; and our poor native sisters were being reached in various quarters. I had been invited to the palace several times, my child was also asked there, and petted and loaded with kindness.

The Bible translating committee had been enlarged and now included Rev. H. G. Appenzeller (M. E.) and Mr. James S. Gale (Presby.), in addition to Dr. Scranton and Mr. Underwood. Lesson leaves were prepared for our Bible classes, and a number of tracts were being translated by various missionaries. Before our return to America in 1891, and for some years after, it was the cruel custom among wealthy natives to put servants, dependents or strangers at once on the street, if afflicted with any infectious disease, and it was the commonest occurrence to find poor people lying by the roadside, either exposed to the bitterest blasts of winter or the blazing heat of midsummer. Sometimes a friend or relative had erected a rude hut of thatch over the sufferer, sometimes a whole family together occupied such a hut, the dead and living lying together. It was our heart's desire to obtain in some way the means to buy or build a hospital for such cases. While we were in America small sums were put at odd times into our hands "for the work," and as these sums increased we decided to use the money for this long-cherished purpose.

Soon after our return, we were able, at a very low price, to buy a beautiful piece of ground on a breezy hillside, covered with fine trees and with a good tiled house having

six or seven rooms. This was large enough for our present purpose, and money in hand was not sufficient to build the sort of hospital of which we dreamed. So we repaired the old building and added a caretaker's quarters. We made the institution undenominational, arranging that any one might place cases of infectious disease there, which should be attended by any doctor desired. At the same time a little dispensary, given in memory of her only son by Mrs. Hugh O'Neil, of New York, was opened not far from the "Shelter," as it was called, on the main road to the north. Here, in addition to medical work in a small way, women's Bible classes were held, men's and women's evening prayer meetings, and often Sabbath morning services. July of 1894 saw the beginning of the China-Japan war in Korea, and the capture of Seoul by the Japanese. We were awakened one morning by the sound of firing, and soon learned that the palace was in possession of the Japanese. Excitement rose quite high among both foreigners and natives.

All the legations ordered up troops from the port where our gunboats lay, for our protection, although it is difficult to see how, in a case of serious danger, such small numbers would be of any service. There were fifty Russians, forty Americans, forty English and nine German marines. The natives, high and low, were in a state of panic. The nobility fled from their homes in large numbers and in all sort of disguises, and sought refuge at the foreign legations, or in the country; and to the country the common people started *en masse*. Every shop was closed, the city had the look of a plague-infested place. A solemn procession of men, women, chairs, pack-ponies, a continuous throng, in dead silence, with rapid steps, and set, terror-stricken faces, poured through the main thoroughfares and out of the gates. Many pathetic little

groups were to be seen; little children, whose parents in wild fear had deserted or lost them in the crowd, trotting along with tear-stained faces, alone; women with babies on their backs and babies hanging at their skirts; men carrying all their worldly goods on their shoulders, here and there coolies with the chair of some frightened rich man or fine lady, shoving aside the crowd. High and low, rich and poor, hurrying away from the dreaded Japanese, the ancient enemy of their nation. How it made one realize the great multitude of unsaved peoples, pushing its way along the broad road and through the wide gate that leads to destruction. "And when he beheld the multitudes he had compassion on them as sheep having no shepherd." The servants in every family gave notice; they dared not stay, they said, since to remain would be to be killed by Chinese or Japanese. We reminded them that we were neither afraid nor making any preparations for flight, and at last only persuaded some of them to remain by promising that we would never go and leave them, which we had fully decided upon on account of the native Christians.

Some very exciting and trying events had in the meanwhile been taking place in Pyeng Yang. In the previous May Dr. William James Hall of the M. E. Mission took his wife and baby to that city to start a station, and to take up a permanent residence. They were almost mobbed by the curious throngs, whom they were unable to control. No police could be obtained from the governor, who in addition, on the second or third day after their arrival, arrested and threw into jail Dr. Hall's helper and the man from whom he had bought his house. This is the approved method of forcing a man to give up a house or piece of ground to which he holds a good title, but which Korean officials object, for any reason, to his keeping.

Dr. Hall had selected this property because it was in a thickly populated part of the town, where he believed he could do most good, but he had positively refused to pay a tax, which former owners had always paid to a certain devil-worship and sorceress house in the vicinity.

Dr. Moffett's helper and the former owner of his house were also cast in jail, and his native Christians cruelly beaten, at the time when Dr. Hall's men were seized. It was evident missionaries were not to be tolerated in Pyeng Yang. One or two other M. E. native Christians were then also arrested and beaten. Dr. Moffett was in the capital, and the Halls were quite alone in this large town, among many enemies, several days' journey from Seoul and help. The situation was grim. Dr. Hall was obliged to leave his helpless wife and baby alone in the unprotected house while he visited the governor, or the Chinese telegraph office (both long distances away), or in trying to relieve or help the Christians in the jail.

As soon as his first message arrived in Seoul, a general meeting of all the missionaries was called at our house for united prayer for the Halls and our poor tortured native brethren. Dr. Scranton, Dr. Moffett and Mr. Underwood at once hastened to the American and English legations, and obtained through them an order from the Foreign Office to the governor, to release the Christians and pay damages for the injured property. Although this was wired at once to Pyeng Yang, the only apparent result was that the natives were more cruelly beaten and water-carriers forbidden to take water to the Halls, their house stoned and the walls torn down. The natives bore their cruel treatment heroically, and refused to give up their faith; they were then removed to the death cell, and the governor sent them word of his intention to execute them. Two despatches from Seoul had been received by the gov-

error, but still no signs of change. In the meanwhile it was decided that some of the missionaries from Seoul should go to Dr. Hall's help. Mr. Moffett claimed the right to go, as his native Christians were there in trouble, and Mr. McKenzie, from Canada, was allowed to accompany him, being an unmarried man, although several others stoutly urged the best reasons why they should go, like boys begging for a holiday rather than men going to face a very serious and doubtful situation.

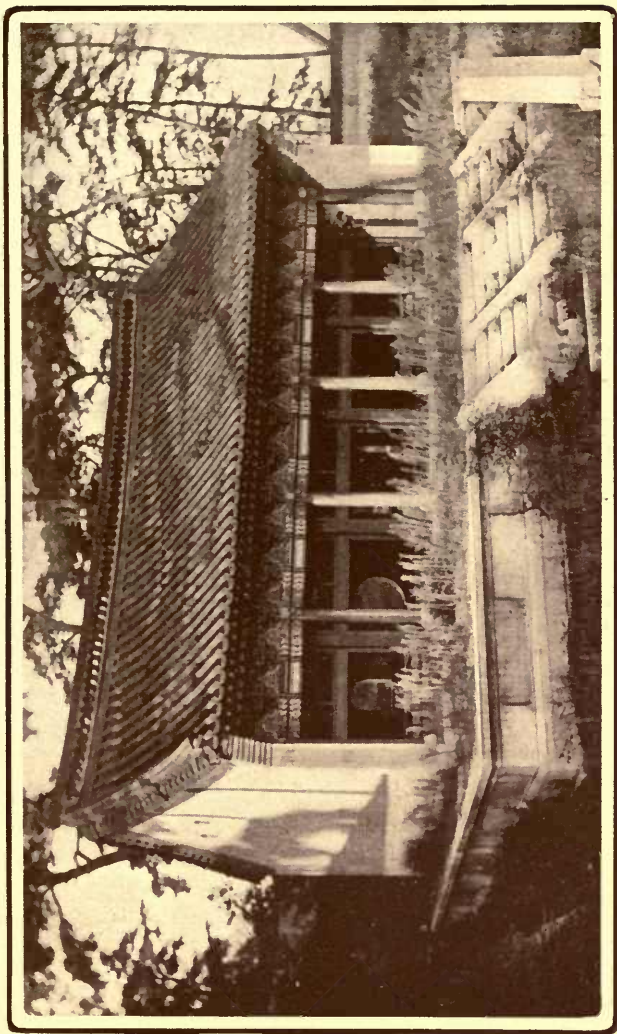
We all feared that Dr. and Mrs. Hall, as well as the Christians' lives, would be sacrificed to the malice of the mob and the governor before sufficient influence could be brought to bear by our legations through the Foreign Office to save them. By the time the two men from Seoul had arrived there, however, five days later, the Christians had been released, after being again badly beaten and stoned. Dr. and Mrs. Hall for a month following treated patients and preached the Word, but when war seemed imminent they were ordered back to Seoul, where they returned, as well as Mr. McKenzie, Dr. Moffett following somewhat later, having lingered as long as possible to encourage and hearten the Christians. Pyeng Yang was now in the hands of the Chinese, and Seoul in those of the Japanese. The summer was a very hot and unhealthy one, and there was scarce a family among the foreigners where there was not one or more cases of severe and prostrating sickness. Two little ones died, and there were long hours of agonized watching, when dear lives seemed for hours to be slipping over the brink. None of us could leave the city to seek for purer air or water, no pure milk could be had, and one poor young father, whose little child was literally starving for digestible nourishing food, remembering his father's farm with its good milk cows, remarked pathetically, "In my father's house there

is food enough and to spare, while I perish with hunger."

On the first of October, after the defeat of the Chinese, the Presbyterian missionaries and Dr. Hall returned to Pyeng Yang to look after the interests of the stations left so long, in a city which had passed through such a hard experience.

Pyeng Yang was in a fearfully unhealthy condition. One of the missionaries wrote, "The decaying bodies of men, horses and cattle were so numerous, that no matter whatever direction we went we came across them constantly, so that the atmosphere was foul beyond expression." Another wrote, "In one place I counted over twenty bodies, literally piled one on top of another, lying just as they had been shot down. . . . In another place, where a body of Manchurian cavalry ran into an ambush of Japanese infantry, the carnage was frightful, several hundred bodies of men and horses lying just as they had fallen made *a swath of bodies nearly a quarter of a mile long and several yards wide*. It was three weeks after the battle and the bodies were all there unmolested."

According to a native superstition that the city is a boat, and to dig wells would sink the boat, there were no wells in Pyeng Yang; but a large number of bodies of men and horses were lying in the river, polluting for weeks the only water supply. In this dreadful situation our brave missionaries remained and worked, and on October 17th Dr. Hall wrote the following cheerful words, "We have very interesting services, the hymns of praise that less than a year ago brought cursing and stones are now listened to with delight, and carry with them a feeling of security similar to the sound of a policeman's whistle in New York. Comparatively few of the Koreans have re-



DESERTED ROYAL DINING HALL, PAGE 121

turned to their homes, but every day brings fresh additions. Every day numbers of those who have returned and those from the surrounding villages and towns visit us. They buy our books and seem far more interested in the gospel than I have ever seen them before."

Very soon after writing these words Dr. Hall returned to Seoul; the boat on which he came was full of sick Japanese soldiers. There were cases of typhus fever and army dysentery, the water was doubtless poisoned, and he reached Seoul, after numerous most trying vicissitudes, fatally ill with typhus fever. Quite early, articulation became very difficult, but every halting sentence spoke of perfect peace and joy, and almost his last words were, "I'm sweeping through the gates." Tears dim my eyes while I write, for we all not only loved, but revered Dr. Hall, and we felt that he possessed a larger share of the Master's spirit than most of us. His very entrance into a room seemed to bring the Lord nearer, and his looks, words and conduct unexceptionally revealed the power and beauty of Christ. No one ever heard Dr. Hall speak a harsh or bitter word, no one ever heard him criticise a brother Christian, no one, to the best of my information, ever knew of him anything that was not noble, true, faithful and Christlike. His face beamed with a celestial light, and without his ever assuming to be in any way better than others, we all felt he was a holy man. Europeans and natives alike testified to the same impressions of him, the same love for him, his sweet spirit drew all hearts to him, so that he was both universally loved and honored.

While we who were in Seoul had all suffered more or less from ill health, everything was quiet and orderly, and the Japanese deserve great credit for the fine discipline of the army, and the good order and comfort of na-

tives and foreigners in a city entirely at the mercy of the victorious troops of an Eastern nation.

During the fall and winter of 1894 and 1895 the queen sent for me very often, asking many questions about foreign countries and their customs, and chatting most affably. Frequently we dispensed altogether with the formality of an interpreter, and the king and crown prince, who were often present, were quite as frequently elsewhere, so with her majesty so friendly and kind, I at times almost forgot that I was not having a *tête à tête* with an intimate friend. I of course felt my great responsibility heavily, and was overwhelmed at times with the thought of my duty and inefficiency. At length I asked the prayers of the missionaries that an opportunity to speak to the queen about Christ might be given me, and that I might realize it and make the best use of it. And now my anxiety and trouble of mind passed away and a restful contentedness took its place. I felt sure that I was to be guided and led at the right time.

On the day before Christmas the queen sent for me and asked me to tell her about our great festival, its origin and meaning, and how celebrated. Could any one ask clearer guidance or a better opportunity? It would be impossible not to tell the gospel story under such circumstances, and so I told her of the angels' song, and the star, and the little babe that was laid in a manger, of the lost world to be redeemed, of the one God who so loved the world, and the Redeemer who came to save his people from their sins.

She listened intently, and with deep interest, turning from time to time and repeating it in a most animated and sympathetic way to the king and prince, who did not understand my accent so well.

A few days later, after asking many questions about

my own country, she said rather sadly, "Oh, that Korea were as happy, as free and as powerful as America!" Here was another opportunity which I tried to improve by saying, that America, though rich and powerful, was not the greatest or the best, attempting to picture that better land without sin, pain or tears; a land of endless glory, goodness and joy. "Ah!" exclaimed the queen, with unspeakable pathos, "how good it would be if the king, the prince and myself might all go there!"

Poor queen! her kingdom threatened on all sides, at that time in the hands of an ancient foe, traitors and relentless enemies among her own people and kindred, and some of the men whom she had raised and advanced ready and plotting then to betray her to death. No wonder she sighed for that haven of peace and rest. But I was forced to tell her very sadly, that no sinners might enter there. "No sinners!" Her face fell, the bright look faded, for she knew, accustomed though she was to almost divine honors, that she was a sinner. Then as silence fell in the room, I told her the good tidings, that all who would trust in Jesus were forgiven and purified through him, and so made holy and fit for that country. She listened very thoughtfully, and though no other opportunity came to talk further on this subject, I was unspeakably thankful that I had been permitted on these occasions to point out clearly the way of salvation.

I think that in this time, when her nation's helplessness and weakness were emphasized, the queen sought to strengthen friendly relations with European and Americans. She gave several formal audiences to European and American ladies, and all who met her felt her powerful magnetic charm and became at once her friends and well-wishers. Twice during that winter the queen bade me ask all my friends to skate on the pond in the palace

gardens, graciously asking me to act as hostess in her place and serve tea in the little pavilion near-by.

On Christmas day her majesty sent a beautiful sedan-chair, which had been her own, covered with blue velvet and lined with Chinese brocaded silk, and with it any number of screens, mats, rolls of cloth and interesting and curious articles of Korean manufacture, with great quantities of eggs, pheasants, fish, nuts and dates, and on the Korean New Year's day five hundred yen, which the queen requested me to use in the purchase of pearls, or something similar, for myself, and a gift as well for my little son.

He was then between four and five years of age, and the palace women were constantly urging me to bring him with me to the palace. This, of course, I would not do without a special request from their majesties, and at length one day the queen asked why I had never brought him, expressed surprise that I considered an invitation necessary, and bade me bring him next day. I therefore took him to the palace, and no sooner had the coolies lowered my chair than the women, who were evidently on the watch for us, clutched him up and bore him away in triumph, I, his mother, knew not whither. Some few minutes elapsed before I was asked to go from the waiting room to the audience, during which I employed my time in lively conjectures as to what was happening to my kidnapped son. When I was called for a little later I found him with the royal party, the center of an admiring circle.

Both the king and queen have always shown a passionate fondness for children. Only a few months ago the king spent nearly four hundred thousand dollars on sorcerers and temples in trying to mollify the smallpox god, which had attacked the youngest son, a boy of about six.

So no wonder they were kind to the small American. The queen ordered nuts and candies brought in, and insisted on his eating then and there, although, knowing that it was bad form in the eyes of Koreans as well as of foreigners to eat in the royal presence, and fearing for his health as well (for he had never as yet eaten nuts), I begged her majesty to allow this treat to be postponed. His looks and actions were praised far beyond their deserts, and every expression noted and remarked upon. The queen drew the child to her side in a motherly fashion, placing her hand on his forehead, remarked anxiously that it was too hot.

When we were ready to go, the king, to my amazement, actually knelt down in front of the baby, and with his own "jade" fingers buttoned on the little coat and made a brave attempt to tie the cap strings, one of which, I blush to confess, in the unfamiliar tug was quite torn from its moorings. Of course I was overwhelmed with confusion over the bad conduct of the ribbon on such an occasion, but the king overlooked it, and farewells were said and again the child was spirited swiftly away by the palace women. I found him in the women's quarters handed round like a curio from one to another, petted, caressed, discussed, half-frightened, but demure.

Poor palace women! with no homes or children, living such an aimless, shut-in life, a child in their midst was a godsend indeed. But all Koreans are extremely fond of children. A child is an open sesame to their hearts and homes at all times. God blesses the missionary babies, and these little preachers open doors that yield to no other touch than their little dimpled fingers. From palace to hovel I never found a woman whose heart would not soften, whose eyes would not brighten, whose interest could not at once be enlisted by the sight of a child.

That evening as we returned home through the narrow and winding streets of Seoul we were quite an imposing procession. A number of palace lantern bearers accompanied us, each carrying the gayly-colored silk official lanterns of their majesties, and preceding us were a train of servants, carrying on their heads great trays of oranges, nuts, dried persimmons and candies. It took little imagination, looking at those men in their Eastern attire, at the lanterns and streets, and even our own chair with its oriental splendor, to transport ourselves into the middle of a chapter of the Arabian nights, with a little Aladdin sitting in my lap and the slaves of the ring attending us home.

Soon after Christmas I dressed a Christmas tree for the royal family, but to my great vexation, the effect was quite spoiled because their majesties were too impatient to wait till dark to view it, and one cannot lock the doors on kings and queens and forbid them to do as they will in their own palaces. There were no heavy hangings or means of darkening the room, and so the poor little candles flickered in a sickly way in the glaring daylight, and I felt that Western customs were lightly esteemed in the critical eyes of the East.

Indeed, in our superb self-satisfaction we often deceive ourselves in fancying that Orientals view with open-mouthed admiration everything European or American. I am reminded of a Korean nobleman, who, on being asked, after his return to Seoul from America, how he liked New York, replied, "Oh, very well, *except the dirt and the smells, which were horrible.*" Another similar instance was that of one of the Koreans who went with us to Chemulpo and Fusan, who saw the two-story houses, the ships in the harbor and various wonders of civilization, and exclaimed, "Poor Korea, poor Korea;" but when

he heard a foreign band play at the Japanese consulate, remarked with delight, "At least there is one thing in which Japan cannot rival or compare with us, our music!"

Through the whole winter I was at the palace very often, as were the ladies of the American and Russian legations, and Dr. Avison of our mission, who was physician to the king, was frequently consulted, and the recipient also personally of many royal favors. In the spring the prime minister came, saying the queen had sent him to ask Mr. Underwood to draw up plans and estimate the cost of a school for the sons of the nobility. The site selected was between the east and west palaces. Her majesty proposed to erect dwellings for the teachers, whom my husband was asked to recommend and send for to America. The queen was prepared, the minister said, to give at once thirty thousand dollars for the school, and twenty or thirty thousand dollars a year for the running expenses.

Mr. Underwood drew up the first plans and made estimates, which were sent for her majesty's criticism and approval. These were again referred to Mr. Underwood, the final plans were being prepared, and only two weeks before they were to be sent for the queen's approval the great blow fell which put an end to all her beneficent and enlightened schemes for the advancement of her people.

Before proceeding further I must go back a few years and recall one or two events which occurred before my arrival, in 1884, in order that my readers may understand more clearly some of the events which are to be related in the next two or three chapters.

In that year the progressive or reform party in Korean politics was led by a man called Kim Ok Kiun, but they were continually foiled in all their attempts towards advance and reform by the conservatives, and at length re-

ceived reliable information (so they claimed) that a plan had been formed to murder all their prominent leaders at midnight, on December the fourth. On this evening a banquet was to be given in honor of the opening of the Korean post-office, and the progressives resolved to forestall the plans of their opponents, and just before the dinner they cut down Min Yung Ik, the queen's cousin, and the most influential man in the kingdom. He would have died had it not been for the prompt assistance given by Dr. Allen, then of our mission. The other conservative leaders were then ordered to the palace, as they supposed, by royal command, but were there (five of them) assassinated by the progressive party, who, headed by Kim Ok Kiun, then seized the palace. The post-office was burned on the same night, and with it the new stamps which had been used only once.

The Japanese minister and other foreign officials were now invited to the palace, which invitation was accepted only by the former, who brought one hundred and forty soldiers. Here the Japanese and the progressive party were attacked by three thousand Koreans and between two and three thousand Chinese. As the event grew more than doubtful, the king was allowed to go over to the other party, in the belief that if he was released the fighting would cease. Although this was not the case, the little party of Japanese fired a mine, dispersed a large number of the allies, and then forming a square, with the progressive leaders and the Japanese minister in the center, fought their way through the enemy, and the hostile streets, first to the Japanese legation, and after that to the river, with the loss of only five men. After much difficulty in obtaining boats, they crossed the river, made their way to Chemulpo, and from there escaped safely to Japan.

The picturesque palace, with the remarkably beautiful



DESERTED PALACE. PAGE 121

park which surrounds it, was not occupied again by the queen. Her majesty averred that it was impossible to sleep there at night for the mournful wailing of the voices of her murdered friends, which she heard continually crying, "Why was I killed, why was I killed?" So now the wind whistles and moans through the deserted rooms, grass and weeds push their way through the crevices of the beautiful marble steps, green mould grows thick on the once lovely lotus pond, and the charming little summer pavilions are falling to ruins, while snakes and lizards slide about the stone seats. The wide reaches of lawn are overgrown with long grass, and tigers and leopards are said to make their lairs in the noble woods and grottoes. The gateways fashioned in various charming designs to form frames as it were for the beautiful vistas beyond, are choked with a wild overgrowth of vines and weeds. Fancy has not to look far, or listen long, to read in all this deserted and neglected beauty the story of that one night of blood and horror, and to hear in every chilled whisper of shuddering foliage the word "haunted."

Ten years had passed, the refugees were still in Japan, but Eastern vengeance does not tire or sleep, least of all forget. A man named Hong, probably employed by the government, went to Japan, ingratiated himself with Kim Ok Kiun, decoyed him to Shanghai, and there murdered him, and on April the 12th, 1894, a Chinese gunboat brought the assassin and his victim's remains to Chemulpo. Arrived in Korea, the body of the murdered man was divided and sent through the eight provinces. Two of the other refugees had gone to America, and one Pak Yung Ho remained in Japan. All three are to be heard from again. While we all shuddered at and deplored this revolting deed, a stain upon any government, it must be remembered that the man was a political criminal of the

blackest dye, and that while any nation would under similar circumstances, if possible, have executed him as a traitor and assassin, the Korean government was that of unenlightened Eastern people who have not learned that revenge has no place in just punishment.

CHAPTER VIII

Mr. McKenzie—The First Church Built by Natives—Mr. McKenzie's Sickness—His Death—Warning to New Missionaries—The Tonghaks—Mr. Underwood's Trip to Sorai in Summer—Native Churches—Our Use of Helpers—Christians in Seoul Build their Own Church—Epidemic of Cholera—Unhygienic Practices—Unsanitary Condition of City.

IN the meanwhile, in the fall of 1894, Mr. McKenzie, who had arrived from Canada in the winter of 1893, and, as we have said, had gone to Dr. Hall's relief, after his return decided to go to the interior, the better to learn the language and people, and to live there as much as possible in every way like a native. Mr. Underwood advised him to go to the village of Sorai, or Song Chun, then under his care, where he had baptized almost the first converts ever received in the Korean church. Here he found a few Christians who received him as a brother. He made his home with one of them, and at once began to preach Christ by example. Long before the people understood his broken Korean they read his beautiful life, and little by little a change came over the whole community. We all thought of him often in his loneliness in that far-off hamlet, where, though he was a great light to the people, there was no real companionship for him. At Christmas we sent him a box of home-made bread, plumb-cake, canned fruits and vegetables, tea and milk and sugar, for we knew he had no foreign food and that he was living solely on Korean diet, but we did not know that it con-

sisted of rice chiefly, with a chicken once a week, and occasionally a few eggs.

When our box reached him, he handed the contents all over to the Koreans. He wrote that he *dared* not taste them, knowing that if he did it would be impossible to go back to native food. Meanwhile one and another of the villagers and people in the vicinity were giving up their old heathen idols and turning to Christ.

Some years before the Christians of that village had asked Mr. Underwood to give them a church, but, like the young man who came to Jesus, they went away sorrowful, when told they must build it themselves. Now, however, they again took up the idea in a different spirit. Near the village was a rising piece of ground on which stood a little grove, in midst of which had been for many years the shrine where the village deities were worshiped. This had long been neglected and destroyed, and here it was decided to build the new church. Every one gave as the Lord had prospered him, gladly, enthusiastically, and a heathen master builder undertook to direct the erection of the building on half pay, because it was for the great "chief God of heaven," as he understood. Very likely he knew little enough of the one only God for whose service it was raised, but not very long after he learned both to know and love him.

The little meeting house was not a very imposing or lofty structure. It could boast nothing of the magnificence of our American churches, no doubt it would blush to be called a church at all in such a stately company, so I will call it a chapel, and even then it was an humble and unpretentious one, *but it was the best building in the place*. The poor people put into it their best wood, stones and tiles, the loving labor of their own hands, with fervent prayer. When it was finished no debt hung over it, and



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God, who does not see as man sees, blessed and honored it by filling it to overflowing with simple-minded, sincere, earnest people, who came with hearts ready to receive with meekness his word.

In the early summer of 1895, Mr. McKenzie wrote, asking Mr. Underwood to go and dedicate the church and receive a number of applicants for baptism. This he promised to do, but just before he was to start, one sad day in July, when a number of us had met to hold a day of fasting and prayer, a messenger came with the news of the deadly illness of our dear brother, Mr. McKenzie. The pitiful letter, written with his own trembling fingers, showing in every sentence the evidence of terrible suffering and of a mind already unhinged, was followed immediately by the shocking news of his death. The blow fell like a thunderbolt. Such zeal, consecration and usefulness cut short so soon!

It was strange, and yet there was a lesson in it for the noblest class of missionaries. And here let me say just a few words of warning to some who may have the foreign field in view, and to some who are perhaps already on the field. There are men and women, who, being John the Baptist sort of people, enter the work with such zeal and enthusiasm and allow themselves to become so overwhelmed with the awful responsibility for these dying millions (which indeed every true missionary feels only too heavily), that they forget the just demands of the body of this death. They forget that a solitary life gradually unseats the intellect, and that a body which has reached maturity, fed on plenty of nutritious food, cannot suddenly be shifted to a meagre, unaccustomed and distasteful diet of foreign concoction, and retain its power to resist disease, and to accomplish the heavy work they mercilessly exact from it, like Egyptian taskmasters demanding brick

without straw. They forget that the spirit cannot remain united to the body unless the claims of the latter (in which are included those of the brain) are satisfied, and so they drop, one by one, our noblest and most needed laborers. But even so, they do not die entirely in vain, they leave an example of Christlikeness and devotion which preaches eloquently, and is an inspiration to all their brethren.

And yet if they could only have gone on living and preaching, as they might, had they been able to mix with their enthusiasm and consecration, wisdom and temperance! During my short experience I have seen several illustrations of what Mr. McKenzie's death brought home so startlingly to us all. We learned afterwards that he had been sick for some weeks, his mind had been somewhat affected early in the history of the disease, the progress of which had not been very rapid, but as he had no companion who could observe the danger signals, and no doctor to help, his invaluable life was lost.

The more intelligent natives urged him to send for a doctor, but he hesitated to call others from their work to undertake a long difficult trip in the unhealthy summer season, lest it should prove to be only a passing temporary ailment. And so he went on doctoring himself (just as any missionary alone in the interior is tempted to do), delaying to call for help, from his very unselfishness and conscientious fear of giving trouble.

"Take care of your head. Don't work too long in the sun," he said to an old woman by the roadside, "or you may lose your mind as I have."

He related to his friend, the Korean leader, accounts of long nights of anguished struggle with Satan, and then again of hours of ecstatic joy with his Saviour. The intolerable agony in his head grew steadily worse, until the end. The Koreans felt the terrible blow deeply, but they

have never ceased to love and revere Mr. McKenzie's memory. They cannot speak of him now after a lapse of several years without tears. Their loving hands prepared him for the grave and covered his bier with flowers. They held a funeral service as best they knew, after our custom, with prayers and hymns, and laid his loved remains in a quiet place, not far from the little church which he had been the instrument in God's hands of building. His influence is still felt in the village and for miles around. He lived Christ and laid the foundations of that church on a rock. He had a reputation for great courage and prowess, and it is said that his presence alone saved Sorai from invasions of Tonghaks.

This society played a conspicuous part in the opening of the China-Japan war, its name means literally Eastern doctrine, and its aim was in brief, "the East for Easterners," or "Korea for Koreans." They declared their desire and intention to down all Westerners, Western ideas, reforms and changes, and to restore and re-establish old laws and customs. The sudden organization and wonderful popularity of this society was doubtless caused by the outrageous conduct of many corrupt officials, who ground down the people mercilessly with unjust taxation and brought about a general feeling of unrest and bitter discontent.

They were in many respects like the Boxers of China, and believed they had immunity from death and could not be hurt by bullets. They soon spread all over the land, a terror to officials, and the Korean government was powerless to stop them. They gave up the worship of all minor deities and honored only the Lord of the heavens. They forced people everywhere to join their ranks and subscribe for their support, levying taxes on small and great. Starting like many other movements, in a good

and patriotic determination to do away with abuses and institute reforms, it grew into a great evil and terror in the whole land. Bad and unprincipled men, of whom there are plenty in all climes, who are restless and ready to throw themselves into anything which promises a change, knowing that no change can be for the worse for them, joined in large numbers, and many companies of Tonghaks differed only in name from bands of robbers. As has been said, the government could make no headway against them, and whether or not the aid of China was officially sought, I am not prepared to say, but the fact that China did send troops to Korea, nominally to control this uprising, was used by the Japanese, who claimed that a mutual agreement existed between Japan and China that neither should introduce troops into Korea without the consent of the other, as a *casus belli*, and they forthwith sent an army to Korea, seized the palace, and sunk a transport bringing Chinamen to Chemulpo.

So much for a brief explanation of the Tonghaks. Large companies of these men threatened on three different occasions to raid Sorai while Mr. McKenzie was there. To show that he leaned on no earthly defense, but only on the arm of the almighty God, he took his gun all to pieces when he heard of their approach. They were told of this, and were deeply impressed; and were so thoroughly convinced that if he was leaning on some mysterious power with such strong confidence, it would be useless and worse to attack him, that they gave up their plan. The third time they decided to attack the place they were said to be ten thousand strong, but after coming part way, they turned back, and never again threatened Sorai, which was the only village in that section which was never raided.

One day Mr. McKenzie heard that a tiger was prowling



BOYS PEDDLING

around in the vicinity, and started out with his shotgun to hunt the beast, but fortunately did not have a chance to try conclusions with that weapon, which, however useful in killing partridges, would not be likely to do more than tease a tiger. As soon as we received news of his death, Mr. Underwood and Dr. Wells started that very day for Sorai, to arrange his effects, make sure the death had been as reported, and comfort and encourage the native Christians. Before they returned, Mr. Underwood dedicated the little church, which was packed almost to suffocation, with crowds standing around the doors and windows. He baptized on that day quite a little company, as well as admitted a large number of catechumens and held a memorial service for Mr. McKenzie.

Mr. Underwood was kept longer than I expected on this trip, and there were no means of postal or telegraphic communication. We women, whose husbands go hundreds of miles into the interior, realize that we must take strong hold on God, and learn patience and faith. When the time for Mr. Underwood's return had passed, and no news came, I remembered flooded rivers, bands of Tonghaks, the various forms of deadly disease that may attack the man who travels in the country in July or August, and the waiting and suspense grew harder every day.

Every morning I looked up the road, where it curves around the hill, to see if he were coming. Every evening when the hateful twilight hurried into darkness, I strained my aching vision along the awful emptiness of that road, and all night long I listened for the plash of oars on the river, or almost fancied I heard his voice as the boats rounded the point, for he might come in a boat. Sometimes I saw Japanese coming in the distance, and deceived by their dark clothes, thought it was he. Once a native chair came up the road near the house, and they told me

he had come, but it was only a stranger, and the chair passed on. Yet my case was not harder than that of many women in the homelands who must all learn what anxious suspense and long vigils mean, but at length, fearing he was seriously sick, I concluded that I would go and find him.

To do this secrecy was necessary, for none of my foreign friends would allow me to go at that season, if they were informed of my intention. So I called up Mr. Underwood's trusted literary assistant, and arranged with him to hire ponies. I planned to start from our house in Seoul (we were then at the river cottage), and as nearly every one was out of town, expected to be able to get away without any one's knowledge. But on the very day, word came that he had already started, and was well on his way home, his ponies had returned, and he, coming by water, was almost due. No use to go now, and in a day or two he was safe among us again, and again in contrition I heard the gentle rebuke, "Oh ye of little faith, wherefore did ye doubt?"

The church in Sorai was the first built and paid for by the natives, was in fact the first Presbyterian church built in Korea. The Christian natives in Seoul had met in a little guest-house on our place, and in similar rooms in other sub-stations. So, Sorai in the van set the marching order, and all others, with almost no exceptions (in the Presbyterian missions), have followed in their lead.

Paid pastors none of them have, but all the stronger ones employ evangelists, whom they often pay in rice or fields or wood, to systematically carry the gospel to their heathen neighbors. It is our custom to select in each church the most earnest and intelligent of the Christians as a leader, who takes charge of the services, and oversight of the flock, and reports progress to the missionary in

charge. The leaders are gathered once a year, at the time when farmers have most leisure, at some central place, and instructed in the doctrines of the Bible, church government and history, and careful exegetical Bible study. They are carefully trained in conducting religious services and in preparing illustrated Bible readings. In every way possible the missionary tries to fit these men for their duties. Mr. Underwood is accustomed to hold one of these classes in the city for those who live near enough, and one in the country for those who are at too great a distance to attend the city class, and I believe nearly all the others do the same.

Such is the interest felt in the gatherings and the thirst for more light, that many who are not invited, and who hold no office in the church, travel many miles, bringing their own rice, to attend these classes, which are often crowded to overflowing. The church leaders are rarely paid any salary, even by the natives. Each missionary engaged in evangelistic work is allowed one paid helper, at five dollars a month. This man employs his whole time in this way, and some missionaries who have a large field under their care are allowed two such assistants.

Mr. Underwood has always had a good many men, who freely gave the greater part of their time to the work, or who were paid by the native Christians, or were provided by him with some means of gaining their living which would admit of their giving much time to the work. Some would peddle quinine, at sufficient profit to make a good living. Each bottle is wrapped with a tract, and pains were taken to insure only the best article being placed in the hands of these dealers. Some of these men are placed in charge of little book shops, without any salary, some in charge of a chapel or dispensary, the privilege of occupying the house their only pay. There

are always a number of young men around him glad and proud to be asked to serve on a special mission here or there, and the young men's missionary societies band themselves together for systematic gospel work, so that they each week visit some village, distributing tracts and preaching. All these, with the leaders, who are always at his disposal for work in their own vicinity, form a valuable corps of helpers. This plan, or something like it, I believe, is carried out by all the evangelistic missionaries in the Presbyterian missions. Mr. Underwood, also, copying from the Methodists, established a circle of class meetings among the Christians under his care in and around Seoul.

The class leaders meet with him once a week, each bringing his book, make a report of attendances, absences, sickness, removals, backslidings, deaths and conversions. The class leader, being, as far as we know, the best man in his class, and in a way responsible for it, becomes again a very useful helper.

During the spring of 1895 the Presbyterian church in Chong Dong, Seoul, decided to build themselves a place of worship. The people were all of them poor, even according to Korean ideas, paper-hangers, carpenters, small retail shopkeepers, farmers, policemen, soldiers, interpreters, writers, copyists, even chair coolies, gardeners and peddlers, the richest of them rarely earning more than five dollars in gold a month. So we missionaries decided to raise the most of the two thousand yen necessary among ourselves, encouraging the natives to give as much as they could.

Mr. Underwood, however, in trying to impress them with the duty of supporting the Lord's work liberally, was met one day with the remark, that this was called a foreign religion, and so it was difficult to convince natives that foreigners should not pay its way. "And so it will

continue to be regarded," said my husband, "just as long as you allow foreign money to be used in carrying it forward. When you build and own your churches, send out your own evangelists, and support your own schools, then both you and others will feel and realize it is not a foreign affair, but your own."

"Then," said the deacon, "we will build the Chong Dong church ourselves." Mr. Underwood was astonished. "How can you build such a church?" said he. The deacon replied, "Does the pastor ask such a question of what relates to God's work? With God all things are possible." Nothing, of course, remained to be said. The missionaries decided that it would be wiser for them to own the land, in case of possible political complications, but the building itself would cost the whole of one thousand yen. The people went to work with a will, the pastor and one or two other missionaries took off their coats and lent a hand at the work, boys hauled stones, Korean gentlemen, scholars, and teachers who had never lifted anything heavier than a pen, set themselves to work on the building, carpenters gave their skilled labor every alternate day, working for their own living only one out of every two, women saved a little rice from each bowl prepared for the family until enough was laid aside to be sold, and gave the money thus earned, and so in manifold ways the money came in and the work grew. At length, however, there were no more funds and the building came to a standstill. No one was willing to go into debt, even to borrow of the missionaries, and it was decided to wait until the way opened.

Just when everything seemed hopelessly blocked, the epidemic of Asiatic cholera broke out. Why Koreans do not have this every summer raging through the whole country is one of the unsolved problems. All sewage runs into filthy, narrow ditches, which are frequently stopped up

with refuse, so as to overflow into the streets, green slimy pools of water lie undisturbed in courtyards and along the side of the road, wells are polluted with drainage from soiled apparel washed close by, quantities of decaying vegetable matter are thrown out and left to rot on the thoroughfares and under the windows of the houses. Every imaginable practice which comes under the definition of unhygienic or unsanitary is common. Even young children in arms eat raw and green cucumbers, unpeeled, acrid berries and heavy soggy hot bread. They bolt quantities of hot or cold rice, with a tough, indigestible cabbage, washed in ditch water, prepared with turnips and flavored with salt and red pepper. Green fruit of every kind is eaten with perfect recklessness of all the laws of nature, and with impunity (and I must say, an average immunity from disastrous consequence) which makes a Westerner stand aghast. Any of us would surely die promptly and deservedly if we presumed to venture one-tenth of the impertinences and liberties with Dame Nature which a Korean smilingly and unconcernedly takes for granted as his common right.

The only solution I have ever reached, and that I hold but weakly, is, that in accordance with the law of the survival of the fittest, none but exceptionally hardy specimens ever reach adolescence, or even early childhood, and that having survived the awful tests of infancy, they are able to endure most trials which befall later.

But even these, so to speak, galvanized-iron interiors are not always proof. It takes time, but every five or six years, by great care and industry, a bacillus develops itself, so hardened, so well armed, so deeply toxic, that even Koreans must succumb, and then there is an epidemic of cholera. Eight years before, in 1887, the plague swept through the land, and thousands fell. Christians, both

missionaries and natives, united in prayers that God would stay the scourge. Physicians pronounced it contrary to the laws of nature that it should stop before frost came to kill the bacilli, but, in wonderful justification of faith, the ravages of the plague were abruptly checked in the midst of the terrible heat of the last days of August and the first of September.

CHAPTER IX

Difficulty of Enforcing Quarantine Regulations—Greedy Officials
“Eat” Relief Funds—Americans Stand Alone to Face the
Foe—The Emergency Cholera Hospital—The Inspection
Officers—We Decide to Use the Shelter—A Pathetic Case
—The Jesus Man—Gratitude of the Koreans—The New
Church—The Murder of the Queen—Testimony of Foreign-
ers—The Official Report.

AND now again the rod was to fall. The disease began with terrible violence, men in full vigor in the morning were corpses at noon, several members of the same family often dying the same day. It cropped out in one neighborhood after another with a steadily marked increase every day, that was frightful in its unrelenting, unswerving ferocity. The Japanese and many of the more enlightened Koreans took the alarm early, and seeking the counsel of European and American physicians planned to establish quarantine and sanitary regulations for the whole country, but as an astute young Korean sadly remarked, “It is easy enough to make the laws, it is more than doubtful whether they can be enforced.”

If officials and soldiers are sent to enforce quarantine, there is little doubt among those who know customs and people that only too many of them will be susceptible to a very small bribe. When the necessity for quarantining Seoul from Chemulpo was mentioned, the high officials themselves said it would be impossible on account of the importance of the trade between the two places. One in-

stance will show the hopelessness of the attempt to carry out sanitary regulations.

In the effort to prevent the enormous and insane consumption of green apples, melons and cucumbers, the sale of these articles was forbidden with a penalty for buyer and seller, and notices of the law posted everywhere. And yet, soon after, my husband passed a stand where they were being sold in large numbers, over which one of these very notices was hung, and several policemen among the buyers were munching the forbidden fruit with a calm relish, edifying to behold. It is due to the government to say that they seemed thoroughly awakened to the situation and were doing all in their power, but were handicapped by the deplorable corruption of many officials. Twenty thousand yen (ten thousand dollars) were granted to fix up a temporary emergency cholera hospital, enforce sanitary laws and prevent the advance of the plague, but this money was, to use a common Korean phrase, "eaten" by greedy underlings on all hands. In the preparation of the hospital, more than twice the number of carpenters needed were employed, and these men passed their time making little articles for private sale, or in standing about doing nothing. A number of petty officials were hired to do little, and improved on their commission by doing nothing but receive their pay.

At a general meeting of the physicians then in the city, European, American and Japanese, Dr. Avison having been chosen by vote director of this emergency hospital and the sanitary work, the Japanese all withdrew, saying they did not care to work under a Westerner, and in the end the Americans only were left to face the foe.

After many discouragements and hindrances an old barracks building was roughly prepared to receive patients, and a corps of nurses and doctors, composed of quite a

number of missionaries (Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, with the assistance of hired Koreans) was formed. The building was very poorly fitted up for such an exigency, the haste with which it was necessary to get it ready, and the character of the place, precluded the possibility of making it very suitable for the purpose. It was open, damp and chilly, with no means of warming or secluding the patients. It was only scantily furnished with such absolute necessities as could be had at short notice in the city. And think not, Oh civilized medical community in America! that "necessities" according to your ideas are synonymous with "necessities" according to our possibilities in Asia. Perhaps you have a fossilized idea that beds and sheets and pillows are necessities. By no means. Our patients lay on the floor, covered with small cotton wool rugs, and back-breaking business it was to nurse them.

But the discouragements connected with our work was not merely the lack of conveniences and almost dire necessities, or the want of proper inforcement of sanitary regulations and of co-operation, and although Dr. Avison and the foreign staff under him worked heroically, and with unwearied devotion, it was an unequal struggle. The majority of natives are not willing to go to hospitals, and it would have been dangerous to try to force them, while many will not permit foreign doctors to treat them even in their homes, or else use Korean medicines with ours. But alas! in many cases the disease is so violent as to defy all that science, aided by every advantage, can do.

It is the most desperately, deadly thing I ever saw, and often medicines seem useless to do more than slightly defer the ultimate result. The poison attacks the nerve centers at once, and every organ is affected. Terrible cramps contract the muscles, the heart fails, the extremi-

ties grow cold, the pulse becomes imperceptible, the mind wanders, or suddenly, without previous symptoms, the victim falls and dies at once. Or, after the most violent symptoms of the disease have disappeared, vomiting and pain have ceased, the pulse has become almost normal and the patient nearly ready to be discharged, a mysterious change comes, and the poor victim dies of pneumonia, uræmic convulsions, or some of the other sequellæ of this frightful disease.

Mr. Underwood was placed in charge of inspection offices, which were opened in different districts over the whole city, and all cases reported there received immediate attention. Several of his young Christians were trained by him to carry on this work, he himself at first going out with them, hunting up infected localities, using disinfectants, and teaching the helpers and residents how to purify the premises. These young men worked indefatigably, with intelligence, enthusiasm and courage. The inspectors and all the doctors and nurses wore a badge, consisting of the red cross over the Korean flag, so that even in heathen Korea the sign of the cross was carried everywhere, and dominated the emblem of the Korean government.

The people picked up the idea that lime was a mysterious agent in preventing disease, so it was not uncommon to see a handful of it scattered, a few grains here and there, along the edges of some of the filthiest ditches, or a gourd whitewashed with lime hanging by the door as a sort of charm to drive away cholera.

Koreans call it "the rat disease," believing that cramps are rats gnawing and crawling inside the legs, going up till the heart is reached; so they offer prayers to the spirit of the cat, hang a paper cat on the house door, and rub their cramps with a cat's skin. They offered prayers and

sacrifices in various high places to the heavens—Hananim—and some of the streets in infected districts were almost impassable on account of ropes stretched across, about five feet high, at intervals of about every twenty-five feet, to which paper prayers were attached. As my coolies, trying to pass along with my chair, broke one of these, I could not help admonishing the owner who came to its rescue, "*Better put them up a little higher.*"

Aye, put them up higher, poor Korean brother, they are far too near the earth! One of the most pathetic sights in connection with this plague were these poor, wind-torn, rain-bedraggled, paper prayers, hanging helplessly everywhere, the offering of blind superstition to useless dumb gods who can neither pity nor hear.

"They reach lame hands of faith and grope
And gather dust and chaff."

Early in August it was decided, as the plague seemed on the increase, to fill the "Shelter" with cholera patients, and Dr. Avison assigned to Dr. Wells, Mr. Underwood and myself the supervision and care of this place.

The "Shelter," situated on a good high site outside the walls, with a number of comfortable rooms, with the possibility of hot floors (which proved an unspeakable benefit to the poor cold, pulseless sick), seemed an ideal place for the purpose. It was not very large, it is true, but as most of our patients were either quickly cured or quickly succumbed, we were able to receive a goodly number. Mr. Underwood and Dr. Wells worked indefatigably, stocking it with everything obtainable which could be of use.

My husband arranged for a corps of voluntary native nurses. As the only missionaries available were at work

elsewhere, and we had seen too much of hired native official nurses, he decided to ask some of his Christian helpers to do this service for the love of Christ. Cholera is a loathsome disease, only love makes it easy to nurse faithfully and tenderly these poor afflicted creatures, without overwhelming disgust.

Some of the men thus approached belonged to the scholar and gentlemen class, who had never done manual work of any kind, and at first they hesitated. However, they at last decided to undertake the task, and with willing hands and a little training, they turned out to be very satisfactory nurses, faithful and devoted, never shirking the most difficult and repelling work. Every evening a service of prayer and song was held in the central court of the Shelter, where all who were conscious could hear, and we believe that the blessing on that work came in answer to these united prayers, and the public acknowledgment of absolute dependence in God. Here, too, the workers gained new enthusiasm and the strength born of faith and hope.

Dr. Wells' brilliant management deserves the highest praise. The necessity of caring for my little one, lying sick five miles away, allowed me only alternate nights of service at the hospital, so the labor for the other two members of our trio was severe, but while the need lasted strength was given.

Unspeakably pathetic were many of the scenes we were forced to witness. One poor woman, only that day widowed, with three little ones to care for, was brought in cold and almost pulseless. We spent the night trying to save this poor mother. Early in the morning her eldest, a dear little fellow of eleven, came to watch with and take care of her. To see the anxious little face (a child's face in the shadow of a great sorrow is the saddest thing on

earth) as he chafed her hands and affirmed, half interrogatively, how much warmer they were now than before, and as he looked eagerly to us, every time we entered saying, "Will she live, will she live?" was enough to make one ready to die for that life. We felt that woman must live. And yet —. After a long contest the pulse revived, the extremities grew warm, nearly all untoward symptoms disappeared, we all dared to hope. "She will live now," joyfully said the child. "Oh, if I could live, it would be good!" said the now conscious mother. But alas! next day the three little ones were motherless and fatherless, and another sad funeral, with one drooping little mourner, joined the awful procession, which nightly filed through the city gates, and covered the surrounding hills with new-made graves. One poor old father watched and tended his boy of fourteen with agonized devotion. The only one left to his old age of what was a few days before a large family. We all worked over the lad with strong hopes, so young, and many of the old had recovered, so much needed, surely he would be spared, but at length the cold young form grew a little colder, the tired little pulse ceased to flutter, and a broken old man followed his last hope to the grave.

And yet we had great cause for devout thankfulness that so many of our patients were spared. Sixty-five per cent of recoveries is almost unheard of, and yet this was our record at the Shelter.

Under God we ascribed this large percentage of cures, mainly to the three following causes: The use of salol as early and in as large doses as possible. Keeping the patients on the very hot floor till warmth returned and circulation improved. And the conscientious and untiring nursing by the native Christians.

Of course this is not the place, nor have I the time, to

go into a minute description of the various remedies and forms of treatment used. We believed we were reaching the case with salol, but various other remedies also were used to control the symptoms. In fact, everything we knew was done, and all must be done quickly or not at all. Many of the cases brought to us were in a state of collapse when they arrived. Often the pulse was not perceptible, and yet repeatedly, where we felt that treatment was hopeless, the hot floor and vigorous chafing, with hypodermic administration of stimulants, brought about sufficient reanimation to make it possible to take the salol, and this seemed to act miraculously. It was in obedience to Dr. Wells' suggestion that we tried this drug which proved such a blessing. In one case, that of a young man of high rank, his family despaired of his life from the first, and finally went home to prepare his grave clothes, but on returning with them in the morning, found him, to their joy and amazement, quite out of danger. Another striking case was that of an old lady nearly seventy years of age. Her son and daughter, as a last resort, but quite hopelessly, brought her to us. She was far gone, unconscious, and almost pulseless. We rubbed her cold extremities with alcohol, keeping her quite warm on a fine hot floor (she lay practically on a stove all night), and to the astonishment of all, after a few hours, steady improvement began and she was soon restored to her delighted friends.

I insert here our medical record, for the benefit of medical readers, giving all the uninterested the privilege of skipping. We received altogether 173 patients, of whom 61 died; of those received, 18 arrived dying or dead; 95 were taken in rigid, of whom only 42 died; 35 were verging on collapse, of whom 2 died; 4 were in partial collapse, of whom none died; 20 were in the first stage, of whom

none died. Of those who died, 25 never reacted, 2 had puerperal complications, 2 were already affected with tuberculosis, 3 developed cerebral meningitis, 1 complication of chronic cystitis, 1 chronic nephritis, and 2 received no salol.

All these recoveries made no little stir in the city, especially as elsewhere nearly two-thirds of those affected died. Proclamations were posted on the walls, telling people there was no need for them to die when they might go to the Christian hospital and live. People who watched missionaries working over the sick night after night said to each other, "How these foreigners love us, would we do as much for one of our own kin as they do for strangers?" Some men who saw Mr. Underwood hurrying along the road in the gray twilight of a summer morning remarked, "There goes the Jesus man, he works all night and all day with the sick without resting." "Why does he do it?" said another. "Because he loves us," was the reply. What sweeter reward could be had than that the people should see the Lord in our service. Surely the plague was not all evil when it served to bring the Lord more clearly to the view of the souls he died to save.

A tolerably fair count of the deaths inside the walls each day was possible, since all the dead are carried through two or three gates. The numbers rose gradually to something over three hundred a day and then gradually declined, the plague lasting not quite six weeks. The extra-mural population is probably as large as the intra-mural, including the people within the two miles radius outside the walls. All taken together there are between three and four hundred thousand people.

When the plague was nearly over the following very grateful letter of thanks from the Korean office of Foreign Affairs was sent through the American minister.

THE DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

504th Year, 7th Moon, 3d Day.

August 22d, 1895.

*Kim, Minister of Foreign Affairs,
to Mr. Sill, United States Minister.*

SIR: I have the honor to say that my government is deeply grateful to _____ and his friends who have spent a great deal of money for medicines and labored in the management of cholera, resulting in the cure of many sick people. I trust your excellency will kindly convey an expression of thanks to them on behalf of my government. I am, etc., etc.

(Signed)

KIM YUN SIK.

Gifts were sent to the missionaries, who had assisted at the hospitals, of rolls of silk, fans, little silver inkstands, having the name of the Home Office and the recipient engraved upon them, and most interesting of all, a kind of mosaic mats made of a peculiar sort of reeds grown for the purpose at the island of Kang Wha. These mats have bits of the reeds of different colors skilfully inlaid to form the pattern, and that on those which were given to us was at one end the national emblem, at the other the red cross and the name of the Home Office.

This was of course extremely gratifying. No, more, it was a thing for which to be profoundly grateful that government and people recognized that we, the representatives of our Lord (however inefficient and unworthy), were their friends, and, as far as in us lay, their helpers.

The best, however, was to come. The names of the Koreans who had nursed and served at the Shelter and inspection offices were asked for, and the intention to pay them stated. We told them that the men had done this with no expectation of pay, but to this they would not listen and insisted on rewarding them handsomely. On the receipt of this unexpected, and, for them, large sum, almost all the Christians (quite voluntarily, and to our surprise) put it all into the fund for the new church, con-

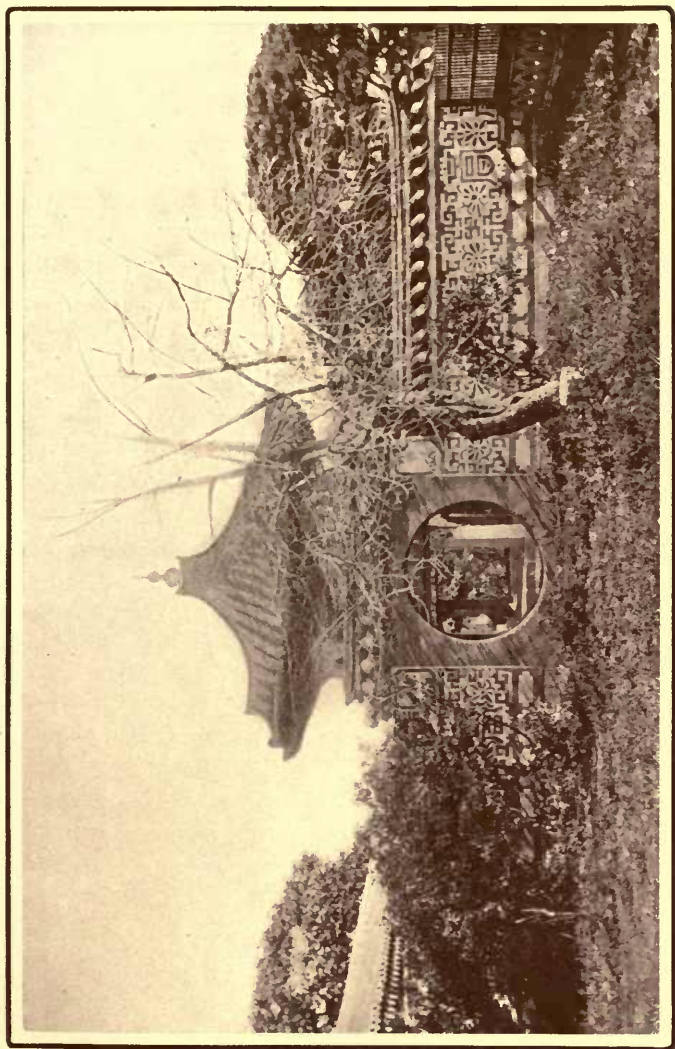
sidering it a gift of God, specially sent in answer to prayer, to help them in the enterprise undertaken in faith.

They were, therefore, now able to go on and finish the church, which accommodates, with crowding, two hundred people. It is an unpretentious building, entirely native, substantial as possible with mud walls, tiled roof and paper windows, yet built and finished much in the style of the best Korean houses, none of which knew, at that time, what it was to boast of a pane of glass, or brick or stone walls. Into it the little congregation flocked, and with glad hearts dedicated to God the work of their hands, which through sacrifice, love, faith and prayer was more costly and precious in his sight than gold or ivory, which had not been so sanctified.

Not long after the cholera epidemic, and the events connected with it, occurred the tragedy at the palace—the murder of the brilliant and progressive queen, the friend of progress, civilization and reform.

Her majesty was a brilliant diplomatist, and usually worsted her opponents. The Japanese, after the war, had indeed proclaimed the independence of Korea, yet seemed in practice to desire to establish a sort of protectorate and to direct her policy at home and abroad. Many public offices were filled with citizens of Japan, or Japanese sympathizers as far as possible, and a large body of the Korean troops were drilled by and under the command of Japanese officers.

Realizing that in the patriotic and brilliant queen they had to meet one who would not readily submit to their plans for the Japanizing of Korea, they objected to her participation at all in the affairs of government, and were promised, under compulsion we were told, that these orders should be obeyed. Naturally this was not done, and the queen continued to be a source of confusion and



THE ROUND GATE, SEOUL

rock of offense to them and their plans. Finally a decided change was made in the personnel of the Japanese embassy. Count Inoye, who, in the name of his government, had hitherto promised to the queen the support and protection of Japan was recalled. He was replaced by Count Miura, who was a man of very different tendencies. Count Miura was a very strong Buddhist, and passionately devoted to the supposed interests of Japan as against those of any other nation.

One morning, the 8th of October, 1895, we heard firing at the palace. This was in time of peace, and such sounds we knew must be portents of evil. All was confusion, nothing definite could be learned, except that certain Japanese troops had arrived at about three in the morning, escorting the Tai Won Kun (the king's father and the queen's bitter enemy), and had driven out the native royal guard under General Dye (an American) and were now guarding the palace gates. The air was full of ominous suspicions and whispers, but nothing more definite could we learn till afternoon, when meeting a Korean noble, he told us with face all aghast, that it was currently reported that the queen had been murdered.

In a few hours this news was confirmed with particulars. The Tai Won Kun was at that time under guard, in exile from the court, at his country house, for conspiracy against the king in favor of his grandson, and he of course readily consented to become the leader of the plotters against the queen, to enter the palace at the head of their troops and take possession of the persons of their majesties (and the government incidently), necessarily, of course, doing away with the queen. The troops therefore marched with the old man in his chair to the palace gates, where all had been made ready. Ammunition had been secretly removed, native troops trained by Americans

had been mostly exchanged for those trained by Japanese, and after a few shots, and scarcely a pretence of resistance, the attacking party entered. It was some distance to the royal apartments, and the rumor of disturbance reached there some time before the attacking party. Her majesty was alarmed. She was a brave woman, but she knew she had bitter, powerful and treacherous foes, and that, like Damocles, a sword suspended by only too slight a thread hung over her life.

The king's second son, Prince Oui-wha, begged her to escape with him by a little gate which yet remained unguarded, through which they might pass disguised to friends in the city. The dowager queen, however, was too old to go, and her majesty nobly refused to leave her alone to the terror which occupation of the palace by foreigners would insure, trusting no doubt to the positive assurances of protection that had been made to her through Count Inoye, and the more so, as one of the courtiers in waiting, a man by the name of Chung Pung Ha, had assured her that whatever happened she might rest confident that the persons of their majesties would be perfectly safe. This man was a creature of low origin, whom the queen had raised and bestowed many favors upon, and in whom she placed great reliance. He advised her not to hide, and kept himself informed of all her movements. With no code of honor wider or higher than his pocket, he of course became a ready tool of the assassins, and there is much evidence to show he was a party to the conspiracy.

The queen therefore remained in a good deal of uneasiness and anxiety, but only when the Tai Won Kun and the hired assassins rushed in, calling for the queen, did she attempt, alas! too late, to hide.

There was some confusion, in the numerous verbal re-

ports which reached us, but two foreigners, a Russian, Mr. Sabbatin, and an American, General Dye, who were eye-witnesses of nearly all that occurred, both agreed in the statement, that Japanese troops under Japanese officers surrounded the courtyard and buildings where the royal party were, and that the Japanese officers were in the courtyard, and saw the outrages which were committed, and knew all that was done by the Japanese *soshi* or professional cutthroats. About thirty of these assassins rushed into the royal apartments crying, "The queen, the queen, where is the queen?"

Then began a mad and brutal hunt for their prey, more like wild beasts than men, seizing the palace women,* dragging them about by their hair and beating them, trying to force them to tell where the queen was. Mr. Sabbatin was himself questioned and threatened with death. The *soshi* and officers who wore the Japanese uniform passed through the room where his majesty stood trying to divert attention from the queen. "One of the Japanese caught him by the shoulder and pulled him about, and Yi Kiung Chick, the minister of the royal household, was killed by the Japanese in his majesty's presence. His royal highness, the crown prince, was seized, his hat torn off and broken, and he was pulled about by the hair, the *soshi* threatening him with their swords while demanding where the queen was."† At length they hunted the poor queen down, and killed her with their swords. They then covered her body, and bringing in various palace women, suddenly displayed the corpse, when the women shrieked with horror, "The queen, the queen!" This was enough; by this ruse the assassins made sure they had felled the right victim.

* "Korean Repository," 1894.

† From official report of "Korean Repository."

Soon after, the remains were taken to a grove of trees not far off, kerosene oil poured over them, and they were burned, only a few bones remaining.

Later developments all went to prove that the murderers were actually guilty of the inconceivable folly of imagining that by this means it would be possible to conceal the crime and their share in it.

Stories of all sorts were circulated, as that her majesty had escaped and was lying concealed, or that she had simply been removed for a time by the Japanese, who could bring her back at any moment. In the official account of the murder, and of the trial of Count Miura and the *soshi*, held in Hiroshima, Japan, for which I am indebted to "The Korean Repository" for 1895, the following words occur: "The accused Miura Gow assumed his official duties . . . on September 1, 1895. According to his observation, things in Korea were tending in the wrong direction, the court was daily growing more and more arbitrary, and attempting wanton interference with the conduct of State affairs. Disorder and confusion were in this way introduced into the system of administration that had just been reorganized under the guidance and advice of the Imperial government. The court went so far in turning its back upon Japan that a project was mooted for disbanding the *Kurentai* troops (Koreans under Japanese officers) and punishing their officers. Moreover, a report came to the said Miura that the court had under contemplation a scheme for usurping all political power by degrading some and killing others of the cabinet ministers suspected of devotion to the cause of progress and independence. Under these circumstances he was greatly perturbed, inasmuch as he thought that the attitude assumed by the court not only showed remarkable ingratitude towards this country, which had spent labor and

money for the sake of Korea, but was also calculated to thwart the work of internal reform and 'jeopardize the independence of the kingdom.' "

The report then proceeds to state that the accused felt it necessary to apply a remedy which would on the one hand "secure the independence of the Korean kingdom, and on the other *maintain the prestige of this empire in that country!*" The report further proceeds to state, that conferences were held with the Tai Won Kun and with Japanese officials, at one of which, October 3rd, "The decision arrived at on that occasion was that assistance should be rendered to the Tai Won Kun's entry into the palace by making use of the *Kurentai*, who, being hated by the court, felt themselves in danger, and of the young men who deeply lamented the course of events, and also by causing the Japanese troops stationed in Seoul to offer their support to the enterprise. It was further resolved that this opportunity should be availed of for taking the life of the queen, who exercised overwhelming influence in the court."

After further particulars in the completion of the plan the Japanese document continues: "Miura told them (the men who were to escort the Tai Won Kun) that on the success of the enterprise depended the eradication of the evils that had done so much mischief to the kingdom for the past twenty years, and instigated them to despatch the queen when they entered the palace." The report then goes on at some length, describing the various steps taken in carrying out the conspiracy, and continues: "Then slowly proceeding toward Seoul the party met the *Kurentai* troops outside the west gate of the capital, where they waited some time for the Japanese troops. . . . About dawn the whole party entered the palace through the Kwang-hwa gate, and at once proceeded to the inner

chambers. Notwithstanding these facts there is no sufficient evidence to prove that any of the accused actually committed the crime originally meditated by them. . . . For these reasons, the accused, each and all, are hereby discharged. . . . The documents and other articles seized in connection with this case are restored to their respective owners.

Given at Hiroshima local court by

YOSHIDA YOSHIDA,
Judge of Preliminary inquiry,
TAMURA YOSHIHARU,
Clerk of the court.

Dated 20th day of the first month of the twenty-ninth year of Yeiji.

This copy has been taken from the original text.

Clerk of the local court of Hiroshima."

This document needs no comment. Count Miura was recently restored to all his titles and dignities which had been temporarily removed.

CHAPTER X

The Palace after the Murder—Panic—Attitude of Foreign Legations—The King's Life in Hourly Danger—Noble Refugees—Americans on Guard—Mistakes of the New Government—Objectionable Sumptuary Laws—A Plan to Rescue the King—One Night at the Palace—Forcing an Entrance—Our Little Drama—Escape of General Yun.

IN the meantime the king and crown prince were held prisoners in their own palace by a cabinet composed of Koreans who were favorable to the Japanese government. Immediately after the death of the queen, before the soldiers and assassins had dispersed, the Japanese minister had come to the palace and requested an audience. According to the official report, Count Miura, with his secretary, Mr. Sugimma,* the Tai Won Kun, and a Japanese, who had led the *soshi*, were all present at this audience, and presented three papers to the king for signature, one being that the cabinet should henceforth manage the affairs of the country, one that Prince Yi Chai Miun should be minister of the royal household, and the other appointing a vice-minister of the household. The king shaken by the events of the night, and helpless in the hands of his enemies, signed all three. Then the Japanese troops were withdrawn, and the *Kurentai* alone left on guard. Soon after the ministers of war and police departments were changed for pro-Japanese, "so that all the

* See "Korean Repository" official account of the murder of the queen.

armed forces of the government, and even the personal attendants of his majesty" were under the control of the opponents of the royal person and family.

Mr. Wacber, the Russian minister, and Dr. Allen, Chargé d'Affaires of the United States, having heard the firing, arrived at the palace, while the Japanese minister was still there, and were made acquainted by the king to some extent concerning the occurrences which had just taken place. The poor king was in a state of shock amounting to almost complete prostration, which was pitiable to behold, after the awful experiences of the night and the brutal murder of his idolized queen.

The friends and connections of the royal family, officials, soldiers, servants and hangers on about the palace, of whom there were several thousands, were all in the wildest panic. Every one was rushing in mad haste to escape from the confines of the palace grounds, and uniforms or anything that could distinguish men as belonging to the court were recklessly torn off and thrown away. The American, Russian and English legations were thronged with people, anxious for shelter from the hands of those who composed the band of Korean traitors. The foreign representatives felt and showed much indignation over the cruel assassination of her majesty and sympathy for the king.

For some time they visited the palace every day. As they refused to recognize the rebel government, they probably felt obliged to see his majesty personally, in order to know his wishes and policy, and it is also most likely that, feeling much uncertainty as to the intentions of the persons in whose hands the king was, they wished to keep themselves informed, and perhaps to keep in check any plans of violence toward the remaining members of the royal family. Mr. Underwood was requested to ac-

company the United States minister as interpreter, while the French bishop acted in the same capacity for the representative of France, since none of the native interpreters could be trusted under such circumstances.

And right here I would stop to ask, why is it that in matters of such extreme importance as the affairs of state between our own government and Eastern nations, there have been up to this time no trained American interpreters, and our highest officials are obliged to depend upon the more than doubtful native interpreters, who even when not wilfully for their own purposes, or through their own cowardice, misrepresenting communications of the greatest importance, may through incapability entirely misconceive the idea to be expressed, or through carelessness omit the most significant part of the whole sentence?

The king was to be seen only under the strictest surveillance of the cabinet, and apparently was under extreme coercion, so that he did not consider it expedient to say anything contrary to their orders and policy. On rare occasions, when their attention was called for a few moments by some of the visiting party, his majesty contrived to convey to Mr. Underwood a whispered message, a sign, a tiny note slipped in his palm, by which he briefly communicated his desires, or plans, or his real replies to questions which had already been answered publicly in accordance with the views of his enemies. As the king stood in hourly fear of poison, and not without reason, since his unscrupulous and unnatural father, the Tai Won Kun, was most desirous to replace him by his grandson, through another son, and as so many of the conspirators surrounding the king had now so much at stake, were in so dangerous a position, and were men who had already proved they would stop at nothing where their own interest was concerned, he would take no food for some time

but condensed milk brought in sealed cans and opened in his presence, or eggs cooked in the shells. Hearing of this, and glad to take advantage of an opportunity however small to show our sympathy, the ladies from one of the European legations and myself alternated in sending specially prepared dishes, such articles as contained the greatest amount of nourishment, as well as of agreeable taste.

They were sent in a tin box, provided with a Yale lock. Mr. Underwood, who was now going as interpreter and messenger between the legations and palace, sometimes twice a day, carried the key, and placed it in the king's own hand, while the box was carried in at any convenient time by the ordinary officials. It was only a small service, but it was to some extent a relief to be allowed to do anything for those who had a claim upon our loyalty, and who had been so shockingly outraged.

One day as Mr. Underwood was going in to his majesty he met the old Tai Won Kun, who said, "Why do you take all that good food in to him? He doesn't need it. I am old, my teeth are gone, I need it far more than he." The crafty and cruel old human tiger's teeth and claws were still only too serviceable, alas! For a long time after the death of the queen, nearly seven weeks, Americans, one or two at a time, were asked to be at the palace every night, as it was thought that with foreigners there as witnesses, the conspirators, whoever they might be, would hesitate to commit any further outrages. There is little doubt that had they thought it necessary to commit regicide, the lives of the witnesses would have been sacrificed as well, but Easterners stand in considerable fear of the wrath of the Western nations, when their citizens are killed, and no doubt the chances of violence to his majesty and the crown prince were somewhat diminished by the presence

of the missionaries, who night after night, two and two, left the congenial task of preaching the gospel of peace to insure the continuance of it (or that small fraction which at that time was left to poor Korea).

We wives at home, keeping lonely vigil, while our husbands sentineled the palace, listened with sharpened ears for sounds of ill-omen from that direction. But both they and we were glad of this service, rejoicing to prove that we were the friends of the people and the rightful ruler, from highest to lowest, and we were specially glad that those who had been called disloyal, because they refused to obey the decree which forbade preaching the gospel, were now able to show themselves the most active and unwearied in serving the king.

The day after the assassination, the king's second son, Prince Oui-wha, sent to ask refuge in our house, where, this being American property, he would be safe from arrest. The legations were all full of refugees of high rank, and several were staying in our Korean *sarang* or guest room. We were, of course, delighted to receive the young prince, and also to have this further opportunity to prove our regard for him. In consequence of the presence of these refugees we were honored by being kept under continual espionage by the pseudo-government, our compound constantly watched by spies at all exits, by day and night. It seemed monstrous to me, who had never known any of the class whose movements are watched by detectives, nor ever dreamed of coming in any way into collision with any government (much less of being of sufficient importance to do so), but perhaps it was the spirit of revolutionary forefathers which made me believe, that if governments were wrong, right-minded people must oppose them, and that if sheltering the friends of the just and lawful ruler from a company of conspirators and

traitors was standing in an attitude of hostility to the powers that be, it was both right and our unavoidable duty to do what we could to shield them from violence and death.

In the meanwhile the new government was appointing new officials, trying, torturing and executing innocent people as the accused murderers of the queen, in order to shield themselves—useless crimes which deceived no one—making a number of new offices and placing Japanese in them on large salaries, and making new and farcical, as well as injurious and objectionable, laws. Women were not to be allowed to go on the street with covered faces, pipes must be of a certain length, sleeves must be shortened and narrowed, coats must be of a particular color, and hat brims a certain width. This was called “Kaiwha” or reform. Large numbers of Japanese flocked to this country and made their way to the capital or into the interior, in the industrious pursuit of wealth, which we were informed was not always limited to legitimate measures, or the possession of sinecures.

Missionaries returning from the interior reported that they had heard lamentable tales on all hands, of farmers strung up by the thumbs, for the extortion of money or deeds of lands and of women dealt with brutally. The poor country people were like sheep in the midst of wolves, their shepherd gone, their fold broken down.

One of the measures taken by the pro-Japanese government, which excited great feeling and probably did more than anything else to arouse protest, because so cruelly calculated to wound the desolate and stricken king, was a decree sent through the whole land in the king’s name declaring the queen a wicked woman and degrading her to the lowest rank. This they asked the king to sign and seal, but shaken as he was, he absolutely refused

so to insult his dead consort, and the cabinet were obliged to forge his signature, and seal the paper themselves. This act bore the stamp of the Tai Won Kun, whose insatiable hate was not satisfied with the murder of the queen, but followed her with insults to the grave.

In the midst of these days of confusion and excitement, the loyalist party, or at least some of them, made an attempt to rescue the king. This all his friends ardently desired, but it was very difficult to accomplish, as his majesty was surrounded constantly by spies and guards, whose interest as well as whose business it was to keep him under the strictest surveillance.

Numbers of Koreans came to my husband with various schemes for the accomplishment of the king's release, seeking his advice and aid, but while he was very willing to express his sympathy with their object and his disapproval of the rebel government, he did not consent to any part in any of their projects, partly because he did not know whom to trust, and partly because none were such as he, a missionary, could take part in or support. I do not doubt, however, that if he could have seen a way to do so, he would gladly have sacrificed much to have assisted the king to escape to a place of safety, where he could establish his own government without fear of the combinations formed against him.

The plans of the rescue party were made very secretly, so that none of the missionaries at least knew anything of them, though two of the leaders, General Yun and another, were in our house till a late hour the previous night, and perhaps to this fact was due the conviction which a number of people entertained that my husband was concerned in the loyal but unfortunate plot. The enemies of the king, however, got wind of the plans of his friends, and through spies and treachery ferreted it all out,

and prepared themselves fully. One of the traitors, an army officer, who pretended to be ready to open the gates and assist the rescue party from within, really disclosed everything to the false cabinet, and was prepared with troops to receive and repel the loyalists. On the evening set for the rescue of the king, just before my husband's return from the palace, where he had been all the afternoon, he found Dr. Avison, of our mission, here at his home, with news that the Koreans were preparing to attack the palace that very night, as he had just learned from one of the party. Mr. Underwood was hardly willing to credit the idea, sure that all his feelings and sympathies were so well understood, he would have been informed had this been the case; but while Dr. Avison was still in the house, the secretary of the American legation called, at the request of the American minister, to say that they had authoritative information of the same thing, and as the king would no doubt be much alarmed, and would be in great danger from the traitors, should the attack succeed, the American minister asked that Mr. Underwood would spend the night near the king's person.

As the gate would probably be closed and admittance refused to every one, the minister had sent his card for Mr. Underwood to present in order to gain admission. It was of course understood that this was only a suggestion, and that Mr. Underwood was perfectly at liberty to refuse, but he was really glad to go, and felt honored in being selected for this service, so he at once consented, and asked Mr. Hulbert, now of the government school, to accompany him. Dr. Avison having been called for professionally, also joined them, and the three men met at the palace gates, where the guard at once refused to admit them, positive orders having been sent forbidding the entrance of any one. Our minister's card was shown to no appar-

ent effect, except that the officer on guard offered to go up to the palace with it and obtain permission. This Mr. Underwood knew would be futile, for the cabinet would almost certainly refuse, so he replied, "No, I must be admitted at once and without delay, I came at the request of the United States minister, and if you choose to refuse his card, and his messenger, you must take the responsibility; I shall return at once and give him your reply." As an officer had been severely punished only a few days before for refusing entrance to a foreign diplomat, who had left the palace gates in awful wrath, the men now on guard hesitated. "Decide, and at once," said Mr. Underwood sternly. This conquered, and the Americans hurried in. They went directly to the king, and making known that they had come for the night, asked his wishes, and were requested to wait in General Dye's rooms, close at hand, to be ready on the first alarm to take their places near his person.

The *three guardsmen* then repaired to the general's room to await developments, where Mr. Underwood had some conversation with General Dye, and the traitorous Korean officer, who even then suspecting that Mr. Underwood had some part in the friendly plot, tried to entrap him and to induce him to betray himself and the others. But as my husband knew nothing of the persons engaged, or any of their plans, and was himself quite innocent of any complicity in their scheme, it was impossible for any information to be elicited from him. Suddenly at twelve o'clock the report of a gun was heard, springing up, he ran to the king's apartments, followed closely by the other two. A line of soldiers was drawn up, standing shoulder to shoulder along the path, who called "Halt," sharply, as he approached; paying no attention he ran swiftly past them, and before they had time to realize, or to decide

what to do, Dr. Avison and Mr. Hulbert had followed. At the door just beyond stood a couple of officers with drawn swords crossed. Mr. Underwood struck the swords up with his revolver and rushed through, the other two men entering immediately behind him, just as they heard the king calling, "Where are the foreigners, call the foreigners." "Here, your majesty. Here we are," replied the three men, entering the room, where the king grasped them by the hand, and kept them on either side of him the whole night.

As for the poor half-armed party of the king's friends, they were allowed to proceed until well within the prepared ambush, and when they discovered the trap, it was almost impossible to escape. Many were captured, some killed, the rest fled in all directions. This of course seated more firmly in power the rebels whose position had till now been more than questionable. Many arrests were made, and executions and the severest punishments meted out to those who were convicted of having dared to attempt the restoration of the king.

While Mr. Underwood was at the palace we were having our own little drama at home. A new missionary, a tall Westerner, had undertaken the protection of the household, and armed with a big six-shooter, we doubted not, he was more than equal to any ordinary emergency. Our chief source of anxiety (as far as our home was concerned) was the safety of the prince, who with one attendant only, occupied a room in an ell at the further end of the house, distant from our apartments. What if when all attention was concentrated upon the palace, he should be carried away or murdered in our home, by the enemies of the country! We felt we were a lamentably small party of defense, still we hoped our nervous fears were groundless.

Just as we were about to retire, however, at about ten thirty, a sharp rap came at the door of our missionary guest's room, which opened to the garden. This was evidently some stranger, as any of our acquaintances would have come to the main entrance. I was called at once, with the added information that a Japanese officer was waiting to see me!

I found a fully armed Japanese in uniform, who asked for the prince. My suspicions were of course aroused, especially as I could only conjecture how many battalions he might have concealed around the corner of the house. I inquired who he was and why he came at that hour to see the prince. He replied in good Korean, that he was his particular friend, and gave me a name which was that of a Korean whom I knew to be a friend of our guest, adding that he had dined at our house that day, handing me a card engraved with Chinese characters. This was palpably false, as the friend of the prince had long hair, done in a top-knot, with a Korean hat above it, this man's hair was cut short like a Japanese. The Korean wore white silk garments, this man was from head to foot a Japanese soldier.

"This card is Chinese, I cannot read it," I replied coldly. "You are a Japanese officer whom I have never seen before, you cannot see the prince at this hour, you must go away and return in the morning if you have business with him." The man, however, was very insistent on seeing the prince then, in fact he seemed determined to take no denials, and the more he persisted, the more I became convinced that once acquainted with the prince's whereabouts in our house, he would call up his concealed assassins and arrest or kill him. With the strengthening of suspicion, my temper rose, and my verbs took on lower and lower endings, until I finally ordered him with the most degrad-

ing terminations in the grammar, to leave on short order. All through this conversation our Westerner, who understood no Korean, had been repeating at intervals, "Shall I shoot, Mrs. Underwood? If you say so, I'll shoot," brandishing his big revolver in an excited way, dangerous to all concerned. So at last our visitor considering his attempt to find the prince hopeless, reluctantly went away. We felt we had won a great victory, and covered ourselves with glory, in thus dispersing the enemy.

In the meanwhile the prince, whose door opened also in the garden, just opposite the one where we stood, heard the arrival, the long conference, the clash of a sword against the steps, and stood guarding his chamber door, while his attendant with drawn sword guarded that of the closet, which happening to be locked they supposed also opened on the garden. Next morning, when I showed the prince the card, he recognized with high glee the name of his Korean friend, and shortly afterwards the individual himself appeared. He had for purposes of disguise cut his hair that very day, and had donned garments which completely changed his appearance. It was owing to the success of this disguise that he had been ordered from our door with most injurious verb endings. I did not apologize very abjectly, however, for aside from the fright he had put me in, he had robbed me of all my glory, and the occasion of all its romance, and dropped it to the level of low comedy, and while the laughter of the family was ringing in my ears, I felt I could not forgive him.

The morning after the attack on the palace found General Yun, the leader and promoter, in our sarang, whither he had fled for shelter, well knowing it would be worse than useless to go to his own, or any Korean house. He inquired who had been captured, and on learning how many there were, remarked, "Then I am a dead man," well

knowing the most merciless torture would be used to extract from the prisoners the names of all concerned, and if his whereabouts were known, the American minister would be compelled to give search warrants to the police. He was an old friend of my husband, who promised to conceal him as long as possible, and get him out of the country soon. The Russian minister, who espoused the king's cause as warmly as any of us, and who had refused to recognize the new government, was consulted, and a plan was formed to get General Yun to China. Next to our house lay that of another Presbyterian missionary, and adjoining that the Russian legation, just beyond which is a kind of diplomatic club-house, and only a few steps further one of the smaller city gates.

So Mr. Yun was lodged in the Rev. Mr. M——'s gate-quarters (between his house and ours), and that night Mr. Underwood shaved and dressed the general and his friend in Mr. M——'s and his own clothes, a fur cap well drawn down concealed his face. Mr. Underwood conducted the two men thus disguised through the Russian legation, the club grounds and then through the gates, where they were never suspected to be other than what they looked. A short distance beyond the gates chairs were in waiting. Mr. M—— and a Bible Society agent met them and escorted them to Chemulpo, where they were met by a guard from a Russian gunboat, on which they were conveyed to Chefoo, and there transhipped, and finally landed safe in Shanghai, where they were gladly received and hospitably entertained in the house of a M. E. missionary, until the king was restored to power.

Mr. Underwood was bitterly accused in Japanese newspapers of having promoted, and even led the harmless attack on the palace, and though as he was not only absolutely innocent, but ignorant of it, and not one particle of

evidence could be found, he was obliged to endure a great deal of slander, which he would not have considered worth a second thought had it not been made to reflect on his profession and the cause he lives only to forward. The two facts that General Yun was at our house the night before, and that Mr. Underwood, at the request of our minister and the king, was at the palace on the eventful night, were used to give a show of probability to stories widely circulated, and allowed to remain uncontradicted by those who knew the facts.

The conspirators having defeated the restoration party, now carried things with a high hand indeed, and among the other obnoxious and tyrannical sumptuary laws, which they proclaimed as furthering "Kaiwha," they ordered the summary removal of all top-knots, from the palace to the hovel, and it was reported that even the highest personages were compelled, in spite of useless protests, to undergo this humiliating treatment, and certain it is that the attempt was made to shear every sheep in the flock. The explanation of what this meant must be reserved for another chapter.



A KOREAN TOP-KNOT. PAGE 167

CHAPTER XI

Customs Centering around the Top-Knot—Christians Sacrificing their Top-Knots—A Cruel Blow—Beginning of Christian Work in Koksan—A Pathetic Appeal—People Baptize Themselves—Hard-hearted Cho—The King's Escape—People Rally around Him—Two Americans in the Interior—In the Midst of a Mob—Mob Fury—Korea in the Arms of Russia—Celebrating the King's Birthday—Patriotic Hymns—Lord's Prayer in Korean.

MANY of the most revered, common, and firmly settled of the customs and superstitions of the people of Korea are, as it were, woven, braided, coiled and pinned into their top-knots, on which, like a hairy keystone, seem to hang, and round which are centered society, religion and politics. The pigtail of China is nothing like as important, for it is really a mark of servitude, or was such in its origin, a badge laid on the conquered by the conquering race. But not so the top-knot, which is many centuries old, and which, according to ancient histories, pictures, pottery and embroideries, goes as far back as the existence of the nation.

When a boy becomes engaged, or is on the point of being married, a solemn ceremony is performed. In the presence of proper witnesses, and at the hands of proper functionaries (among whom are astrologers or soothsayers), the hair, which has hitherto been parted like a girl's and worn in a long braid down the back, is shaved from a small circular spot on the top of his head, and the remaining long locks combed smoothly upward, and tied very tightly

over the shaved place. They are then twisted and coiled into a small compact knot, between two and three inches high and about one in diameter. An amber, coral, silver, or even gold or jewelled pin is usually fastened through it. The *Mangan*, a band of net, bound with ribbon, is then fastened on round the head below the top-knot and above the ears, holding all stray hairs neatly in place (when a man obtains rank a small open horse-hair cap is placed over the top-knot), and over all the hat, which (being also of open work, bamboo splints, silk or horsehair) permits it to be seen. Fine new clothes are then donned, especially a long coat, and the boy has become a man! A feast is made, and he goes forth to call upon and be congratulated by his father's friends. Either on that day or the following he is married, although, as has been said, some boys have their hair put up when they become engaged.

No matter how old one is, without a top-knot he is never considered a man, addressed with high endings, or treated with respect. After assuming the top-knot, no matter how young, he is invested with the dignities and duties of a man of the family, takes his share in making the offerings and prayers at the ancestral shrines, and is recognized by his ancestors' spirits as one of the family who is to do them honor, and whom they are to protect and bless. And right here, to digress a little, it is interesting to note that so intimately is this custom concerned with their religion that many of the Christian converts are now cutting off their top-knots when they become converted, regarding that as the one step (after destroying their idols) which most effectually cuts off the old life and its superstitions, and marks them as having come out from their family and acquaintances as men set apart.

They have begun doing this quite of their own accord,

with no suggestion from the missionaries, and in some cases in opposition to the advice of some of us, who dislike to see them laying aside old customs needlessly. But it is growing more and more general among new believers to sacrifice this dear object of pride and veneration, and one young fellow told my husband it was impossible to break away from his old evil associates until he cut his hair. They then believed he was in earnest and let him alone. But it costs much, and in these cases is done quite voluntarily, not in forced obedience to the mandates of conquerors and traitors, which is a very different matter.

Again, far down in the social scale, lower than the boy with the pigtail, whom every one snubs, ranking next to the despised butcher, who daily defiles his hands with blood and gore, and with the touch of dead bodies, is the Buddhist priest who *wears his hair shaved*, a creature so low, that he was not at that time allowed to defile the capital city by entering its gates. To this grade were all the sons of Korea now to be reduced. Tender associations of early manhood, honored family traditions, ghostly superstition, the anger and disgust of ancestral spirits, the iron grip of long custom, the loathing of the effeminate, sensual and despised Buddhist priests, all forbade this desecration. Their pride, self-respect and dignity were all assailed and crushed under foot. Sullen angry faces were seen everywhere, sounds of wailing and woe were heard continually in every house, for the women took it even harder than the men. Farmers and carriers of food and fuel refused to bring their produce to market, for guards stood at the gates, and cut off with their swords every top-knot as it came through. Men were stationed also in all the principal streets, cutting off every top-knot that passed, and all public officials and soldiers were at once

shaved. There was a voice heard, lamentation and mourning and great weeping.

It was a cruel blow at personal liberty, which Anglo-Saxons would die rather than suffer, and which the helplessness of this weak nation made the more pitiful and inexcusable. It was struck shrewdly too, at one of the specially distinguishing marks of Koreans, setting them apart from Japanese and Chinese, designed, we could not help thinking, as one of the first and important parts of a scheme to blot out Korea's national identity, and merge her into one with Japan; but if this was the intention, never was anything more mistakenly planned. It was hotly resented to the very heart of the country, and added still deeper dye and bitter flavor to the long-nourished hatred Koreans felt for their ancient conqueror and foe. As for us (some of us), we put ourselves in the Korean's place, recalled our national experience and harbored numbers of Koreans on our place, protecting them from the knife as long as possible. The cup of iniquity was nearly full. The queen, looked upon as the mother of her people, had been murdered, the king virtually imprisoned, the country ruled by the dictum of conspirators and tools of her conquerors, and now this last blow at every family in the nation was too much. A deep spirit of anger and revolt stirred the whole country; yet they had no leaders, no arms, no organization and knew not what to do, a poor down-trodden simple folk, who knew not on whom to lean for help, and who had not learned to cry to him who hears, defends and takes up the cause of the poor and needy.

Bands of Tonghaks again ranged the country, insurrections broke out in various localities, some of the shaved magistrates who went to the country were sent back by the mobs, who refused to receive them as rulers, some

were actually killed, and the magistracies destroyed, the soldiers were powerless to subdue the disturbances, and things seemed to be growing from bad to worse. Marines were ordered to the legations from Chemulpo (where there were many foreign gunboats and war vessels), and no one knew what next to expect, when suddenly an entire change in the whole situation took place.

But now I must return for a while to other matters. In the district of Koksan, in northern Whang Hai Do (Yellow Sea Province), about two hundred miles north from Seoul, a very interesting Christian work had started, as so much of our work has, through God's own direct dealings with the people, by his word and Spirit. A man from that place having come up to Seoul on business, and receiving some small kindness from Mr. Underwood, which he desired to acknowledge, felt that he could do nothing more delicately complimentary and grateful than to make a show of interest in his "doctrine," and so bought four gospels in Chinese, which he took home in his pack, and forthwith shelved unread. Here they remained for months, I am not sure how long.

Finally one day, a friend noticed them, took them down, all grimy with dust, and asked what they were and whence they came. The owner replied that he had never read them, but that they were books containing a new doctrine taught by foreigners in Seoul. Dr. Cho's curiosity was aroused, he borrowed, took them home and fell to reading with more and more avidity the further he proceeded. I would not give up the priceless heritage of Christian ancestry, the struggles, prayers and victories of godly forefathers, and all that Christian training from one generation to another for centuries means, but yet I would give much to have been able once to read the four gospels as that heathen read them, with no preconceived opinions,

no discolorations of red, green or even blue theological glasses, no criticisms or commentaries of "Worldly Wisemen," or bigoted fanatics, reading their own ideas between the lines, but with an absolutely unbiased mind so as to be able to receive that wonderful revelation as a sweet glad surprise; sentence after sentence, truth after truth blooming into sudden glory, where the darkness of ignorance had reigned.

One almost envies that heathen his compensations. He received the word with joy, wondered and adored. Here was a man well read in the philosophical teachings, the empty husks of Confucianism and Buddhism, but who had never heard one word from any Christian teacher. Here was a mind free from prejudice, and this was the result of contact with God's Word. He believed and accepted it for God's truth with all his heart, and gave himself unreservedly to Christ, turning completely away from his old superstitions and systems of philosophy. Quickly the good news spread, not more from his glad telling of his new-found joy than from the wonderful change in the man himself.

Others also soon believed, and an appeal was sent to Seoul for some one to come and teach them more, lest something should remain misunderstood, or unfulfilled of their dear Lord's commands. But in Seoul, and elsewhere, workers were few, hands were reaching out from all directions for help, the Macedonian cry was ringing pathetically from many quarters, the harvest great, the laborers few. The Bible must be translated, work already started must be cared for and watched, in a word, there was no one who could go. Again and again came that call, and at last a letter which brought tears to our eyes. "Why," said they, "will no one come to help us, is no one willing to teach us, have we so far sunk in sin that God



RUSSIAN LEGATION HOUSE. PAGE 174

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will not allow us to have salvation?" Mr. Underwood started almost at once, with Dr. Avison, about one month after the promulgation of the laws for cutting the top-knots. The excitement had somewhat abated in the city, and the call from Koksan admitted of no delay. Making short stops along the road for medical and evangelistic work, going on foot, they reached Koksan about three weeks after leaving Seoul.

They found a little company of earnest simple-hearted believers, who had thrown away their idols, ceased their ancestor worship, and were in all things, as far as they knew, obeying the Lord. But "the washing rite," as baptism was translated, puzzled them. "*He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.*" What then was this? They pondered and studied. God showed them it was in some way a sign of washing from sin, and when after long waiting, no teacher came, they agreed that each going to his own home should wash himself in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, praying for himself and his brethren, that if in anything they had sinned in this rite, God would forgive them. And so the missionaries found them, and though for the sake of due order they were baptized in the prescribed way, it was felt that in God's sight it had already been done.

When for the first time they all sat down to commemorate the Lord's death in the service of bread and wine, there was not a dry eye in the room. Tears streamed from the face of Dr. Cho, and later one of his neighbors said, when speaking in an experience meeting, "Old Cho, known as 'hard-hearted Cho,' who as a boy never uttered a cry when his father flogged him, who never wept when he laid his aged mother in the grave, whose eyes never moistened when his beloved wife died, or when he buried his eldest son, on whose cheek man

never saw a tear, Cho weeps. What miracle has brought tears to his eyes?"

While Dr. Avison and Mr. Underwood were in Koksan, wondering and worshiping over the proofs of how God blesses his word, applied to simple hearts, startling things were taking place in Seoul. The king, who had now been four months helpless in the hands of his enemies, suddenly made good his escape to the Russian legation!

The story, as we heard it from one near the king, was as follows: Wearied and sick at heart of affairs of state, his majesty retired to the women's apartments, where he spent his entire time, escaping thus to some extent the detestable espionage of his enemies, who delegated two elderly women, one the wife of the Tai Won Kun, and another, whose duty it was to watch his majesty in turn, one by day, the other by night. Their vigilance was, however, in some way sufficiently eluded, so that a plan for the royal prisoner's escape was arranged with two of the palace women, which was successfully carried out as follows:

On a certain birthday festival, both of the duennas who, as was said, took turns, watching and sleeping, were invited to celebrate with the king, and to partake of a great feast, with plenty of wine and prolonged amusements. All night the king's watchers revelled, both falling into a heavy sleep before dawn. This is the story, but I like to think that as one of the women was probably the king's mother, her heart was tender toward her unhappy son, and that she purposely relaxed her watch. It would gild a little the long dark tale of all that preceded to find a touch of sweet human affection right here. At any rate, when every one in the palace was off guard, supposing the king and crown prince asleep, they entered a couple of women's chairs which were waiting. The bearers of these

chairs had been specially selected and paid with a view to their carrying two, and thought nothing of it, as the palace women often went out to their homes in this way. So in each chair a woman sat in front of its royal occupant, screening him from view should any one glance in. The sentinels at the gate had been provided with hot refreshments and plenty of strong drink, and were so fully occupied that the chairs with their valuable burden passed out unnoticed and unhindered. They were expected at the Russian legation, where one hundred and sixty marines from the port had just been called up, and there they speedily made their way, arriving at about seven or eight in the morning of February 11, 1896.

This meant the downfall of the usurpers. With the king's person went all their claim to authority and power, and it also meant that Japanese influence in Korean affairs was over for a time, and that the country had been almost thrown into the arms of Russia, by the short-sighted policy of the minister, who had desired to "establish the prestige of Japan."

As our compound was very close to the Russian legation, and fronting on the same street, we were soon aware that something very unusual had occurred. The whole road, as far as the eye could reach, was filled with a surging mob of soldiers, commoners, and the chairs and retainers of the nobility. Guards and sentinels were stationed every few paces along our street, and there was a loud and almost terrifying babel of shouting voices, in the din and confusion of which it was impossible to distinguish anything. I sent at once for one or two of Mr. Underwood's writers and literary helpers, who told me that the king had arrived a short while before at the Russian legation, and had assumed the reins of government, and that the army, officials and people were rallying

around him, each anxious to precede the other in protestations of loyalty and devotion.

Then I thought rather busily for a few seconds. My first reflection of course was, "How will this affect the absent missionaries?" How would it affect Japanese (now distrusted) and through them all foreigners in the interior? Would the people in the country not be likely to wreak the vessels of their wrath upon them, and would they discriminate between them and others wearing similar clothing? I feared not, and that the probabilities were that Dr. Avison and Mr. Underwood might be in considerable danger, as soon as the news of the king's escape, and the fall of the pro-Japanese party became known. Word must then be sent, and soon, in order if possible to reach them before the news reached the natives. I sent a letter to our very kind friend, the Russian minister, with a message to his majesty, inquiring whether anything could be done for the protection and safe return of the two missionaries. I knew an immediate reply could hardly be expected, such was the rush of business, and the number of visitors and claimants on their time, so, to leave no means untried, I called up one of the copyists, informed him of the necessity for speed, and had the satisfaction of seeing him start that very hour with a letter and warning message to my husband. A short time after, fearing that something might occur to detain one messenger, I sent another by a different road. The second man was stopped by Tonghaks, looking for foreigners, who for some reason suspected him, searched him, ripped open his clothes, where they found my letter (which of course they could not read), and forced him to go back to Seoul.

On the day following that on which my messengers had started, a kind letter from the Russian legation came, say-

ing that the king would at once send a guard to Koksan to bring back the two Americans, and at about the same time, a wealthy nobleman in Songdo, a friend of both, and brother-in-law of General Yun, knowing where they were, and fearing for them, also sent a special posse of men to see them safely home.

Having done all that I could, the most difficult of all tasks, that of waiting, remained, but I remembered that I had a sister in the same situation, only that she probably was not quite as well informed as myself of the exact state of affairs, and did not know that any word had been sent to our husbands. The street running in front of our house was packed with excited people, but I decided to make my way through them in my chair and go down to Mrs. Avison, where she was living at a long distance from the rest of us, and try to set her mind at rest by telling her what measures had been taken for the safety of the absentees, and of what was happening at our end of the town. I soon passed the crowd in our neighborhood, who were in no way concerned with me, and in a little while reached the great street, which runs toward the palace, and crosses that on which the hospital and Dr. Avison's home stood.

As we reached the corner, I saw a great mob of the roughest and wildest looking men, with flushed faces and dishevelled hair. They came tearing towards us shouting to each other, "The Japanese soldiers are coming, they are firing. Run, run, run!" I did not fancy the company of these gentlemen any more than their looks, nor did I care to be a target for Japanese troops, who were supposed to be chasing them. So I also adjured my chair coolies with some emphasis to "run." The whole mob came sweeping round the corner, into the thoroughfare on which we were. It was not a dignified or desirable situation, a Presbyterian missionary in the midst of a wild

scramble, and with a panic-stricken crowd of roughs escaping for dear life, from the avengers of justice, but there was no help for it. My coolies needed no urging, they were as anxious to get away as any of us, but they certainly deserved great credit, that under the circumstances they did not leave me to my fate, and try to save only themselves. A few moments running brought us to the hospital gates, where we turned in hastily, and were safe. It was not cold, and yet I found myself shivering like an aspen. Strange!

Mrs. Avison and I were soon laughing, however, over my late escapade, and as soon as my errand was finished I hurried home another way, none too soon, for the streets were full of angry-looking men, some of whom scowled at me, and muttered, "foreigner." That night we learned that two of the pro-Japanese cabinet had been killed on the street and torn to pieces by the mob; that mob which, having finished its awful work, accompanied me down the street that afternoon. A young Japanese was also stoned to death on the street that day. In a few days Dr. Avison and Mr. Underwood were with us quite safe. My faithful and fleet-footed messenger had taken a short cut, and reached Koksan in an amazingly short time.

The news filled our husbands with anxiety for us, not knowing how far mob violence might go, and they made the distance of near two hundred miles in sixty hours, walking nearly all the way (the pack-ponies go much too slow), sleeping only an hour or so at night, and eating as they walked. They missed both the king's guard and the posse from Songdo, which had taken a different road, but met many poor frightened natives along the road, who knew not where to turn or to whom to look for protection, with Tonghaks on the one hand and pro-Japanese on the other. Later we heard of many sad tales of Japanese citi-

zens, overtaken in the country, who were very summarily dealt with by the exasperated people. Japanese troops were sent by their minister to bring back all who could be found, and large sums were demanded from the Korean government in payment for the lives thus sacrificed. To which demand, it has been suggested, the reply might have been made, "Who is to indemnify Korea for the life of her queen?"

Thus ended for a time the unhappy reign of the Japanese, which, after their victories over the Chinese, had seemed to begin so auspiciously, and which, had they been contented with a temperate and conciliating policy, would probably have grown stronger and stronger.

The king remained for a year at the Russian legation, where he was treated with the truest courtesy, for instead of being in any way coerced or influenced for the benefit of Russian interests, he was allowed the most perfect liberty and interfered with in no particular. To such an extent did the true gentleman who acted as the king's host carry his scruples, that he refused to advise his majesty in any way even when requested to do so. On the occasion of the king's birthday, which came in September, it occurred to my husband that it would be a good opportunity to give the Christians a chance to express their loyalty, and at the same time advertise Christianity more widely than ever before at one time. The idea did not occur until a day or two before the time when we were reminded that the royal birthday was close at hand.

The time was short, but permission was obtained to use a large government building near the Independence Arch, which would hold over one thousand people, and advertised widely that a meeting of prayer and praise would be held there by the Christians to celebrate the king's birthday. A platform was erected, the building draped with

flags, and speakers obtained, among whom were members of the cabinet, several gifted Koreans, and foreign missionaries.

He sat up all night preparing tracts, of which thousands were printed at the M. E. Mission Press for that special occasion, and also a hymn, to be set to the tune "America."

I.

For my dear country's weal,
O God to Thee I pray,
Graciously hear.
Without Thy mighty aid
Our land will low be laid.
Strengthen Thou this dear land,
Most gracious Lord.

II.

Long may our great king live,
This is our prayer to-day
With one accord.
His precious body guard,
Keep it from every ill.
Heavenly Lord and King,
Grant him Thy grace.

III.

By Thy almighty power,
Our royal emperor
Has been enthroned.
Thy Holy Spirit grant
Our nation never fail.
Long live our emperor,
Upheld by Thee.

IV.

For this Thy gracious gift,
Our independence, Lord,
Bless we thy name.

This never ceasing be,
While as a people we,
Nobles and commons all,
United pray.

V.

To Thee, the only Lord,
Maker and King Divine,
We offer praise.
When all shall worship Thee,
Happy our land shall be,
Powerful, rich and free,
Beneath Thy smile.

Early in the day Christian men and boys were distributing copies of the tract and hymns throughout the whole city, and long before the hour of meeting men of all classes began flocking toward that vicinity, and when the speakers and missionaries arrived it was almost impossible to obtain access. The building was soon packed with a solid mass of standing people, and all the wide exits were thronged, the steps and the immediate vicinity.

The services were opened with prayer, addresses (mainly religious) were made, hymns were sung, and finally were closed by the Lord's prayer, repeated in concert. It was thrilling to hear those words repeated reverently by so large a number of people.

I will give an interlinear translation of the prayer, so that readers may know just what are the words used by Korean Christians:

"Hanalau Kaysin oori abbachi-sin jah yeh, Ihrahme keruk
Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed
 hahsime natanah op se myh, narahhe im haopse myh, tutse
be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy
 Hanalaya-saw chirum dahaysoh deh iroyohgeita, onal nal
will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give !
 oori ai gay il young hal yang sik eul, choo apsego, oori ga
us this day our daily bread. And
 oorigay teuk chay han charal, sah hayah choonan kot
forgive us our debts as
 katchi, oori chayral, sah hayah chu up se myh. Oori ga
we forgive our debtors, and lead
 seeheumay teul jee mal kay hah up seego, tahman, ooriral,
us not into temptation, but
 heung ak ay saw, ku ha ap soh soh. Tai kay, nara wha,
deliver us from evil, for Thine
 quansay wha, eing guanqhi, choo kay, eng wani it
is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,
 sa-ap-nay-ita Amen.
for ever. Amen.

CHAPTER XII

A Korean Christian Starts Work in Haing Ju—Changed Lives of Believers—A Reformed Saloon-keeper—The Conversion of a Sorceress—Best of Friends—A Pleasant Night on the Water—Evidence of Christian Living—Our Visit in Sorai—A Korean Woman's Work—How a Kang Acts at Times—Applicants for Baptism—Two Tonghaks—In a Strait betwixt Two—Midnight Alarms—Miss Jacobson's Death.

IN the late fall of the same year Mr. Underwood and I started again on a trip to the interior, the first we had made together since our wedding journey, but now we were accompanied by our child, six years old, and a native woman, who acted as cook, nurse and general assistant. She rode in a native "*pokyo*" or chair with the child, I in another, while Mr. Underwood walked or rode his bicycle, as opportunity permitted. Our first destination was Haing Ju, a dirty little fishing village on the river, about ten miles from the capital. Work had started here just after the cholera in the fall of 1895 through the teaching of a native named Shin Wha Suni, a poor fellow who had, according to his own confession, been hanging around us for some time, pretending to be interested in Christianity, in the hope of getting some lucrative employment in connection with church work.

After the cholera hospital was opened, he was there on several occasions, and was much surprised to find that foreign women would spend whole nights nursing sick Korean coolies. When he chanced to see one weeping over a poor man, whom all her efforts had failed to save, he

went away astonished and impressed with the idea that "there is something in that religion that makes them love us like that, something that forgets self, something that I have never dreamed of before, something mysterious, glorious, oh, that it were mine!"

He hungered and God fed him. He sought and found the Saviour, and when he had found him, he set forth at once to tell the good news to others. Taking a jikay, the frame which Koreans wear on their backs to facilitate the carrying of heavy loads, and which all native carriers use, he started forth to the country to earn his living in this humble way while *chandohaoing* or "passing on the Word." He went as far as Haing Ju, and there on the sand of the river bank he talked to scoffing people all day.

At night, when it was dark, one of the men who had seemed to treat his message lightly, came and asked him to come to his house and talk the matter over at more length. He went, and soon another believer was gained. "Oh, it was good, the taste of a soul saved," said the new preacher. "Now it seemed to me I could never be satisfied with anything else; could never rest until I had more." The man who had been converted offered the use of his house as a preaching place. The men gathered in one room, the women in another, and Shin read the gospels and the tracts and taught them the catechism and hymns. The number of Christians grew from week to week, and the little meeting place became too small and had to be enlarged. The whole tone of the village gradually changed, and from being known as one of the hardest and most disreputable places on the river, it now became a model of decency and respectability.

Testimony to this effect was offered by some farmers, who appeared one day in my husband's study and asked him if he had anything to do with the Christians in Haing

Ju. He replied in the affirmative, half afraid the people had come with some charge against them. "Well," the strangers said, "we should like to buy the books which teach the doctrine they are practicing there, we want to learn that doctrine in our village too."

Their village, Sam Oui, was not quite three miles away, and in former times they had been much troubled by the brawls and bad character of Haing Ju. Their vegetables had been stolen from the fields, their fruit and chestnuts from the trees, "but now," said they, "the people not only do not climb the trees for the nuts, but the boys leave those on the ground untouched."

Here was power in a faith which kept hungry boys from carrying off even nuts lying temptingly in reach. This was something the like of which they had never seen or heard; they had been taught not to steal, especially if likely to be discovered, but a power that could prevent men and boys from wishing to steal was miraculous. One of the saloon-keepers of Haing Ju, a man whose only source of livelihood was in this trade, became thoroughly converted, and at once realized that he could no longer sell drink to his neighbors, nor could he conscientiously dispose of his stock in trade at wholesale to other dealers, so he emptied it all on the street. He was able to obtain a little work now and then, but he was not strong enough for coolie labor. He had no trade and no farm, and at times his need was great, and often the family were on the verge of starvation, but the man's faith never failed, he never gave up his hold on God. Finally sickness attacked him, he became very lame, and hearing of the hospital in Seoul, managed to be conveyed thither, and while there we heard his story, and as I needed just then a caretaker for my dispensary, we engaged him and his wife to live on the place and do the light work necessary. His leg did

not improve much at the hospital, nor did the doctor give him much hope, but this, too, he made a subject of prayer and faith, and ere long rejoiced in a complete recovery.

This is the character of the faith of these hardy fishermen and farmers on the river. As we approached the village we were astonished to hear the strains of a Christian hymn, "Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away." It was a band of little boys whom Shin had been training, and who had come out to meet us. We spent two or three days in this place, women and men crowding into the little building to every meeting. Mr. Underwood baptized thirty-eight people, a young couple were married, one hundred and thirteen catechumens were received, and some babies baptized.

Speaking of babies reminds me of a sad little incident which occurred while I was holding the first meeting there with the women. Hoping to win their interest, knowing how many little dead babies are carried away from Korean homes, I told them of the Saviour's love for little ones, that he held them in his arms and caressed them when on earth, and had said that the spirits of these little ones do always behold the face of the Father; so that would they only believe and give their hearts to him, they should see their little ones again in heaven.

A great sob broke from one of the women who commenced passionately weeping. As soon as she could speak, she told me, her voice broken with violent emotion, that she had been a sorceress, and in a moment of frenzy had dashed her only child, a baby, to the floor and killed it. She, a mother, had killed her child, and could she ever be happy again, could God forgive such as she, could she ever be permitted to see her murdered child again? She feared she was too wicked. All of us wept with her, and

she was told of the great mercy and pardoning love of God, and found peace in Christ.

Mr. Underwood also visited Sam Oui, the village which had learned of Christ through the example of Haing Ju, and baptized a handful of Christians there, enrolling a number of catechumens. When people do not seem quite ripe for baptism, yet have put away idolatry, keeping the Sabbath, putting away concubines, and living a life of apparent conformity with the ten commandments, they are enrolled in this class of catechumens. While I was engaged during the morning with the women, the "amah" was charged to take care of our little boy, but when the service was over, as he was nowhere to be seen, we started out to find him. As we walked down the lane we saw coming toward us a row of some seven or eight boys of his age (the dirtiest in the town, I am sure), he in the center, an arm around one on either side, all chatting and laughing together in the merriest mood possible. How could we help laughing, how help being half pleased, even while horrified at what such contact might portend, how many varieties of microbes, not to mention other things.

From Haing Ju we took a Korean junk down the river to Pai Chun. We went on board at night, and as it was bitterly cold, we were told we must go down under the deck, as there was absolutely no sheltered place above where we could sleep. The hole to which we were relegated was not attractive. There were odors of fish ages old, the space was not high enough even to sit upright in, and barely wide enough for Mr. Underwood, our child, our "amah" and myself to lie packed side by side (no turning or moving about) in the stern.

A lantern glimmered at the other end, it looked very far. There was water there, and perhaps rats, and certainly great water beetles and cockroaches, and sometimes, hours

and hours after we had been packed in that gruesome place, a boatman came and crawled over us, and dipped out buckets of water. Men were tramping back and forth over our heads all night. I felt sure that some of them would come through, and there seemed to be enough racket to indicate a storm at sea, a collision or a fire—at times I was almost convinced it was all three. If it had been, we certainly could never have made our escape from the trap in which we were wedged like sardines. However, as we were merely sailing down a broad, but not very deep river, and could easily have neared the shore before sinking in most circumstances, things were not so bad as they seemed, and next morning when we emerged into the bright sunlight what had been a night fraught with awful probabilities was now simply an amusing episode.

All day Sunday we sat on the deck in the sun, singing and enjoying the brilliant atmosphere. From Pai Chun we proceeded on foot or in chairs to Hai Ju, and thence to Sorai, where a theological leader's class was waiting for Mr. Underwood. Everywhere the warm-hearted welcome which awaited us was a delightful surprise to me. People, even women and children, came out miles to meet us, and followed us in crowds when we left, as if they could not bear to let us go.

There were only a few beginnings of work in Hai Ju at that time. It is the capital of the province and rather a demoralized town, even in a heathen country, full of hangers-on of government officials, people accustomed to getting a living out of the people through fraud, bribery, oppression, "*squeezing*," and all sorts of political dirty work and corruption; evil men and still more evil women spreading the cancerous disease through the little town, until every one appears to be steeped in "the lust of



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the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life," and worshippers of the god of this world.

As a special day had been set for the beginning of the class in Sorai, and people were coming from all directions to meet us there, we hastened on to be in time. Walking along the main road thither, Mr. Underwood overtook a young farmer, with whom he opened conversation in a friendly way, and asked if he had heard of the Jesus religion. "*Yayso Kyo?*" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "I have heard much of it, many people in this province do that doctrine, it is very good." "Do you believe also?" said my husband. "Oh, no, I cannot be a believer," replied the man. "These Christians spend their time and money doing good to others, I must do for myself, I cannot afford to practise this doctrine." This was unintentional witness borne to the fair fruit of Christianity in the man's believing friends and neighbors. A little further on, as my chair was set down to rest the coolies, an old woman ran out of a neighboring shanty to *kugung* the foreigner. I told her who I was and why I had come, and asked if she knew of this doctrine. "Oh, yes, it was good, very good." "Then why do you not believe?" "Oh, I sell liquor, that is my business. I cannot do that and be a Christian." Another involuntary testimony to the lives of the Christians of Whang Hai, and to the sincerity of those who had been taught that the way must be made straight and clean for the coming of the Lord.

When we arrived at Sorai I found the Christian women all gathered to meet me in the house of one whom I had known before in Seoul. They offered refreshments of their best, persimmons, pears, chestnuts and eggs, and expressed their pleasure over our coming in the most cordial and heart-warming way. Most of them I had never

seen before, but we seemed to love each other at first sight, for the bond in Christ is a very strong one.

Mr. Kim Yun O, the wealthy man of the village, one who had been a great sinner but was now one of the strongest and most earnest of the leaders, had invited us to occupy his new sarang or guest room. It was quite a commodious sunny room, and we were pleased to find it was quite new, so we need fear few of our little enemies.

While Mr. Underwood was holding his classes with the men in the church all day, patients of all kinds came to me in the mornings for several hours. Then I taught the girls and boys how to sing the hymns, for they had never known what it means to sing, and though they made a joyful noise to the Lord, it was not joyful to the fleshly ear at all, but a most awful combination of discords, flats and sharps, mixed up in the most hopeless confusion, whole bunches of keys on one string, moanings, groanings, sounds of woe as if all the contents of the pit had come forth before the time, or all the evil spirits exorcised from the village had returned to spoil their praise.

The young people were the most hopeful to begin with, and were soon doing remarkably well. Every afternoon we women had a Bible class together. Most of those who came were baptized Christians or catechumens, though some unbelievers were always present. About twenty-five crowded into Mr. Kim's anpang each day. It is delightful to be allowed to teach such women, so hungry for truth, so eager to learn, so full of humble loving interest in every word, with such a spirit of childlike faith.

Mrs. Kim, in whose house we were staying, was a busy woman, and her life was not an easy one. She was small and frail, with two children, her husband and old mother to work for, with one servant to help. The preparation of food for her own family and many Korean guests (for a

Korean gentleman's guest house is always well filled at meal time) was in itself no light matter. The rice comes in very rough, only partly husked, and must be pounded a long while in a great wooden vessel, with a heavy club, larger at either end, which is almost all that a woman can lift (a fine exercise for athletic women's clubs). Water is usually brought in on the head from quite a distance, brass bowls and spoons kept bright, garments must be washed and smoothed, with what pains I have already described, animals cared for, fires made.

But the country women work in the fields, too, helping to sow the cotton, tobacco, rice and barley. When the cotton is ripe they pick and prepare it, and only after much toil is it ready for use. Then they weave their own cloth and make up their own garments, in the dark little rooms in which the women live and work. They prepare and dry certain vegetables for winter's use, and with much labor, themselves press out the castor oil which they use in their tiny lamps. In the fall they make their kimchi for the whole year.

Timely hints dropped now and then, and the example of a Christian husband's care for his wife, have done wonders among the native Christian homes, and much lightened the hard lot of the women. Of course we did our own cooking in all these little villages, our personal entertainment adding nothing to the work of the poor house wife. The people at Sorai are extremely generous and were constantly bringing us presents of chickens, eggs, persimmons, etc. We were much embarrassed by all this bounty, for we knew the people were poor and that such gifts cost a large sacrifice on their part.

When one's wages are not more than ten cents a day a chicken means quite a good deal of money. Yet we could not refuse their offerings, for when we tried to do so they

felt so hurt we found it was impossible. The people already at that time were paying the running expenses of a Christian day school, which they had endowed, by setting apart the income from certain fields for this purpose, and if the crop was poor and the income insufficient, they made it up to the required amount.

While here in Sorai we had a new and rather unpleasant experience with the working of the Korean *kang*, which we thought we knew well. In the midst of winter the wind suddenly turned in the wrong direction for our fires. The fire being built at one side of the house and the chimney opening at the other, we made the very chilling discovery, that when the wind blows into the smoke vent a fire cannot be coaxed to light. Our room was bitterly cold, and it is surprising how a floor, which can become intolerably hot, can also under the proper circumstances become so cold and damp. I was obliged to wrap my rheumatic frame in furs and rugs, while they brought in a great bowl or wharrow full of glowing charcoal fire, with which I was comparatively unacquainted. However, that night the room began dancing about in the giddiest kind of way, all grew dark—and my husband spent several hours with me in the cold night air outside our room, in the effort to ward off successive fainting attacks. When our child, too, complained of headache and giddiness, we no longer questioned the cause, and henceforth preferred pure cold air to carbon dioxide.

It was interesting in the cold, sleety, snowy weather to see how the Christians managed to attend church, even from long distances. The women would fold up their clean skirts and put them with their shoes and stockings on their heads, roll up their pajies or divided skirts quite high out of the reach of wet, and with a thin cotton apron, or no outer wrap at all over their heads and shoulders,



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trudge miles through snow and mud, facing a cutting wind. Quite a number of people were examined for baptism while we were there. One old woman, whose case seemed rather doubtful on account of her ignorance, was asked what was her dearest wish. "That I may be with Jesus always" was the reply. "And how do you know you will always be with him?" "Because I am holding close to him now, and will hold close all the way." She had at least learned that Jesus supplies the soul's whole need, that to be in his felt presence is heaven, and that to hold and be held by him is the only way to reach and be kept there. Surely she had the end and aim of all theology in a nutshell.

I will copy a few notes from my diary on the testimony given by some of the people who applied for baptism at this time.

No. 15, Mrs. Kim: Said her relatives and friends had all been trying to induce her to believe, but her heart had grown harder and harder, and she had determined she would not be a Christian; but suddenly one night she saw herself with awful clearness, a great sinner, had that moment yielded her heart, almost involuntarily (so irresistible was the impulse), to Christ, and from that time had had perfect peace and blessedness. Asked if she had spoken on this subject to unbelievers, replied in affirmative. Has now been trusting Christ a year and three months. This woman has done since then much devoted voluntary service for her Master.

Another: At a time when those who wished for prayer were asked to raise their hands, she says she raised hers, and at that moment felt as it were a knife through her heart. From that time she has felt that she belonged to Christ, and since then her mind has been at peace. She prays regularly three times a day, but is praying all the

time in her heart. While she is praying she never falls into sin, but if through some inadvertence and lack of prayer she sins, she asks God to pardon, knowing that he will.

Another, No. 5: "Why do you believe?" "Because Jesus forgave me and died for me." "How do you know you are forgiven?" "Because the Bible says he will forgive all that come to him." Said he used to have a wicked heart and worshiped devils, but now his heart and mind were quite changed. Asked what repentance is, replied that it "was mending one's conduct and eating a new mind." Asked if he had told the good news to others, said he had, but no one in his neighborhood yet believes. He cannot read, and asked who Jesus is, says he is God's only son. Asked why he died for us, says he doesn't know. "Do your neighbors know that you do not sacrifice any more?" "Yes." "Do you know you cannot have a concubine?" "Yes." Have you suffered anything for Christ? "They abuse me behind my back." (He was the richest and chief man of his district.) "If you have to suffer severely what will you do?" "I will bear it, God will help me." He pays the expenses of well-taught Christians to go to his home and preach to his neighbors. He comes a long distance to Sorai to church and seems anxious about his neighbors' souls. He came to the class bringing his own rice.

No. 6: Says he trusts Jesus because he knows he has forgiven his sins. Knows they are forgiven because his heart is changed, his old covetousness is all gone, it is now easy to do what Jesus commands. "Do you ever forget Jesus?" "How could I forget him? How could I forget my Lord?"

Another: Says that since spring, when Christ came into her heart, all has been at peace. Asked, "Who is Jesus?"

Replies, "God's only son." "What is he to you?" "We are brethren since we have one Father." "How is God your Father?" "All believers are now his children." "Are your sins forgiven?" "Entirely forgiven." "How do you know it?" "My mind is now at peace. I am entirely happy." "Are you not sad since your husband died?" "Since after death we shall all live again at God's right hand I feel no anxiety." "What if difficulties should arise?" *"I don't know about the future, but God takes care of me now, and I think he will continue to do so. I'll tell Jesus and ask his help."* "Do you commit sins now?" "On account of the flesh I cannot escape from sin, I cannot say I do no sin." Her father-in-law is not a believer, but though she lives in his house she keeps the Sabbath and attends worship regularly.

No. 37 was a Tonghak, rebel and robber. Has believed nearly two years. "Who is Jesus?" "He is God's son." "What has he done for us?" "He died on the cross, and through his precious blood my sins are forgiven." "Do you know this?" "I know it." "How do you know it?" "I cannot read the Bible, but as I was a criminal, and Jesus has made me live, I know I am forgiven." "Where is Jesus?" "At God's right hand." "Anywhere else?" "There is no place where he is not." "What is Jesus doing for us?" "I don't know, I only know I am saved." "Have you told others about Jesus?" "I am always saying, Here was I a criminal, and Jesus forgave me, and saved me from punishment, and gave me peace of mind, how can I help but believe."

This man comes ten miles to church in all weather. Even when twenty miles away at work, he would come in late Saturday night to be at church, stay all day, without his food, and go back at night over a high mountain pass. He was one of two rebels, who came to the leader and said

they wanted to be followers of Christ and be baptized. The leader said that if they were sincere Christians they must make restitution by giving themselves up to justice. One of the two then went to the Romanists, and is now one of the most notorious of the gang of robbers and desperados under the lead of Father Wilhelm. The other, this applicant, gave himself up, was thrown into jail and condemned to death. While in jail he astounded the jailers and prisoners by continually singing hymns of joy and praise. The prisoners declared he was mad, as no one could sing like that in such a case. While he was in jail the king escaped to the Russian legation, all prisoners were set free and he was released. He has been a happy, consistent Christian ever since.

Another is a young man of nineteen, has only lately begun to trust in Christ. His father is a believer, his mother and wife are not. Baptism, he says, is a sign of faith in Christ. He thinks it would never do not to be baptized, but insists he is saved now. Says he knows and feels it in his heart. He has destroyed all idols, and keeps the Sabbath. He goes over the mountain three miles to church and allows no laborers to work for him on Sunday, though he is obliged to pay them for the day's work as though they had. He comes at his own expense to attend the class.

The above are given merely as a few specimens of the kind of questions and replies commonly heard at these examinations. Only those whose changed lives were witnessed to by leading Christians who know them were baptized. After a delightful stay with these simple-hearted Christians, where the world and all its evils seemed far removed, and God very near, we were obliged at the close of the class to start back to the capital. Our three temporarily hired coolies had forsaken us, disliking to wait so

long (about three weeks) without work, and it was an impossibility to replace them in that neighborhood, where nobody ever rides in a chair.

So we had to hire an ox-cart or *talgoogy*, the most primitive of all possible wheeled conveyances, and in it, with our loads tucked in with all our mattresses, quilts, rugs and pillows, was placed our little treasure, our only child, with the woman servant.

With great difficulty a man was found who consented to help my own servant carry my chair. But soon an unlooked-for difficulty arose. I found the ox-cart had gone by a different road from that on which I had come in my chair, for the former could not cross the narrow bridges (mere footpaths for one) over the rivers, but must take the fords, far too long a distance for the chair coolies. Nor could the cart take the narrow paths over precipitous passes, which the chair must follow to shorten the road for the carriers. I was assured that all would be well, the helpers and Christians were with the child, and was forced to submit to what could not now be helped. Mr. Underwood, after seeing me well started, paced at a flying rate across to the other road to see that all was well with the boy, and then back again to the wife.

At about five o'clock we reached a place where the two roads meet, but no signs of the *talgoogy*. It was fast growing dark, a mountain pass lay yet before us, the road was wild and lonely, we wished our little one was with us. At length we went on to the village just beyond the pass and waited. Time passed, but no tidings of the cart and its precious contents. Darkness fell, the cold was bitter. Koreans were sent out with lanterns to light the way for the belated, or render any needed help. Still no word. At length Mr. Underwood himself, unable to wait longer, went out to look for the party. And now with them both

in the lonely mountain, and night upon us, I had double need to trust in God. One always knows that all will be well, will be for the best, but as one cannot see whether that *best* means God's rod or his staff, the heart will flutter in dread of the pain. Just to wait without fear upon him, takes a calm, strong soul, and a full measure of grace.

At last, thank God, they both came back quite unharmed, only hungry and cold, but the thought of tigers, leopards and robbers, that might have met them, only made me realize more fully the mercy which brought them safe to my arms.

That night we slept in a small Korean inn quite like all the rest, only a little smaller and dirtier than most, with domestic animals and fowls of all sorts quartered round us, the paper door of our room only separating between them and us. Suddenly, about two or three in the morning, we were startled out of our sleep by the most terrific roaring, and the sounds of a general panic in the inn; the excited shouts of men, women shrieking, and such a chorus of barking, yelping, cackling, squealing as cannot be described. But the awful roaring, and a stamping and hustling distinguishable above all, made it seem probable that one or more wild animals of some sort had invaded the hostel. Mr. Underwood hastily extinguished our light, which shining through our door, might attract notice, and went out to discover the cause of the uproar. He soon came back, saying that a couple of oxen, usually so meek and tractable, had been fighting, had pulled themselves loose from their stalls, and had now escaped, one chasing the other out of the inn. They are enormous creatures, at times like this as dangerous as any wild beast, and it was remarkable that no one in the inn was seriously hurt, as they could hardly have escaped being, had the oxen re-



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mained fighting in the cramped confines of that little place.

Nothing worthy of note occurred during the remainder of our return trip, except one night, when camped in the tiniest and most comfortless little room, we were again wakened by an awful roaring. The sort of roar that every mother hears with a quaking heart, and knows right well what it imports. She knows it comes from a wild beast in her child's throat, and jumps to the rescue. Croup in a hut with paper doors and windows full of cracks and holes, where the wind steals in on all sides, many miles from home, is not too easily defied. But we soon had a wharrow fire and hot water, a croupy child's mother always has ipecac and flannels close at hand, and while we changed hot applications for an hour or so, we were forced to draw on our benumbed inventive faculties for novel stories to interest the half-suffocated child. The following day we were obliged to continue our journey, for exposure and discomfort there exceeded what must be met on the road, but the child, usually slow in rallying from those attacks, on this occasion made an especially quick and favorable recovery.

In April of this year, 1896, Dr. J. McLeavy Brown, of the English Custom's Service, was placed in charge of the nation's finance by a royal decree, a post which he continued to fill for a long time to the benefit of all concerned, except the squeezing officials, who, now that their opportunities in that line were curtailed, proceeded to squeal lustily instead.

In the summer of 1896, Miss Jacobson, an enthusiastic young missionary nurse, who had learned the language with wonderful quickness, and won the hearts of Koreans on all sides, was very ill with dysentery for several weeks. She recovered apparently and returned to her work, but

was soon attacked by violent fever, which refused to yield to the usual remedies, until at length the existence of a local organic disease was developed, which in spite of every effort carried our dear sister away. But her death-bed was a place of rejoicing rather than mourning. More than one exclaimed it was good to be there. Bitterly as we knew we should feel the loss of so helpful and sympathetic a sister later, we could but enter into her joy at that hour. Her bedroom seemed like the ante-room to the throne-room itself. Her face was wreathed in smiles, and a look of unearthly glory lay upon it. Her words were all of joy and hope, and full of the rapture the realized presence of the Lord only can give.

We felt we had no right to make place for selfish mourning there, she was so manifestly happy, and to depart was so far, far better. When her remains were taken to the cemetery, now becoming rich with much precious dust, her casket was carried on the shoulders of the native Christians, who sang joyful songs of the better land all the way. It was like the return of a conqueror, and the country people, as they saw and heard, asked what kind of death or funeral was this, all triumph and joy? Where were the signs and sounds of despair that follow a heathen corpse?

To carry a dead body is looked upon as very degrading. So the fact that the native Christians insisted on doing this, and would not allow hired bearers to touch the dear form, showed how they all loved and honored Miss Jacobson; and I have told it to show the kind of feeling which exists between the people and their foreign teachers, as well as to lay a little tribute to the memory of a noble and devoted fellow-worker.

CHAPTER XIII

Our Mission to Japan—Spies—One Korean Summer—The Queen's Funeral—The Procession—The Burial by Starlight—The Independents—The Pusaings—The Independents Crushed.

IN the following spring Mr. Underwood was asked to go to Japan, with instructions to assist his highness, the second prince, to leave for America.

It was thought best that he should there, under Christian tutors, prepare for college, or a military training, and my husband, realizing of what immense importance this plan well carried out might be to Korea in the future, gladly consented to accept the mission. All arrangements were made by the government in Seoul, and Mr. Underwood was instructed exactly as to the wishes of his majesty. To our combined amusement and indignation, we soon discovered we were followed everywhere by spies from the day we left home. Mr. Underwood's letters to gentlemen in Tokyo, although mailed with care and secrecy, were read by others before they reached the hands of those to whom they were addressed. We were shadowed everywhere, and even had the creepy pleasure of knowing that a detective slept on the landing just below our room.

Thus for the second time in our lives were we honored by being made the special objects of espial, connected in the respectable mind with criminal courts, jails and all sorts of ill odors and combinations of the unutterable.

However, as we had nothing on our consciences, I believe we rather enjoyed our detectives, aside from a slight indignant sense of insult. We certainly took a mischievous pleasure in the hunt. There were undoubtedly those who considered it to their interest to keep the prince in Japan, but when the king's commands were fully understood, no further difficulty was made, and the long-desired end was gained, as far as a departure for America was concerned, but as through influence beyond our control, and without our knowledge till later, a Romanist interpreter was sent with him, the plans and hopes for his royal highness in America were destined to disappointment.

In the following summer sickness entered our home, a debilitating fever which would not yield to treatment kept my husband week after week confined to his bed. His strength of course steadily failed, he became extremely emaciated and unable to retain nourishment in any form. We were at the river Han, in a house on a bluff, where we usually spend the hot and rainy season; but it was several miles distant from the city, advisers and remedies. It was lonely work, not knowing what turn the disease might take, with friends and helpers so far away.

At length, one night my trials seemed to reach a climax. The rain poured down, more like a foe with iron blows besieging a fort than water from the clouds. The wind blew with almost hurricane fury and the lightning was constantly accompanied by terrific claps of thunder. My husband was too ill to notice and in a heavy stupor. Soon, however, the poor thatched roof began leaking like a sieve, while water flowed in around the window and door casements.

The invalid lay in a heavy bed, extremely difficult at any time to move, still more so with his weight and the necessity of moving it as gently as possible. Our cousin, a lady

of no great size or strength, and I managed by exerting all our combined force to shove the lumbering piece of furniture to a place where water did not drip on it and the invalid; and then ran to find pieces of sacking, bath towels, sheets, waterproofs, etc., to soak up the flood that was constantly pouring in everywhere and dripping through from the second floor to the first.

The kitchen was almost emptied of utensils, which were placed under the waterfalls all over the house. While every now and then my husband's bed must be pushed or dragged to a new place. The frail house rocked as if it must surely fall before the fury of the storm. It was one of those occasions which probably every one experiences, once or twice in a lifetime, when inanimate nature seems to join with untoward circumstance, and even God himself seems to have hidden his face, and all the seen and unseen powers of the universe to have combined against body and soul. But he who has drunk the very dregs of every bitterness we ever taste never forsakes us no matter how dark things look, and I knew on that awful night we were not as desolate as we seemed.

In the morning Dr. Avison came out from the city and kindly invited me to have Mr. Underwood taken there to his home, which was on a hill with plenty of breeze, and where I should have advice and medicines close at hand. So our sick man, placed on a long cane chair with poles attached to each side, covered with waterproofs, blankets and umbrellas, and carried by eight coolies, was taken back to Seoul.

Not more than a week later our little one was stricken with the same fever. Both father and child were desperately sick for another fortnight, but both were spared, and after weeks of prostration moved about like pale skeletons, whom nobody found it easy to recognize.

About this time a great deal of uneasiness was beginning to be felt among certain classes over the king's long stay in a foreign legation, especially by all pro-Japanese, and in October, 1896, the king was formally requested by a Council of State to change his residence. In the following February, at about the time when Mr. Waeber was leaving the country and another Russian representative coming to take his place, the royal household was removed to the Chong Dong palace, near the English consulate and American legation. Russian officers were in charge of all Korean troops, and Russian influence predominant.

In October of 1897 the king assumed the title of emperor, and immediately after the dead queen's rank was raised to that of empress. In the following November, her imperial highness' funeral took place. It is common among people of high rank to keep the honored remains embalmed and sealed for months, or even years, until a suitable time and place for burial has been pronounced by soothsayers, and so two years after decease, after repeated consultations with these costly and ghostly advisers, who repeatedly changed their directions, a grave site was finally decided upon and prepared and a day set.

Two weeks before this, daily sacrifices were offered in Kyeng-won palace, and on the first and fifteenth of each month since her death special sacrifices had been offered. All court officials wore heavy mourning and all citizens wore half mourning.

The grounds selected for the grave site were about three or four miles from the east gate outside the city, and many acres in extent. Money flowed like water, and no pains or expense were spared to make the service and everything connected with it as magnificent and stately as the queen's rank and the king's devotion to her memory required. The grave was prepared of solid masonry at

the summit of a mound fifty feet high, a costly temple for the temporary shelter of the remains, where the last rites were to be performed, was erected near its foot, and a number of other buildings were put up for the accommodation of the court, the foreign legations and other invited guests, for the funeral was to be held at night. Refreshments and entertainment was provided for Koreans and foreigners, officials, friends, soldiers and servants to the number of several thousands.

A courteous invitation was sent from the Foreign Office to the legations, inviting the private residents (foreigners) of Seoul to share this hospitality. The casket in a catafalque was carried from the palace at eight o'clock on the morning of the 21st of November, attended by five thousand soldiers, four thousand lantern bearers, six hundred and fifty police, and civil and military dignitaries of innumerable grades. The scene was one of extreme and varied interest. Thousands of people crowded the streets, arches were erected over the road at intervals. There were numberless scrolls recounting the queen's virtues, magnificent silk banners, beautiful small chairs, wooden horses (for use in the spirit world), which, with all the varied accoutrements of ancient and modern arms, and the immense variety in the dress and livery of court and other officials, retainers, menials, chair coolies and mapoos, made a scene quite beyond description.

The emperor and crown prince did not follow the bier until one o'clock in the afternoon. His majesty had sent us a special invitation to be present and go in the procession, but we preferred to go quietly later, as humble private mourners for a loved and deeply lamented friend, in a spirit which had nothing in common with the brilliant procession.

When we arrived at nearly eight o'clock in the evening,

we found the extensive grounds lighted by red and yellow (the royal and imperial colors) native lanterns, not two feet apart, in double rows, along a winding and circling road for a distance of three miles. Brilliant banners streamed forth on the air, and here and there all over the field were brightly blazing fires of fagots, where groups of soldiers stood warming themselves, for it was bitterly cold. It was a starlit night of crystal, sparkling clearness.

There is much that is fitting in this custom of holding funerals in these calm and holy hours of night, when things of time and sense dwindle and look insignificant, when the world's bustle is all hushed, when the unsympathetic glare of happy day is veiled, and only the soothing balm of the quiet and darkness in harmony with the sorrow-stricken heart is to be felt. In that hour the divine presence seems to be most imminent, or more fully realized, and eternity and the spirit world close around us.

After six sets of prayers and sacrifices, and a final ceremony of farewell, the remains were to be interred. At three o'clock A.M. everything was in readiness. A beautiful yellow silk imperial carrying-chair, for the use of the royal spirit, was first taken up the hill in great state, by the appointed bearers. Then followed another of green silk, and lastly the royal casket on its bier. Long ropes were attached to the latter, held by men standing as closely as possible to each other, along the whole length, in order to insure the greatest steadiness. In addition, of course, were the regular bearers, while one stood on the front of the bier directing and guiding all. Everything was done with beautiful precision, there was not a misstep nor a jar. It is said that on such occasions a bowl filled to the brim with water is placed on the bier, and if a drop overflows severe punishment and disgrace falls upon the carriers.

A solemn and stately procession of soldiers and re-

tainers, bearing banners and lanterns of alternate red and yellow, accompanied and followed the casket, marching in double file on either side and in close ranks, all uttering in unison a low and measured wailing as they advanced. Thus all that remained of our brilliant queen was carried to its rest.

Nothing could be more impressive, solemn and beautiful than this procession, circling up the hill, beneath the clear faithful watch of the stars and the fathomless depths of limitless space, in that dark hour just before day. After the bier followed the king and prince, who personally superintended the lowering of the precious remains into the tomb, even entering the crypt to see that the casket was well rolled back under the great block of granite which covered it.

Sacrifices and prayers were again offered, the gigantic wooden horses were burned, and the mourners retired. An audience given to all the diplomats and invited guests, for the expression of farewells and condolences, ended the ceremonies at about eight o'clock in the morning.

For some time before and after the removal of the king to his own palace in Chong Dong, a growing feeling of anxiety and distrust was felt over the preponderance of Russian influence, which found expression in the formal request made to the king to leave the legation.

While his majesty was still residing there, and before the uneasiness with regard to Russia had arisen, the "Independent Club" had been organized by Mr. So Jay Peel, with the consent of the king, to emphasize Korea's independence of China. The old columns, where tribute collectors from that nation were received, were pulled down and a new Independence Arch erected, as well as a large building for the official business of the club, called Independence Hall. The crown prince contributed a thousand

dollars for this purpose. The club was immensely popular with all classes and many of the nobility as well as the commoners were members. But the real object of the club was to keep Korea independent of *all* foreign powers in general, and of Russia and Japan, as well as China, in particular; to protest against, and prevent, if possible, the usurpation of office and influence by foreigners, to stand for the rights of the people, the autonomy of the nation, its gospel being in a word, "Korea for the Koreans."

So that now, when the menace seemed to shift its quarters from the west to the north, the Independence Club began to make itself heard against Russia.

A word with regard to one or two of its leaders may be of interest. Mr. So Jay Peel had previously belonged to the progressive party, and had been obliged to flee to Japan, where after a short residence he went to America. He was of very high rank and a wealthy family, but his property having been confiscated he worked his own way, graduating from a first-class college with highest honors. Then taking a civil service examination, he had become an American citizen. He obtained a government position, which gave him light work with sufficient salary to enable him to take a course in medicine, after which he received a very fine government medical appointment, on a competitive examination.

But his heart turned to his country, and after the Japanese war and the establishment of Japanese prestige, he returned to Korea, where he became adviser to the king, and soon after started a newspaper called the "Independent," which was printed half in English and half in the native character. Mr. So proved himself a gifted, brilliant and eloquent man, full of enthusiastic devotion to the emancipation and welfare of his country, perhaps too impatient and precipitate in trying to hasten the accomplish-

ment of these great ends, a fault common with young and ardent patriots. Mr. So was the first president of the club, and was succeeded by Mr. Yun Chee Ho, a son of General Yun, who had led the attack on the palace for the rescue of the king. Like Mr. So, he had been for some years away from Korea, having been educated partly in China in an American Methodist Mission school, and partly under the same auspices in America. Both he and Mr. So are members of American Protestant churches. Mr. Yun, who, however, still retains his Korean citizenship, is also both a fine writer and speaker, and an enthusiastic patriot and progressionist. He afterwards succeeded Mr. So in the editorship of the "Independent." Their following consisted quite largely of impulsive, eager young men, many of them Christians, very many of them students, and probably included the majority of the brilliant, energetic, and sincerely patriotic young men of the capital.

As has been said, after Mr. Waeber's removal and the king's departure from the Russian legation, and a new Russian minister had arrived, Korea became more than ever subject to Russian influence. Russians swarmed in the palace, the army and the treasury were completely in their hands, and their absolute supremacy seemed only a question of a few brief weeks or months.

At this time, February, 1898, the Independence Club offered a petition to the king asking the removal of all Russians from the army and government offices. The Russian minister requested the king to state his wish in this matter, and soon after, being informed in the affirmative, the Russians were all withdrawn for the time. April 12, 1898, coincident with this, Port Arthur was ceded to the Russians by Japan, a fact which it was thought by many had much to do with the retirement from Korea. It

is most improbable that the action of Russia was in this case out of consideration for the preferences of Koreans.

The Independence Club now grew more and more popular and held frequent loud and clamorous meetings, at which public affairs were discussed with great freedom, the wrong doings of high officials severely censured and held up to public scorn, and unpopular laws sharply criticised and bitterly inveighed against. They were full of hope and patriotism, their aim and expectation seeming to be to have all wrongs righted, all abuses done away with, and Korea remade in a day a free government and people.

The Independence Club held large mass meetings. The shops were closed, the whole population was stirred, and even women held meetings, incredible as it may seem. As a result of which a written petition was sent to the government, asking for seven reforms, abolishing torture and other objectionable customs, and granting more liberties.

The cabinet approved the request, the king added six more new rules for reform, and Yun Chee Ho was made vice-president of the Privy Council. At once another general meeting of the public was held, and a committee appointed by them printed tens of thousands of copies of the new laws, and distributed them everywhere. Among the thirteen new rules, it was suggested and consented to that there should be established a sort of popular congress, a law-making body, with powers advisory (certainly very limited), composed of one hundred people, fifty of whom were to be elected by the popular vote, and fifty to be appointed by the king. But now the government began to take the alarm and to realize that they had opened the sluice gates of a flood which threatened to overwhelm them.

The night before the first election to this body was to have taken place at Independence Hall, seventeen lead-

ing members of the club were arrested. It was the intention of the minister of law to put these people to death, but the populace rose *en masse*, crowded and excited meetings were held everywhere, and so much feeling shown, that the decision was changed, and they were sentenced to banishment instead. But the populace continued to rage. Large masses of people, who, while they did not arm themselves or resort to violence, were angry and threatening, gathered in front of the government offices in all public places, demanding the release of the seventeen or that they themselves should be arrested. At length, after five days' of threatening demonstrations and angry mobs, the seventeen were released. Now, indeed, the Independents felt they had gained a victory, the government had been defeated, and the people henceforth could accomplish anything.

The demand for the fulfilment of the king's still unfulfilled promises of thirteen reforms was again renewed. On this the officials in person presented themselves before the crowds, commanding them to disperse and promising everything that was asked if they would do so, as a result of which the people quietly dispersed.

After long and patient waiting, without result, no promises kept or reforms instituted, and on the contrary, the bad officials who had been put out of office again reinstated, the people assembled again one month later at Chong No (the great thoroughfare) to renew their demands. The police were then called up by their chief and told to go to Chong No, and regardless of consequences draw their swords and put to death all of the unarmed multitude who would not disperse. Almost to a man, the police began throwing off their official badges, saying they were one with the people, and absolutely refusing to obey such orders.

The soldiers were then called out, large bodies of troops stationed in the main thoroughfares, and the crowds dispersed at the point of the bayonet.

The Independents then asserted it must be bad officials, and not the king, who were thus oppressing them, and that their petitions could never have reached his majesty. They, therefore, according to long-established custom with petitions for royal favors, all convened in front of the palace. Thousands of men sat there quietly, night and day, for fourteen days waiting to be heard.

It was a thrilling and impressive sight. There was nothing laughable about those rows of silent, patient, determined citizens. Many had their food brought to them, some had little booths or tents where they prepared meals or slept, while others watched and waited, a few went away to take food, only to return as speedily as possible. The people had come to the palace to stay, until an answer could be had from the king.

After the Independents had been camped for some days thus in front of the palace, the "*Pusaings*," or "Peddlers Guild," gathered and camped in another part of the city, with the avowed intention of attacking them.

The "*Pusaings*" are, as their name indicates, a guild of peddlers, bound together as a secret society for mutual benefit and protection. They have connections and branches all over the country, and are sworn to render each other assistance whenever needed. Like the Masons, they have secret passwords and signs, by which they make themselves known to each other, and any member of this great guild meeting another, even for the first time, is bound to help him to the full extent of his ability. In this way they soon become extremely powerful, and feared by high and low, rich and poor. They could assemble a formidable army at short notice, and their reputation as a

ruffianly body of men has long been established. During the reign of the Tai Won Kun, that crafty and astute old politician decided to make friends of this dangerous guild, rather than antagonize them, and accordingly granted them a number of special privileges, one of which was the right to collect taxes of certain kinds of merchandise, in return for which they were to be regularly organized by the government and to place themselves under the control of governors of provinces and other officials, holding themselves ready for service at any time. They wear a peculiar straw hat and a somewhat different dress from other Koreans, so that they are easily recognized wherever seen.

On the appearance of this large body of "*Pusaings*" the king sent word to the people, in order to calm their suspicions, that they need have no fear of the Peddlers, as the police should be ordered to keep them back, and a cordon of police was therefore drawn around the petitioners. At length, however, the "*Pusaings*" made an attack one day at an early hour in the morning, when some of the Independents, who had retired during the night or had gone to their breakfast, were away, and the number considerably reduced. The police were immediately withdrawn, and the whole assemblage of Independents were driven away, and many of them seriously injured. When they attempted to return the way was barricaded by soldiers, and their enemies, the "*Pusaings*," were being feasted with food sent out from the palace. The populace then assembled in large numbers, with the determination to drive away the Peddlers, which they did, wounding and killing a few. Shortly after, however, a second battle was fought, in which the people were forced to retreat and one of the Independents was killed.

The people's party then again assembled at Chong No,

when the king again sent, promising he would give all they asked if they would disperse, which they accordingly did once more. Ten days later the king called them to meet before the palace. On that occasion he came out to them, standing on a platform built for the purpose, with his officials around him, and the members of the foreign legations occupying a tent at one side, and a large number of other foreigners also present. This was indeed a new thing in the history of so hoary a nation for the king to come out to confer with the populace on matters of state. The president of the Independents at that time, Kung Yung Kun, and the ex-president, Yun Chee Ho, were called up and presented by the king with a document printed on yellow imperial paper, in which he solemnly promised the establishment of the thirteen reforms.

The meeting then dispersed, and the people waited another thirty days, *but nothing came to pass*. With wonderful determination and persistence, worthy of success like the widow in our Lord's parable, who waited long on the unjust judge till by continual coming she wearied him and obtained her desire, they again assembled at Chong No and renewed their demands.

Had they only possessed a Hampton, a Cromwell, a Washington, or a Roland, history might have repeated itself once more. And yet perhaps it was no more the want of leaders of the right fearless stamp, than the need of thousands of such determined dauntless, unconquerable souls as those who stood back of Cromwell and Washington.

They, however, renewed their requests, and insisted they would allow no government business to be done until the king's promises were fulfilled. Soldiers were sent out from time to time and dispersed them, but they gathered again and again.

At length the government accused them of scheming to establish a republic and elect a president, and bodies of soldiers and police were placed all over the city. Wholesale arrests were made, little groups of even three or four were dispersed by the use of detectives and a very wide system of espionage, meetings were prevented, the Independents crushed, and their buildings and property confiscated. Thus, for the time at least, ended what looked like the beginnings of a revolution, but the people were not ready and the time not ripe.

CHAPTER XIV

Itineration Incidents—Kaiwha—Christian Evidences—Buying Christian Books instead of an Office—Seed Sowing—Moxa's Boy in the Well—Kugungers Again—Pung Chung—Pyeng Yang—The Needs of the Women.

ANOTHER long trip into the interior was taken the following year, some newly arrived missionaries from Canada who wished to study methods and people accompanying us. Just before this Mr. Underwood had revisited the river villages where there were Christians under his oversight, and found as usual a steady growth everywhere, not that there are no drawbacks, none who have backslidden or proved insincere, but that such instances are marvelously rare, and that the encouragements far exceed the discouragements, that the little groups are steadily growing in numbers, in enlightenment and the home life is vastly higher in tone. At Haing Ju a commodious new chapel had been built, a fact which the people had kept as a surprise for the missionary. As usual he found new groups of believers which had sprung into life since his previous visit.

The beginning of one of these at Kimpo, as related by Mr. Shin, was very interesting. Mr. Shin said that one night as he lay asleep he thought he saw the Moxa come up to him, with the long walking-stick in his hand which he uses on his country trips. Prodding the sleeper vigorously with it, he said, "Come, come, why don't you go to work; get up and go over there (pointing across the river

to Kimpo) and pass on the Word." Shin woke up, but fell asleep again, and again the Moxa came back and even more urgently bade him get up, and go and carry the gospel to Kimpo. Again he awoke, and the third time fell asleep, and dreamed as before. He knew no one at Kimpo and had no reason to think there was any more hopeful opening there than elsewhere, but the dream impressed him so strongly, that he felt he must go. When he reached there, he found one or two families whose interest had become awakened through some books, and who were longing for some one to come and teach them more. One man, once a burly and notorious prize-fighter, is now the leader among the Christians in that vicinity, and one of the shining lights among the river villages, and this same Kimpo is one of the most promising centers of work.

The training class, the instruction of which was part of Mr. Underwood's business in the interior that fall, was to be held in Hai Ju. The class was taught five hours each day, and women who would come were met and taught by me in my room. One hour after the men's class in the afternoon was given to street preaching, our Canadian friends, Dr. Grierson and Mr. McRae, helping immensely with music and singing and in the distribution of tracts. A general meeting for prayer and Bible study was held in the class room every evening.

When the class had adjourned, we proceeded to make the usual circuit of the part of the province under our care. As on the river, so here along the sea and in the mountains, the numbers of new centers of gospel growth were amazing. "It springeth up he knoweth not how." In one place a couple of old men, travelling along rather weary, sat down by the roadside and as they rested sang a hymn. A farmer whose house was near, overhearing the strange words of the song, came and questioned, and ere

long became a believer, with his family. From this household the blessing overflowed for neighbors and friends. In another case a young bride made a strong stand for Christ in the heathen family into which she had married, until she had won over the entire family to the same faith, and they again had brought others. These are only a couple of examples that were paralleled in many communities.

Some of the answers of these poor half-taught people when catechised were given in a previous chapter, another that of an old woman I thought significant and touching. When asked where Jesus was, she said promptly, "He's right here with me all the time." "Yes, but where else is he?" Confused and troubled that she could not satisfy the Moxa, she said, "I'm only a poor ignorant old woman, I don't know where else he is, but I *know* he is right here in my house all the time." The devotion of the people to us, because through our hands had come the bread of life, was to me exceedingly affecting, and everywhere the relation existing between the people and their Moxas is a peculiarly close and tender one. When one of the missionaries was sick for some time, the women in the country villages through a large section held united daily prayer for her for several weeks. This without her knowledge, quite spontaneously, and without prearrangement among the different localities.

The following year I was providentially hindered from making the trip to the country with my husband, but in 1900, with Dr. Whiting, Mr. Underwood and our little son, I was again able to go to Whang Hai province. We started in February, and as there was now a little steamer which had begun to ply between Hai Ju and Chemulpo, we decided to profit by it, as this would be both easier and cheaper than the old way. *Kaiwha* (as they call progress) had "*twessoed*" (become) considerably since our



CANDY BOY.

last trip. A railroad had been laid between Seoul and Chemulpo, with trains traveling about fifteen miles an hour. The steamers referred to are a marvel also as specimens of said *kaiwha*. About the size of an ordinary despatch boat, or small tug, they are not too commodious.

There are two cabins, neither of which is high enough for tall people to stand erect in, one of which, with hardly room for three or four to occupy it with comfort, is packed with the unhappy second-class passengers. The other is somewhat larger, about twelve feet long by six wide. This room contains a table and six chairs, and in it are often stowed from ten to twenty first-class passengers. Here one meets "the world." Korean officials, Korean, Chinese or Japanese merchants, French Romanist priests, strolling acrobats, singers, dancing girls, and Protestant missionaries. All except the latter smoke until the air will slice nicely, and many of them indulge in native or foreign liquor till their society is almost past endurance.

The boat follows the river northward past the historical island of Kangwha, with its picturesque walls and gates, till it flows into the sea, an arm of which our course crosses at this point to reach the shore on which lies the little village which is the port for the city of Hai Ju. On the day in question, when we profited for the first by all these contrivances of *kaiwha*, the ice was still in the river, ours being only the second trip made since it began to break. Nothing could be seen on all sides but great blocks of ice, much larger than our little craft, and all in a conspiracy apparently to prevent our advance, banging and pushing us, now on one side and now on the other. With much panting and puffing, occasionally sustaining a pretty severe shock but quickly gaining advantage lost and shoving aside her clumsy opponents, our boat steadily forced her passage onward and gradually gained the clear

waters of the sea. This trip lasted only sixteen hours, while it would have taken three days overland.

We landed at half past eight on the edge of a long stretch of mud flats, covered with slimy boulders and stones, all of which now lay under a foot of half frozen snow, which hid the rocks and made the going very precarious in the darkness. There was only one warm room to be had and no food, while the "warm room" was only a little less cold than out of doors. Thoroughly chilled, tired and hungry, and somewhat dispirited, as hungry folks are apt to be, we all retired to the floor, to rest finely, and waken in a better mind next morning, none the worse for our seafaring.

At Hai Ju the believers gathered around us with the warmest welcome. They were all mourning the loss of a beloved leader who had died a short time before. We of course held meetings with them during the two days, which were all we could spare at that time, saw and talked with all who would come, trying to strengthen and comfort the believers, and promising if possible to remain longer with them on our return. One poor young wife whose husband had given up Christianity and gone back to the his old life, and whose heathen mother-in-law was persecuting her cruelly, excited our pity. Pale, emaciated and tearful, she came begging our advice and help.

From Hai Ju we proceeded to Chang Yun Eub, where the training class of leaders was to be held this year, and where Dr. Whiting and I had planned to hold a somewhat similar class for women. On the way a stranger, seeing my husband was an American, asked if he knew "a certain 'Un Moxa' (Preacher Underwood) who sometimes came down that way and taught people to be good and kind to each other," showing that he had been reading from the book of native Christian practice. All along this road,

where only a few years before there was absolute ignorance of the gospel, we found evidences of the dawning light. Here and there in a wayside inn we found a Christian book, or a family half timidly beginning to believe. Everywhere they had heard of "the doctrine," and heard well of it.

Everywhere there was a pleasant welcome for us and a ready ear for our story. At Chang Yun Eub, quite a number of Christian women had gathered to meet and welcome us. One or two days after reaching there I took a ten-mile ride in a bitter wind to visit a sick woman, which resulted in severe influenza and bronchitis, which, though I managed to fight off for five days, at length confined me to my room and bed for three long weeks. Many of the women had come from five to twenty miles on foot to study with us, so it was bitterly disappointing, but Dr. Whiting did her own part and mine, too, nobly. Nearly all the villages in that district were represented by the local leaders and pastors at Mr. Underwood's class. They at this time organized a missionary society, which they themselves originated and planned in part, before our arrival. They perfected their scheme with Mr. Underwood's advice.

Taking a map of the district, they arranged to work in couples, and to each man was assigned four heathen villages, each to be visited once a month, each man pledging himself to do this work every Sunday during the year. Two superintendents were appointed to oversee the general work, advise and help these missionaries, and report to Mr. Underwood. All were to go at their own expense.

By the time the class was over I was able to be carried along the road in my chair, and only one who has been shut in for three weeks, in a tiny room not eight feet high, without a pane of glass in it, quite alone most of the time,

can realize how glad I was to be released into the fresh, sweet air and sunshine. Before leaving Chang Yun we bade a long farewell to one of the Christian women, who with a smile and the sweet words, "It's all grace, it's all love," fell gently asleep in Jesus. Dr. Whiting, in accordance with previous plans, did not go with us further, but returned to Seoul. After leaving Chang Yun, our first stop was made at the village of On Chang, where we met quite a little handful of believers. One of these, a woman who was the first convert in that place, had been much troubled and burdened with a sense of guilt. At length she heard that in Chang Yun there were people that could tell her of One who could forgive sins. She went forthwith and learned of Jesus and found peace and pardon, and came back to spread the good tidings and "pass on the word" to her neighbors.

One of these women was a peddler, a class who have to make some sacrifices to keep the Sabbath. Nearly all their business is done at the little fairs or market days, which take place every five days at one or another of the hamlets in a certain circuit. Quite often one of these days falls on a Sunday, and so a whole five days' profit is lost. But this makes no difference, the day is cheerfully kept; another who kept an inn as cheerfully decided to sell no more liquor, her chief source of profit.

Our next stopping place was at Cho Chun, and as soon as we neared the vicinity, we were met by men, women and children, who had walked out to meet us and conduct us to the home of the leader, in this case the richest and chief man of the whole neighborhood. People professing Christianity gathered here from several small villages, were examined and many baptized. It seemed too hard that we had only so short a time to stay in these places where we were needed so much. Most of the women

actually wept when we were obliged to say farewell, and the men and boys followed us miles, sometimes to the next stage in our journey. They are touchingly grateful for the little we do for them, while we thank God for allowing us to learn from them, their simple childlike faith and entire dependence on him.

Mrs. Ha, the wife of the leader, was the only one in the village who could read, and she taught the other women beautifully. Calm, strong, intelligent, she seemed to me a rare type of a Korean woman, and one who was destined to be very useful if she were only better instructed. She was well acquainted with the Gospels and Acts, the only Scriptures till quite lately in their hands, and with nearly all the hymns. But her opportunities for study and instruction were also very few.

After leaving Cho Chun nearly twelve miles distant was our next destination, a little country town of about two thousand people, which we reached after a few hours' travel. Here we lodged in a neat and comfortable little building consisting of two rooms, with a lean-to kitchen, which the natives had built for us near to the church, half at their own expense. The steps by which we ascended to our rooms were the family ancestral worship stones, which the Christians had once greatly treasured, but for which they had no further use. The women flocked in to greet me, and next day I had the larger room, sixteen by twenty-four feet, crowded with heathen women who came to see the foreign woman and child, but were willing to hear about Christ. Gifts of candies, fruits and other food poured in as usual.

Many were examined for baptism, and gave most satisfactory evidence of conversion, but among them all one deaf old woman interested me most. She was very deaf and stupid. It seemed almost impossible for even the Ko-

rean leader to make her hear or understand the questions. She was most anxious to be baptized, but how to learn whether she knew enough of the gospel, we were at a loss to discover.

At last a question seemed to reach her, "Where are you going when you die?" Her face brightened and the answer came, "I'm going to Jesus." Mark, not heaven, but Jesus. This is the keynote that is always struck, Jesus, their stay now, and hope hereafter, their wisdom, righteousness, and sanctification.

The first news of the gospel was brought here to Eul Yul by a man of high family, considerable wealth and official connections, who went to Seoul with the intention of buying an office. He heard about Christ, however, while there, and instead of an office, bought a donkey load of books, which he took back to Eul Yul, and there distributed among his neighbors. About the same time a certain magistrate, just appointed, and going down there to his office, who was a friend of my husband's, invited him to visit him at Eul Yul when in the country. Mr. Underwood thanked him, but replied, "You know if I go it will be only with the one purpose of preaching." "Certainly, come and preach," was the answer.

So Mr. Underwood promised he would do so if his friend, the magistrate, would see that a large and convenient official building was placed at his disposal for services while there. This was willingly promised at once, so the class was appointed to be held there that year, and with the rally of Christian leaders, and the earnest preparatory work of the man who had preferred Christ to an office (of which Mr. U. had not previously been informed), Christianity in Eul Yul began most auspiciously. Up to the present time, however, he who had been so earnest in preaching the gospel, and so generous in sup-

porting it, had never been baptized. The difficulty was that he had two wives, with neither of whom could he bring himself to part. These concubines have a strong hold, and justly so, on the men who had made them part of their family, and on whom they are dependent. All a man's magnanimity, generosity and tenderness are appealed to on behalf of these women, who, unlike the dancing girls, have in the eyes of the community a certain share of respectability, and are usually not bad or unprincipled, but have been taught to look with toleration and complaisance on such a life, the common custom.

However, now, at last, he decided while we were there to take the step and put away the second wife, providing her with a home and fields enough to give her a good income. So he and his wife and baby, and his grown son with his wife and little one, in company with a number of others, were baptized. The people of Eul Yul had built their own church, as well as one-half of the guest house, for their missionary. When we left, every believer who could walk came to bid us farewell, "*Pyeng anikasio*" (Go in peace). We had a last prayer and praise service, and parted with mutual good wishes and regrets, a long train of men and boys as usual streaming out along the road, with and behind us.

Our next station was Pak Chun, six miles away (the distances used to be twenty and thirty miles, now six, eight or twelve), but before we reached there we must stop and meet a little band of Christians at a farm where seed had been dropped by passing believers and where a whole family had been converted. Here we met a young bride from another hamlet not far distant, who with her husband had lately become a believer. At Pak Chun we were received with the usual hearty welcome. Here I found Mrs. Kim of Sorai like a ministering angel going

her rounds of self-appointed, unpaid ministration of the Word, teaching the gospel to these poor women, not one of whom could read. A good many from neighboring villages were examined here, and we held a baptismal and communion service just before leaving. The church was as yet unfinished and extremely damp and cold, as well as uncomfortably crowded, so I sent our little son out of doors to play until we should finish. But scarcely had the meeting well begun when word came that "the Moxa's child had fallen in the well." Mr. Underwood rushed to the rescue, giving out a long hymn as he started, to keep the crowd occupied. However, by the time we reached the scene he had emerged from his cold bath and been taken to our room.

The ox-cart with all our packs was standing at the door, just about to start for the next place. It was the work of a few moments to pull down the whole load, open our trunks, and get out dry garments, only too thankful that it had not already trundled several miles on. I found a dripping, shivering little animal awaiting me as I rushed into our quarters, but no harm was done, he was soon quite dry and warm, his wet apparel dangling from the ox-cart acting as an excellent road sprinkler. Just before leaving I saw a child quite naked, covered with smallpox pustules in full bloom, standing near our door. I asked one of the natives if there was much of that disease in the village at present. "In every house," was the concise reply. "Why there is none in the house we are in," said I, with confidence. "Oh, no, they took the child out the day you came in order to give you the room," was the reassuring answer. We had eaten and slept in that infected little room, our blankets all spread out there, our trunks opened, everything we had exposed. We had even used their cooking utensils and spoons and bowls before our

own packs had arrived. For ourselves we had been often exposed, and believed ourselves perfectly immune. Mr. Underwood had nursed a case of the most malignant type, and I had been in contact with it among my patients, but our child! So we sent a swift messenger with a despatch to the nearest telegraph station, twenty-four hours away, to Dr. Wells, in Pyeng Yang. He at once put a tube of virus into the hands of a speedy runner, who arrived with it a week later.

We found the country full of smallpox, measles, and whooping cough, and added to our smallpox experience, an exactly similar one with measles. The record of one of these little villages is much like another. At Pung Chun, a place with a magistracy, we found the crowds almost unbearable, especially as the magistrate was away and his substitute unwilling to help us. No foreign woman or child had ever yet been there, and we were fairly besieged by people who after any fashion, lawful or otherwise, were determined to see the curiosities. Too tired that night to do more than hold a brief meeting with the few Christians who lived there, we barred, barricaded and curtained ourselves in. How often under such circumstances I have been able to sympathize as never before with our blessed Lord, who was forced to withdraw to the mountains and desert places for a little rest and quiet from the importunity of the eager selfish crowds, who thronged him and followed him even there in thousands. We read "They had no leisure as much as to eat," and that he forbade the people he healed to spread the news abroad. Quite uselessly. What weariness, what longing he must at times have felt for a few hours of quiet and peace, only the hunted can realize, yet how patient, gentle and compassionate he was!

The next day I talked to a room packed full of heathen women, those who could not force an entrance crowding

around the doors and windows, as many as could get a view or hearing. They listened with interest and attention for more than an hour, asking intelligent questions occasionally, and treating me with perfect respect.

In the afternoon I had another and smaller company of those whom Mrs. Kim of Sorai had culled from among those she had been visiting and teaching as the most hopeful cases. With these we talked, sang and prayed, trying as usual to make the most of the few hours we could be with them. A few people were examined and two or three baptized of those who had been believing for some time.

From Pung Chun we passed through a lovely valley and over a beautiful mountain pass to a village nestled right up in the mountains. Here the interest had extended to two villages of hardy mountaineers, all of which had been started by an old woman from Sorai. She cannot read, but she continually preaches Christ to every one whom she meets. Her son is the local leader, and his family are all Christians.

Thus far Mr. Underwood had during our circuit examined one hundred and fifty people and baptized seventy-five. About half of the other seventy-five were received as catechumens. At Pung Chun we were greatly interested to learn that the Koreans have a custom of sprinkling blood on the door posts, and above the door of the home to drive away evil spirits. When I told my class at Chang Yun how the Jews did this before leaving Egypt, and what it meant, they looked at each other and exclaimed with surprise, "Why, that is our custom, too." But at Pung Chun we found that it had only recently been done at the very inn where we stopped, and were told that it was quite a common custom in that part of the country. The natives also have a cold rice festival, much like the feast of unleavened bread.

The scenery from Chil Pong to Won Tong is very beautiful. The road winds through the mountains, accompanied by a charming little river most of the way. There is a wonderful restfulness in the quiet of these mountains, where no rattle of the world intrudes to break the divine silences, or to interrupt the voices of nature, which only emphasize the peacefulness that envelops one. One feels God near and communion with him easy. The heart lifts itself with no effort in scenes like these.

From Won Tong we passed to Sorai or Song Chun, to which reference has already been often made in these pages. We were lodged in the school room next the church, a sunny, pleasant apartment. This Sorai school was already famed through all the country round, and Christians were sending their boys from other villages to obtain the advantage of Christian teaching. Next morning early a company of little girls and boys were waiting outside my door, dressed in new clean garments of the brightest possible colors (starched, dyed, and pounded to a miraculous crispness, gloss and glory of tint, chiefly scarlet, green and yellow), especially for this occasion. We had a singing class with them every morning after that, and a Bible story was told and explained, too. The women's class was held immediately after the children's, but many women came to the children's class, and most of the children came to that held for the women. In the afternoon the women came again for another Bible lesson, and in the evening men, women and children met for united prayer, praise and Bible study with Mr. Underwood.

I was again taken very sick here at Sorai, but recovered when that result seemed most unlikely, through God's answer to the prayers of our native Christians, one of whom, Mrs. Kim, spent the whole night in prayer for me.

Such love and devotion makes the tie between pastor and people very strong.

As soon as I was able to travel we hurried back to Hai Ju and Seoul, for word had come, bringing the sad news of the death of Mr. Gifford in one of the country villages about sixty miles from Seoul. He had gone alone with a Korean helper, and after a brief illness had passed away suddenly at night, probably scarcely aware that he was seriously ill. He was loved by all the Koreans, who could not fail to recognize his spirituality and consecration. Mrs. Gifford was then in an extremely weak state, having never recovered her strength after a violent attack of Asiatic dysentery the preceding summer. She had just begun to improve a little, and we to hope that at last we might look for her return to perfect health.

A native messenger, all unannounced, rushed into her presence and told her that her husband was dead. She never saw his face again, or had the sad comfort of a message, or one of these little souvenirs which women prize and console their aching hearts withal. She wilted like a lily, rudely snapped from the stem. When the first shock was over and her mind became a little composed, several days later, after friends had left her for a peaceful soothing night's rest, a Korean servant entered the room and told her that her husband had been neglected and slighted in his last illness, and had died alone quite uncared for. She never rallied from this blow. Sweet, calm, uncomplaining, she grew weaker and weaker, and only one month after her beloved husband passed away her gentle spirit followed. They had been extremely congenial and well suited, and it seemed a gracious providence that they were so soon reunited.

Mrs. Gifford was a woman greatly beloved by every one, and one of the most effective and consecrated women

workers on the field, with a modest unassuming quiet spirit, but with untiring devotion and self-effacement. She worked here ten years for Christ. The Koreans, whom she had loved so well and served so faithfully, bore her to her grave and laid her beside her husband. We all felt that the loss to the work was beyond expression, and from a human view point irreparable.

In the following fall we visited Pyeng Yang for the first time since our wedding journey in 1889. The annual meeting of all the mission (now grown quite extensive) for the discussion and settlement of plans for work for the coming year was to be held there; so we all risked our lives on a crazy little steamer, which, however, contrary to probabilities, landed us safely not far from our destination.

Great were the changes we beheld. Missionaries in comfortable pleasant homes, a large church (paid for with native money), newly built, able to accommodate nearly two thousand people, and great gatherings of simple earnest farmer folk, which it did one's soul good to see and hear. To us, who on our last visit looked on that great waste of heathenism, and discussed the advisability, or otherwise, of starting a sub-station there, it was almost overwhelming. To us, one of whom at least had come to the country in the very beginning of the history of our Protestant missions, and to whom in the light of the records of work in other fields the task looked so stupendous, so overwhelming, to find here in the far interior the wonderful evidences of the power and goodness of God filled our hearts with joy and awe. How could we ever shrink or doubt, or fear again, or do aught but ascribe "glory and honor, dominion and power, to him who sits upon the throne and to the lamb for ever."

I regret that I have not personally seen more of the work of God in northern Whang Hai and in Pyeng Yang

provinces, so that I might give interesting incidents which would put my readers more in touch with the Christians there, but I copy from the reports of Pyeng Yang and Syen Chyun stations for the year 1901 and 1902 the following:

"In the whole territory covered by this station, Pyeng Yang, there are 3,100 baptized adults, 3,737 catechumens enrolled, and over 12,000 who attend more or less regularly and in various ways come in touch with the gospel. The total number baptized this year is 642, and the number of catechumens received 1,363. There are in the Pyeng Yang city church 1,153 members and catechumens, with a congregation of from 1,200 to 1,600 on the Sabbath.

"There are besides this eight country circuits, including Ool Yul circuit, in the Seoul station work, and 184 out-stations, with 5,684 members and catechumens.

"There are 40 primary schools, one academy and 42 teachers—37 men and 5 women—with an attendance of 740 pupils. Thirteen schools were organized this year. All the country schools but one are self-supporting, and that nearly so. There were 9,094 persons in attendance at the hospital, also a medical class consisting of 4 members.

"Apart from those held in Pyeng Yang, 107 special Bible classes were held, bringing about 2,300 under instruction; 20 were taught by the missionaries, 87 by native helpers and leaders. All these classes were carried on at the expense of the Koreans.

"There are now 136 chapels, 21 having been built this year, at a cost of 5,367 nyang contributed by the Christians unaided.

"The total native contributions for all purposes (excluding the hospital) amount to 43,949 nyang, about 5,860 yen (or \$2,930 United States gold).

"The working force to look after and carry on this work

consists of 7 ordained missionaries (one on furlough and one newly arrived on the field), one medical missionary, 4 single lady missionaries and 7 wives of missionaries.

"There are also 21 unordained native preachers or helpers, 7 Bible women and 15 colporters and other assistants doing evangelistic work."

From the general report of the Syen Chyun station for 1901-2 I also quote, "We now have organized groups in 15 of the 21 counties of the province, and believers in at least 4 more of the other 6. The groups that have been organized by a missionary's visit, and organized with a separate roll and church officers, number 44, but there are at least 8 other places where Christians gather for worship every Sabbath, and where the helpers visit regularly.

"The number of persons baptized during the year, July to July, was 267, which is the largest ingathering we have yet been permitted to see in one year. All of these 267, with the possible exception of 3 or 4 old persons, had been catechumens on probation for at least a year. The harvest would have been much larger had it been possible to visit the western Eui Ju Circuit this spring, where a very large number of candidates are waiting for baptism.

"The number of infants baptized was 15. The number of catechumens received amounted to 696. All of these had been believers at least for two months, and in most cases for a very much longer time, and were received only after a very careful examination, under which, at the very lowest estimate, 150 candidates were deferred. During the same time 5 church members were suspended and 5 excommunicated, and 16 catechumens dropped.

"July first, therefore, there were on the church rolls 677 church members, 25 baptized infants and 1,340 catechumens, or a total of 2,042 enrolled Christians, who with the unenrolled believers make a total of 3,429 adherents in all.

But of the above church members, 11 are under suspension, and 8 more, unless they show signs of repentance, will be disciplined when the missionary next visits their groups. These 19 amount to 2.8 per cent of the church membership. Amongst the 1,340 catechumens there are 109, or 8.1 per cent, whose names are retained on the books, although at present they have lost their interest in Christianity. Experience has taught us that it is well to retain such for at least three years, unless they have been guilty of some grave sin whereby the church is brought into disrepute, as many of them coming under some new influences are often won back to a Christian life."

The above quotations show how the church is growing, and, especially the Pyeng Yang report, how well they are giving both in labor and money for the support of the gospel, and for its advancement among their heathen neighbors. I will also insert a paragraph taken from the above report for the same year, on the subject of self-support.

"Just as soon as the native church produces ordained pastors she must support them. For this the church is being prepared. In this station but one helper is entirely supported with foreign money, and four or five receive a part only; all the rest of our unordained preachers or helpers are entirely supported by the native church. With a single exception, all of the thirty-five country schools are entirely supported by the native groups where such schools are carried on. It has long since been the rule for the native Christians to provide their own house of worship, the only exception being a few cases where a little help seemed wise. Every possible means is being employed to develop the same idea in the academy, thus putting the highest possible value upon education, creating the sentiment that it is an acquirement for which the



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student may well labor or pay. It is being appreciated, too, so far as it has been acquired at a respectable cost. Even the hospital is on a fair way to become self-supporting to the extent of paying for medicines and treatment.

"In every way the Korean Christians have shown themselves not only able, even during a famine year, but also willing to bear their share along the line of support. They have not only borne the running expenses of the various groups, supported their own country primary schools, contributed to the academy, paid the salaries of the unordained preachers, sent representatives to the training classes at Pyeng Yang, and delegates to the council at Seoul, but have given a considerable amount to help the poor and contributed liberally to the Committee of Missions."

One more extract from these reports, that of Miss Chase of Syen Chyun, I feel must not be omitted. It ought to touch the heart of every Christian woman who reads it. It is as follows:

"There are 199 baptized and 588 catechumen women, and as a conservative estimate 1,200 Christian women, in north Pyeng An province. I have been able to go to the merest fraction of this number. Those whom I have met are much that we desire to have them be, and much not to be desired, but as I think of them individually and collectively, every other thought is eclipsed by the deep impressions they have made upon me by their yearning to be taught. The need for another for this field speaks for itself. We request the mission to consider the urgent need. In some places there has been manifest murmuring among the people. They say they have waited long for a visit from their pastor, they have waited long to receive the examination for the catechumenate, they have waited long for a woman to teach them. Every time that women come

in from distant places they beseech me to promise to visit their groups the next time I leave Syen Chyun.

"Many a woman who has attended my classes has said with tear-stained face, 'As for believing, I believe. I am clinging to Christ for salvation. I have no desire for any trust but in him, but I am so ignorant. I know so little about my Bible. I know not how to read its thoughts with my dark mind. I know so little about the great Jesus doctrine. How can God be pleased to call me his child, when I know not how to glorify him?' They say the men stand out far on the other side of the curtain* and teach great and wonderful things which they cannot comprehend, but a woman can sit in their midst and listen to all of their unlearned questions, and they are not ashamed to let a patient woman see how little they know! It is not easy to hear these heart-felt burdens and be helpless to meet their need in any adequate manner."

* Churches are divided by a curtain down the center, with men on one side and women on the other. The preacher can see both sides.

CHAPTER XV

Another Itineration—Christians in Eul Yul—A Ride in an Ox-Cart—Keeping the Cow in the Kitchen—Ox-Carts and Mountain Roads—The Island of White Wing—A Midnight Meeting—Thanksgiving Day in Sorai—The Circular Orders—New Testament Finished—All in the Day's Work—The Korean Noble—Meetings of the Nobility.

WE left Pyeng Yang about the 26th of September, 1900, by one of the toy Japanese steamers, and reached Chinampo, a half-Japanese, half-Korean port, at night. We were accompanied by three young ladies, one of whom, a new arrival, wished to study methods ; one who needed the bracing effect of out-of-door country life in the north for a few weeks ; and one who had previously arranged with me to carry on a women's training class in Eul Yul that fall. We were obliged to spend the night in Chinampo, but arriving late, we did not know where to find an inn, till we met an old friend, Rev. Mr. Smart, of the Church of England mission, who kindly found us a Japanese hotel. Here, after telling them our nationality, our ages, our condition, past lives and future intentions, and having been forced in spite of all protests to remove our shoes, they condescended to receive us as guests, at an outrageous price. We must not use our own camp beds, but the mats which had served no one knew whom before us ; nor might we have water in our rooms, but must perform all our ablutions in the public hall on the lower floor.

Next morning we gladly bade our too particular hosts farewell, and crossed the river in a wretched old junk,

which looked as if it were on the brink of dissolution. Fortunately, the weather was fine and mild, and the river calm, else I am sure we should all have been dipped, for even I had never yet beheld so dilapidated a craft. We were all day on the river, only able to land after dark, thanks partly to the nature of our vessel and partly to the tides, for which we were forced to wait before landing.

The following night was hot, the inns nothing more or less than ovens, and morning found us all in an unusually wilted condition, and to add to the general misery, the young ladies of our party had made important additions to their luggage, which threw us all four into the utmost consternation. That evening we reached Eul Yul, where both men's and women's classes were to be held. As usual the people crowded in to meet us as soon as we arrived. Although harvesting was on and it was one of the busiest times of the year, quite a number of women came to study with us. They were so bright and receptive, it was a pleasure to teach them. I had some very interesting visits with the women in their own homes, and was edified to see the bright and practical way in which the Christian who accompanied us talked with some of the unbelievers. One woman was hesitating, fearing she was too ignorant or too wicked to receive salvation, to which our native friend said, "Why, if you are hungry, and a bowl of rice is set before you, you eat right then, and just so if you want salvation, you have only to take and eat."

The listener's eyes filled with tears, it seemed too good. All the time we were talking, another Christian woman sat with bowed head asking God's blessing on the word. In the examination of applicants for baptism, I was much interested to see how carefully our native leaders questioned them. "You say you sin daily, but ask God to forgive, and so have a happy and calm mind. Is it then no matter that

you sin?" Again, to a woman who said her past sins were forgiven, and her present sins were confessed every day, he said, "Well, then, what sin have you committed to-day?" She could or would only speak in a general way, and after various questions, mentioned nothing in particular. "But," said Kim, "is that honoring God, to go and confess you have sinned, and ask him to forgive you know not what?" On Sunday twenty people were baptized. During the communion service all eyes were streaming, and some sobbed like children at the thought of what the Lord had suffered for them.

In the afternoon our native elder, Mr. Saw, gave us a delightful illustrated Bible lesson on the Christian armor, with illustrations drawn and colored by himself, and with most appropriate references. The native Christian was first represented in ordinary dress all unarmed, and in succeeding pictures, one after another of the needed articles, helmet, shield, sandals, breastplate and sword were added. These illustrations were unique to the last degree and extremely well drawn. In the evening an experience meeting was held, when one after another told what the Lord had done for them. Some had been the slaves of drink, and had fallen again and again after repeated attempts to resist, in their own strength, but now for years had been free men in Christ, and were looked upon as miracles of grace by their friends and neighbors.

One man told something of his home life. He had been a dissolute gambling fellow, whose reputation was well known through all the surrounding counties. When he went home at night, after days of absence and dissipation, his angry wife would scold and reproach him, and he in return would beat and maltreat the poor little woman. "It was all misery and discomfort, but now, all peace and love." A neighbor who came in often remarked on this

exceptionally happy home life, wishing hopelessly for something like it in her lot. She could not believe the happy wife when she told her it had once been so different, and that all this came through Jesus.

Then Mrs. Kim called in her husband and bade him tell if this was true. "Why," said he, "I'll do more, I'll give my bond for it, bring paper and pen and I'll write a bond to any amount you choose to name, that if Jesus comes into your home there'll be peace there." "Why," said he, "people say if the Lord were only here now to do some of his miracles every one would believe, but I tell you the Lord is doing greater miracles now than he ever did on earth when he takes a vile wretch like me and changes his heart." One man had been afflicted with an apparently incurable disease for over forty years, and now the Lord had healed him; and one had been such a liar that no one believed his honest statements, and yet now was implicitly trusted by every one.

It was decided before we left Eul Yul that the native Christians of that district should employ two helpers or evangelists to work among the ignorant believers of that vicinity, and that twelve Bible or training classes should be held in the different districts in that province during the year, six to be in charge of Mr. Saw, and six taught by Mr. Kim Yun Oh, our most intelligent leader. From Eul Yul we went to Pung Chun, while Mr. Underwood visited several smaller places more difficult of access. Miss Chase and I divided the meetings, and were most thoughtfully and attentively heard, the little room being packed whenever we announced a service.

Our quarters were not of the best, as the only place assigned us for preparing our food was a little corner of the cow's stable. We have heard of people who "keep the pig in the kitchen," but to keep the cow there was certainly

a degree worse than our flightiest fancy, and we at length rebelled, with the result that a more sanitary place was found for our culinary performances.

After Mr. Underwood arrived, eleven people were baptized here. The first public service for all was held in a hired room in the largest inn in the place. The chief man, after listening to all that had been said, arose and spoke to the crowd as follows: "We all know that what we have heard is true, there is nothing left for us to say but that from to-day on we will believe." Some of the men who attended this meeting remained outside the door at first, unwilling to be seen in such company, as they were respectable gentlemen. After listening awhile they condescended to step inside, and before the service was over they had seated themselves in the front row, and admitted it was very good.

Aside from our kitchen arrangements, and a little anxiety lest the cow should conclude to visit us in our bedroom at night, and the persistent cock crowing at my head from two in the morning, we had a lovely time at Pung Chun.

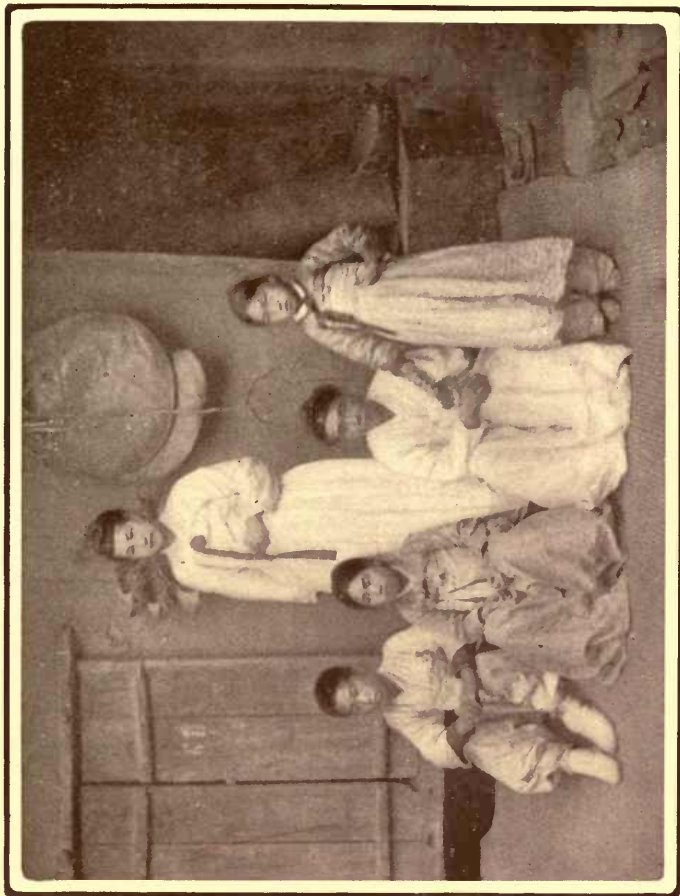
Again at one of the little villages up in the mountains some of our chair coolies deserted us, and there was nothing left for it but for our two young ladies to ride in an ox-cart. They were a little doubtful about this new mode of procedure, but the Koreans assured us it was quite safe, and as our little son had traveled miles that way, we encouraged them to try it, especially as it was a last resort. So with many misgivings they perched themselves on top of the loads, and the ox, a great spirited animal, was brought up. When Miss Chase asked if he was to be trusted, they assured her with the statement that he could fight any ox in the country. It was supposed a good deal of harnessing would follow, but when a noose was

merely slipped over a hook, and with no warning the steed literally galloped off, we were all somewhat startled, and the young ladies gave themselves up, with such a team running away.

The ox-cart is extremely primitive, its two wheels have only the clumsiest attempt at heavy wooden tires. The soft mud roads are full of deep ruts, so that under the most favorable circumstances the bumping and jolting are unspeakable. When therefore their mettlesome animal was at length of a mind to pause a little in his mad career, they lost no time in the order of their descent from that vehicle, and started off at a brisk pace, evidently decided to walk all the way back to Seoul rather than jeopardize their lives in such a contrivance and behind such a creature again. However, the way was long, and before night they changed their minds and resigned themselves to the ox-cart, when his bovine spirits were a little subdued by his journey, and he was somewhat less light and frisky than in the morning.

We arrived at Chil Pong, one of the villages perched up in the mountains, early in the evening, but not so our loads, which the country people manage in some miraculous way to drag up the steep mountain roads on the ox-carts.

It turned out that the ox-cart in use that day was a very weak one and gave out entirely, breaking down half way up the mountain. Another had to be brought from a distance, and long delays ensued, where the average speed is a snail's pace, in spite of the experience with the lively animal the day before. Fortunately by this time we had obtained more coolies for the young ladies, so that our party were all together; the little son having become such a walker that he seldom patronized either chair or cart, and often walked twenty miles a day. One of the helpers,



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Mr. Shin, said, as he came up with the loads, supperless and quite tired out, at twelve o'clock that night, that had it not been that he was determined the pastor's wife must not go without her bed and pillows, the cart would not have arrived at all. So tenderly do the people care for the needs of their teachers.

We found the mountains more beautiful, if possible, than ever. It was October, and hills that in the previous spring were rosy with rhododendrons and peach blossoms, were now scarlet, gold and purple with the magnificence of autumn foliage, asters and golden-rod. There was displayed on all sides some of the most brilliant coloring I ever saw. There were quantities of bitter-sweet wreathing all over trees and rocks, berries of many varieties, and bushes reminding me of that which Moses saw in Horeb, burning but not consumed. And though in a different way, still I too felt that the ground was holy with the unseen but felt presence, and that it would be well to remove one's worldly shoes, which figuratively I did.

A few days later we crossed a mountain pass at over two thousand feet elevation, where we found the scenery more and more beautiful and wild. The gallant and unwearied "Captain" almost carried the rheumatic partner of his travels up the last steep ascent. The alternative was to sit in a chair and trust one's self to a couple of tired coolies, who might stumble and dash one to atoms; or with chi-pangi (alpenstock) in hand, slowly drag one's self up and then down over the rocks and steep slippery road. Arriving at the foot on the other side, we were once again in dear Sorai, where a good hot floor soon took out all the pain and weariness.

It had been decided that from Sorai we were to visit a certain island called Pang Yeng, or "*White Wing*," where quite a number of people were believing through the teach-

ing of some of the natives. The story is worth telling. A man, who had been banished to this island for a political offense, had received a Christian book from his nephew, a Methodist, just before his departure. The young man told his uncle that this religion was the basis of all civil liberty and civilization, so that the banished man in his loneliness proceeded to read it, and to publish and teach its doctrines among the islanders. He had been informed that on the opposite shore at Sorai lived people who could further explain the book and its doctrines, so one of the natives, the oldest and most honorable in the village, made a trip to Sorai, and begged Elder Saw to return with him and teach them.

They were lamentably ignorant, and while believing in Jesus were still carrying on heathen worship; they were as blind people only partly restored, who saw men as trees walking. Saw was not able to go at once, but after some time, when he visited them, he found the whole village assembled with all preparations made for offering their heathen sacrifices. He talked to them very earnestly and faithfully, and they then at once gave up all their idolatrous worship, and in a body promised only to serve the one true God.

The elder could not, however, remain long, and several months later, when Mrs. Kim, the indefatigable voluntary evangelist, visited them, she found that many of them seemed to have fallen back almost completely into old practices and beliefs. At first no one would receive her in their homes, but she talked to the women outside the houses so sweetly and winningly, that they at length invited her in, and gathered around her to listen. A great change was wrought through her teaching.

We made the trip in a little Korean sailing junk, which was rather small and uncomfortable for bad weather, but

not at all out of the way on such a day as that on which we started, with blue sky above, blue and sparkling water below, and charming islands studding the sea like jewels.

We found that White Wing measured about twenty miles round the coast line and was nine miles long, with a capital and several hamlets. It is extremely beautiful and fertile, well fortified by bold picturesque cliffs along the coast, with delightful valleys and gently rolling country snugly nestled behind them. The people are all farmers, living in the simplest and most primitive way. Money is rarely seen, there is indeed no need for it, with no fairs or stores. Their wants are few, they raise what they need for food, clothing, warmth and light on their little farms, bartering among each other to supply such simple articles as their own labor has not provided.

All appeared to have plenty of rice and firewood, and to be quite content. Drunkenness and dishonesty are almost unknown. The magistrate told us they rarely needed even the slightest punishment, but were as they seemed to us, a gentle, kindly, simple, honest farmer and fisher folk.

We found a small church built on the hillside, and a little company of believers, who were waiting for examination and baptism. Although very ignorant, they were most anxious to be taught, and Mrs. Kim, who had gone with me from Sorai, and I were kept busy instructing the women. Like the women everywhere in Korea, they especially enjoyed the hymns, and were most eager to learn them. The words were comparatively easy, but the tunes were quite another matter. We realized the advantage in their learning them, both as a means of fixing divine truth and publishing it to others.

We were to leave very early in the morning to catch the tide, and the night before we had a farewell service in the little church. When this was over, and good-byes said, I

went to the tiny room to pack our belongings, and Mr. Underwood to one of the Christian houses to give last directions and counsel with the leaders. About ten o'clock Mrs. Kim came to my door with one of the women, asking very humbly if I would go to one of their homes and teach them a little more this one last time, though it was late. "We are so ignorant and have none to guide and teach us," said they pathetically. Of course I was delighted to go, and followed them to a farmer's thatched cottage. It was one of the poorest and rudest of the native homes; in one corner a farm hand was lying asleep, in another a tiny wick burning in a saucer of oil was the only light in the room. We sat down under this, and the poor, rough, hard-working women clustered round us as closely as possible. Their faces and hands bore the marks of care, toil, hard lives and few joys, but they were lighted with a glorious hope which transformed them, and this with the awakening desire for knowledge had banished the look of wooden stolidity, which so many Korean women wear.

While we talked of our Lord and his teachings and conned again and again the hymns, a cough was heard at the door, and it was found that a number of "the brethren" were standing out there in the cold, frosty air of the November night, listening to such scraps of good words as they could catch. So when one of the women asked if they might come in, although generally out of regard for Korean custom and prejudice, I not only teach no men, but keep as much out of sight as possible, there were on this occasion no two ways about it, they must come, and in they thronged. It was a picture which I shall never forget, the dark eager faces, every one leaning forward in eager attitude, all seeking more knowledge of divine truth, hungering and thirsting after righteousness. A little dim humble room, and only such a poor feeble wick to

light them all. Such a poor feeble wick was I, and all were looking to me for God's light. "Feed my lambs," was his last command, and yet in many a hut and hamlet his hungry little ones are starving.

Next morning at the first streak of dawn they again came, and with tears streaming down their faces, begged me to come soon again. "Oh, we are so ignorant, and so weak, how can we escape the snares of Satan, with no one here to lead and teach us!" they exclaimed.

Our return trip was very different from our first crossing. A severe storm of wind and rain came up, the little ship was tossed about on the waves like a plaything, and Mrs. Kim and I were miserably sick, not to mention being drenched with rain. It was impossible to make our port, and we were obliged to attempt the nearest coast, which offered no shelter from the wind, in addition to which, the tide being out, our boat was bumped about mercilessly on the rocks and stones with no chance of a landing for some hours.

However, all things come to an end sometime, and we at length effected a safe landing, and were soon dried, warmed and fed in a fishing village at hand, and reached Sorai next day. Before we left Sorai, the Christians held their annual Thanksgiving service. The church being too small to hold all the people, a tent was spread outside. After thanking God for their bountiful harvests and growing prosperity, they offered thanks for the spiritual harvest he had given.

During the year over two hundred and fifty people of the neighboring villages had been baptized through the missions and labors of this one little church, not counting a much larger number of catechumens received. They had enlarged and repaired their church and school rooms, built a house for their school teacher, one for their evangelist

and another for the entertainment of strangers, who come from a distance to the Sabbath services.

They are an open-handed people, and when they read of the famine in India they took up a collection, amounting to fifty yen. As their daily wage rarely amounts to more than ten cents gold, and as the community is small, this was a large gift. Several of the women who had no money put their heavy silver rings in the plate. These rings are in many cases their only ornaments, and are most highly prized, so that when they were given, we knew that our people were giving till they felt it deeply.

In the famine so severe in many counties last year, Sorai, which was more blessed, helped many of its sister communities. On our return to Hai Ju we had some interesting visits with the women both in their own homes and at our rooms. We were allowed to help prepare the "dock," or bread, which we found them making in one of the houses, for a prospective wedding. They were having a "bee," a number of friends had come in to help, and they seemed much amused and pleased when we asked to be allowed to assist. We were very clumsy and awkward, but we gained our end by making them feel we were one with them. Later we were invited to the wedding, and forced to swallow an amount of indigestible food, which at other times we should consider as simply suicidal. But when it is a duty, one simply shuts one's eyes to consequences, takes all risks, and comes through with an immunity which I verily believe is miraculous.

One old woman, who attended the meetings very regularly and was very devout, is quite a character. With a loud strong voice, but not the remotest glimmering of a notion of harmony, time or tune, she shouts away several lines and bars before or behind the rest, no consequence which, and quite often, if the hymn chosen is not in her

book or according to her mind, she chooses another and proceeds as zealously as ever. When gently remonstrated with, she replies, "*Oh, that is no matter, I'm not following you, I'm singing (?) by myself.*"

We had only been in Hai Ju a few days when a fleet-footed messenger from Eul Yul arrived with a letter containing the news that a secret royal edict was being sent round to the various magistracies in that province, commanding all Confucianists to gather at night on the second of the next month (about fifteen days later), each at his nearest worshiping place in his district, and from thence to go in a body and kill all Westerners and followers of Western doctrine, and destroy their houses, churches and schools. A friend in the magistrate's office, holding some petty position, happened to be present when this arrived, noted the excitement and agitation which the official evinced on reading it and the care with which it was guarded, and determined to learn its contents. He contrived an opportunity to read it unseen, and as some of his near relatives were Christians, he at once communicated the terrible news to them. One of the same family, a young man who was a fleet-footed runner, was instantly sent to us with a copy of the edict.

No words can express our state of mind on receiving the news. Thought flew back to one peaceful little community after another, which we had so lately visited, all rejoicing in the beautiful new life, all growing up toward Christ, like flowers reaching up to the sun, with the light of a glad hope in their faces, happy, harmless, kindly people, the aged, the little toddling children, helpless women, unsuspecting farmers, all consigned to utter destruction. As for ourselves, we were in one of the worst of Korean cities, it was impossible to make the slightest movement without attracting the notice of every one, for we were

constantly the center of the observation of the whole town. It would be impossible to make our escape if any one wished to detain us. To make matters much worse, we had two young ladies and a child in our party. Probably little danger threatened us personally, as the governor was friendly, but our first duty was to send word to the American minister in Seoul, and it must be done quickly. To send a dispatch in any Eastern or European language would be futile, as, if suspicion was aroused, there were means of interpreting any of them. We at length concluded to send a Latin message, not to our minister, but to one of our mission, as less likely to attract attention either in Hai Ju or Seoul. This was done, and the message was at once carried to the American legation.

The news was at first received with incredulity, so friendly had the attitude of the government always been, but when it was remembered that recent Boxer disturbances in China might have suggested a similar course here, and that there were strong Buddhists high in influence at the palace who might have caused this strange measure, and when at the Foreign Office, through admissions and contradictions, it was made evident that the circulation of such an edict was not unknown to them, all doubt was over. Not long after it developed that from similar sources (that is, friends of Christians or of missionaries) the news had been carried to missionaries in Kang Wha and in Pyeng Yang. That it was unadvisedly done, and speedily repented, was proved by the fact that a few days later another edict rescinding the first was sent everywhere. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, I breathed freely and slept well for the first time since hearing the bad news, when I found myself on the little Japanese steamer well started on my way back to Seoul. The supposed authors of the order were put under arrest, and I

believe punished, the Korean officials vigorously protesting that it was all a mistake and sent without the knowledge of the king or the government.

These trips to Whang Hai province usually occupied six or eight weeks of our time, and full of delightful incidents and experiences as they always were, did not represent more than a fraction of the work. In the fall of 1900 the whole New Testament was given to the people. To celebrate this event a large meeting was held in the Methodist church, the largest audience hall in Seoul, composed of as many natives and Christians as could be packed within its walls. A suitable thanksgiving service was held, and the board of translators and their native literary helpers were presented by the American minister with copies of the book, with very kind remarks on their work. The board now consisted of Rev. H. G. Appenzeller, Dr. Scranton, Rev. W. D. Reynolds, Rev. James S. Gale and Mr. Underwood.

In addition to the editorship of a weekly religious newspaper, Bible translation, preparation of tracts and hymns, city training classes, weekly religious services and meetings, supervision of schools and language class for missionaries, Mr. Underwood felt that a special effort ought to be made for the nobility and gentry, the hardest people in the country to reach with the gospel. This is the case, partly because officials who would retain office must go at regular intervals and offer certain prayers and sacrifices at royal shrines, partly that the ideas of caste are so strong that the nobility are unwilling to seat themselves on the floor in our churches among farmers, peddlers, coolies, merchants or even scholars, to listen to the gospel; and in addition, that their family life is grounded and interwoven on and in the concubine system. All of them have two or more families, some of them many.

These numerous wives, their parents and progeny would make life intolerable should the husband put them aside. His friends and relatives would look upon him as too evil to live should he neglect to worship the ancestral tablets, and the spirits of his ancestors themselves would follow him like harpies, with all sorts of misfortunes and diseases.

Each man, too, looks forward with great complacency to being honored in his time as he has honored his dead parents, and seems to be overwhelmed with something like terror at the idea of having no one to worship his memory and offer sacrifices before his tablets, so that childless men usually adopt sons to keep their memory green. The ladies of this class, the first wives, are, as I think I have said before, very closely secluded, and are never seen except in their own apartments or the anpang of their kin, whither they are carried in closely covered chairs.

In such a state of affairs it is not strange that men should hesitate to listen to the doctrines of a religion which would turn their whole social world upside down, wreck their homes, cast upon them the blackest stigma, turn them outside the pale of court and official life, rob them of their income, and rank them with the common people. Knowing that it was almost impossible to induce them to attend church, an invitation was therefore issued, asking a large number of them to come to our house to talk over religious matters. To our surprise the call was most heartily responded to, and two large rooms were crowded with high Korean gentlemen, all of whom came no doubt from politeness or curiosity.

There were princes, generals, members of the cabinet, all men of the highest rank and birth. All listened with the closest attention, many of them asking thoughtful

questions, which showed their real interest in what was said by the missionaries who came to assist Mr. Underwood in receiving and talking with them. Some asked for books, and many came repeatedly to talk over these matters in private. Meetings were held regularly Sunday afternoons, and a stereopticon exhibition was given, showing a series of scenes from the life of Christ.

One result of these meetings was that Mr. Underwood was approached with the suggestion that he should establish a Presbyterian state church. We were told that a large number of officials would prefer (if they were to be forced into giving up their own religion and joining a foreign church, as at that time seemed likely) to make it one of their own choosing, and connected with Americans rather than Russians. They were, of course, informed that we could not organize churches in that way, nor baptize men for state and political purposes. The suggestion was not official, but if we had been willing to use opportunities of this sort, the roll-call among the high class of nominal members might have been greatly swelled.

CHAPTER XVI

Furloughs—Chong Dong Church—Romanists in Whang Hai—
Missionaries to the Rescue—Romanists Annoy and Hinder
the Judge—Results—Interview between Governor and
Priest—The Inspector's Report—Women's Work in Hai Ju
—Deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Miller—
The End.

IN 1901 we took another furlough, during which we were brought in touch with American Christians in nearly every large city in the country, and thus were able to make the church aware of God's wonderful dealings in Korea and to enlighten the public on the needs of this country. On our return, we missed among the faces of dear old friends who came to welcome us that of our work-fellow and beloved brother, Rev. H. G. Appenzeller. Mr. Appenzeller, the first evangelistic worker of his mission, had labored with my husband, heart and hand, for over sixteen years, and they had taken their earliest itinerations to the country in company. The loss fell heavily upon both native and foreign community, and seems to grow, as we feel the need of the enthusiastic and ready service everywhere. On our return our first attention was given to our dear Chong Dong (city) church, the members of which have from the first been marked as energetic, generous and full of faith. With a membership, as has been said, of two hundred and nineteen, they carry on five missions near the city, within a radius of five miles. These are places where chapels have been built—but they have also several other missions in districts where services

are held in private dwellings. The church members conduct and take charge of all these services. They have contributed during the past year (1902-1903), reckoned in gold dollars:

| | |
|------------------------------------|----------|
| For their school..... | \$75.80 |
| Church running expenses..... | 75.40 |
| Evangelistic work..... | 45.82 |
| Charity | 20.66 |
| Gifts of City Mission Society..... | 50.50 |
| <hr/> | |
| Total | \$268.18 |

This total, however, is not a complete report, not including the gifts of the largest mission, that of Chandari, a (from a Korean standpoint) prosperous little farming community outside the city. For the women and girls, beside Sabbath services and regular prayer meetings, six weekly Bible classes are held in different neighborhoods, all but two of which are well attended. There are a number of these women well fitted for Christian teaching, and one or another of them has repeatedly gone off on a six-weeks' trip, with some of the lady missionaries, asking nothing more than her bare expenses. They often go away on evangelistic trips quite at their own instance, visiting village after village, distributing tracts which they themselves have bought for the purpose, and teaching the country women who cannot read.

Very soon after our return to Korea my husband was requested by the American minister and the members of our mission to visit Hai Ju, in the province of Whang Hai, on a mission of very serious importance. We were sent to Hai Ju in February, and since the preceding September, it had come to be a matter of common report that the native Romanists (of whom there are said to be twenty thousand

in that province) had, under the lead of the French priests, been robbing, torturing and blackmailing the poor people of the province "for money to build churches," resisting with arms, maiming, beating and even imprisoning officers of the law sent to stop them, and establishing a veritable reign of terror through the whole district; so that the weaker magistrates dared not lift a finger against any criminal favored by the priests, or belonging to that church, and fairly trembled for fear of them, obeying with the alertness of terror their slightest behest.

The state of affairs grew so bad at length that the governor sent a manifesto to Seoul, saying he could no longer carry on the government of the province in such a state of insurrection and anarchy. The following is a translation, made for the *Korea Review*, of the official copy of a part of the governor's complaint:

"In the counties of Sin-ch'un, Cha-ryung, An-ak, Chang-yun, Pong-san, Whang-ju, and Su-heung, disturbances created by the Roman Catholics are many in number, and petitions and complaints are coming in from all quarters.

"In some cases it is a question of building churches and collecting funds from the villages about. If any refuse to pay, they are bound and beaten and rendered helpless. When certain ones, in answer to petition, have been ordered arrested, the police have been mobbed and the officers of the law have been unable to resist it. While investigating a case on behalf of the people, I sent police to arrest Catholics in Cha-ryung. They raised a band of followers, beat off the police, arrested them, and dismissed them with orders not to return. Then I sent a secretary to remonstrate with them. At that the Sin-ch'un Catholics, a score or more of them, armed with guns, arrested the secretary, insulted him, etc."

One of the priests, who is apparently most influential and has been most notorious, whose Korean name is Hong, and who is known among foreigners as Father Wilhelm, told my husband that the native Romanists were not to be blamed for all this, for they had only obeyed his orders. Mr. Underwood had had a slight acquaintance with this priest for some years, meeting him occasionally and knowing little of his life, but supposing he was doing an earnest if mistaken work of self-sacrifice, he was unable to believe that the priest was cognizant of all that was being done by his followers, until he had both written and had a personal interview with him, when he was sorrowfully forced to see that rumor had not misrepresented his conduct.

This sad condition of things might have gone on, no one knows how long, but some of the people so robbed and tortured were Presbyterian Christians, and there is something about Protestant Christianity that resists oppression and favors a growth of sturdy independence and a love of freedom and fair play. One of these men was a particularly determined fellow who had been persistently seeking justice ever since, and would not be discouraged or daunted. He first went to the missionaries, who told him to take the matter to the Korean courts, but as the provincial courts were quite helpless against such a giant evil, he went up to the capital. The officials at the capital, probably in awe of the French, dared not interfere. He and his companion, another sturdy farmer like himself, went from one missionary to another in Seoul, all of whom put them off, disliking to take up native quarrels, and on principle opposed to using influence with Korean officials, and none of them realizing to what threatening dimensions the affair had grown.

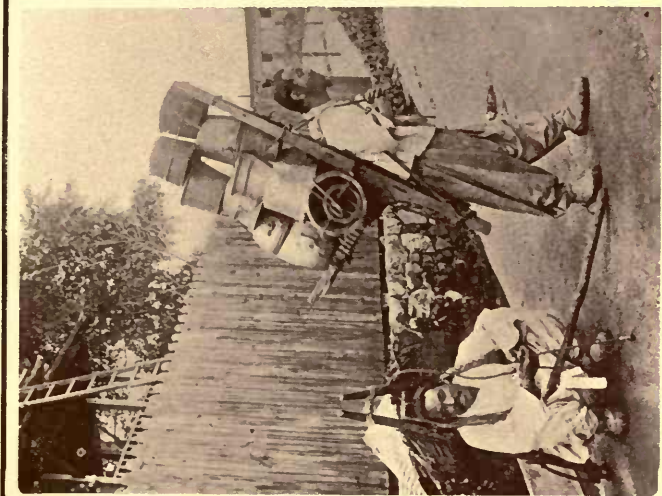
These poor men were not eloquent, they could only

tell a plain, simple story, but they knew that they and thousands of others were deeply wronged and were able to do one thing well, namely, to persist. Persist they did with unwearied resolution.

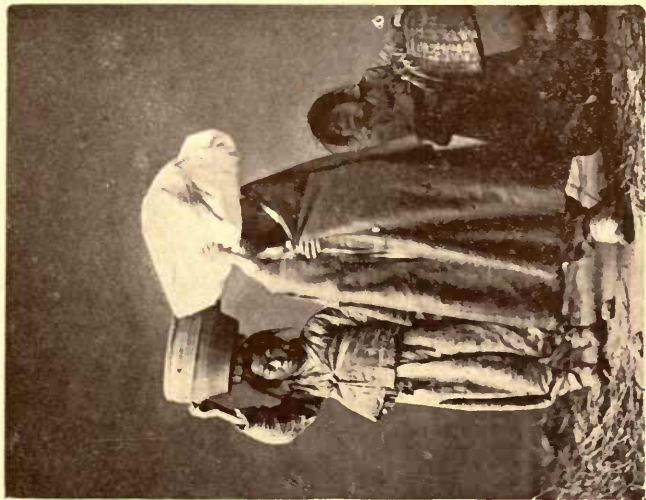
Failing to obtain any help or satisfaction, they at length decided to go directly to the French legation and seek justice and relief there. They were received, attentively heard, carefully questioned, given a promise of redress, and sent politely away. They waited long and patiently, but no redress came, nor any sign of it. Again and again they sought the fulfilment of the promises of the representative of France, only to be put off repeatedly with fair words and indefinite assurances.

So at length they published their whole story in the leading Korean newspaper in Seoul. Then the French minister did indeed begin to act. He immediately requested the Korean Foreign Office to have the men beaten and imprisoned, *on the ground that conduct like theirs had caused the Boxer trouble in China.*

When affairs came to this crisis, the Protestant missionaries awoke to the situation. Rev. Mr. Gale and Mr. Underwood went to the office of Foreign Affairs and pled for the men, and also laid the matter before the American minister, Dr. Allen. He gave it his careful attention and succeeded in having a commission appointed by the Korean government to go to Hai Ju and investigate the charges. Dr. Moffett, of Pyeng Yang, and Mr. Underwood were also requested to be present and attend the trials. From the beginning to the end of this attempt to bring the truth to light, the French priests by every art in their power tried to block and delay the proceedings of the judge, to annoy and overawe him in Hai Ju, and (we were informed) by letters, special messengers and telegrams, to limit his power, hinder his plans, and undermine him in Seoul.



CARRIERS WITH JIKAYS, PAGE 184



WOMAN WITH BUNDLE OF WASHING ON HER HEAD, PAGE 246

He was a sturdy, clear-headed, determined man, who had had long intercourse with Europeans in his post in the Foreign Office, and held his own with much self-possession and *sang-froid*. It was said of him that he carried on the trials more fairly and more in accordance with equity than had ever been seen before in Korea.

The priests arrested and tortured a policeman who had been sent to bring some of the accused to the court, hanging him by his wrists. They used all the influence they possessed in Seoul, through the French, to force the Korean government to order the commission to yield to their demands for the release of prisoners already in the hands of the law, and for the remittance of punishment as they should dictate.

They induced the commissioner to promise that he would not try to arrest any one for a week, on the solemn assurance that they would themselves bring all the accused to court, and then, although they had two of the most notorious malefactors in their house for several days before the week expired, they allowed them to escape.

They forced themselves into the commissioner's presence and with bluff and reiterated demands wearied him into sending his resignation to Seoul, which, however, the king refused to accept.

"Father Wilhelm's" church is in a valley about ten miles from Hai Ju, entirely surrounded by high hills. The entrance to the valley at that time was guarded by sentinels, and the points of vantage on the hill tops were occupied in the same way. When any one is seen approaching, a signal is given, and the people (for the village is full of fugitives from justice) flee into the church, which it will be seen serves the triple purpose of a court with torture chamber, a citadel, and a place of worship.

When police were sent there with warrants of arrest for

some of the worst miscreants, Father Wilhelm met them at the door with a revolver, demanding what they wanted. When told, he requested to see the warrants, denied that any such persons were there, would not allow them to enter, nor would he return the warrants, but with threats bade them begone. On more than one occasion posses of armed men were sent by him to rescue criminals who had been seized.

The cruelest forms of torture, such as are used only by Korean officials in cases of murder and treason, were used by the priests in their churches to force poor peasants to give over their money or the deeds of their houses and farms. Mr. Underwood and Dr. Moffett spent some weeks in Hai Ju, carefully studying these matters and in close attendance at the trials. In addition to the above facts they discovered that this was not a persecution waged upon Protestants by Catholics, but a system of blackmail laid on the whole community, and that the number of complaints brought in by non-Christian natives were, compared to those from Christians, as twenty to one. Again, that the French priests were (in the present instance, at least) demanding, as in China, a right to sit with a judge in a court of justice and modify sentences. We learned further that the people were tormented to the verge of insurrection, and had planned to rise on a certain day, when the news that a commission had been appointed, and that the missionaries had come down to see fair play at the investigations, calmed and decided them to await further developments.

The results of the trials were very unsatisfactory. With the small force of men at his command, with the priests foiling every effort to make arrests, few men were apprehended. Those who were brought to trial, by their own admissions and self-contradictions, and by the consistent

and overwhelming testimony of many witnesses, were all proved guilty of the charges laid against them. The priests, and by far the majority of the miscreants, including the ringleaders, who could not be caught, went scot free. The commissioner made a report to the Korean government, asking for the deportation of the two priests, Wilhelm and Le Gac, which the Korean government did not ask, but which it would have been thought should hardly have been necessary. Were not the Koreans long suffering to a remarkable degree, as well as a feeble power, they would long since have risen and cast out all foreigners from their desecrated shores. In the light of what we have seen and heard here, the cause of the Boxer troubles in China is not far to seek. Thus is national sentiment aroused against us; for long persistence in conduct similar to this was foreign blood spilled like water there, and for such reasons are the gates of Thibet barred to the gospel.

The following official report of the interview between the priest and the governor of Whang Hai province, in the presence of the inspector sent by the king, will show what a state of affairs existed.

“Translation of the official report of the interview held between the governor of Whang Hai Do and Father Wilhelm, in the presence of the Inspector Yi Eung Ik. Eighth day 2d Moon Koang Mu.

“In the seventh year of Quang Mo in the second moon and eighth day, the governor of Whang Hai Do, Yi Yung Chick, and the French teacher, Hong Sok Ku (Mons. Wilhelm), conferred. Hong Sok Ku said, “The controversy between the governor and myself arose from the governor’s not appeasing my wrath by arresting Mr. Pak Chang Mou of Whang Ju, and punishing him. This Pak, at night after dark, had thrown stones at the church of

Han Sinpu (a native Korean priest), and I therefore had spoken to the local magistrate of Whang Ju and asked to have him arrested and imprisoned, but Pak, through his local influence, had returned undisturbed to his home, and as there seemed no other means of having him punished, I wrote a letter to the governor, asking that he would have Pak brought up to the provincial town of Hai Ju and severely punished. The governor replied *that he could not have the people of local magistracies brought up to Hai Ju*, and I therefore supposed that the governor had no power to arrest the people of outside local magistracies, and when I learned to my surprise that there was an order for the arrest of some of the Christians (Romanist) of Shinampo by the governor, feeling sure that it was a false order, I released by force all those whom the police were arresting, and at once ordered all my Christians, if any one came out to arrest them again, to resist it utterly."

The governor replied: "As for the business of Pak of Whang Ju, since he had been already arrested and imprisoned in Whang Ju, and there was therefore no reason why he should be brought up to Hai Ju, I did not do so as you had asked, and as for my reply in my former letter, that I could not arrest him, it was in accordance with the *Chibang Cheido* (Book of Laws) in regard to local and provincial jurisdiction, and the reason why, *after my people have appealed*, I can order them arrested to try the case, is in accordance with the *Chaipan Chang Chung*, or book of rules for courts of justice, and if you had any doubts about the earlier or later affair, while it would not have been out of the way to have asked a question, is it right with your followers to gather a crowd and organize a band to arrest and carry off policemen, to release and set free those who have broken the laws, and to order your followers to resist authority, so making your people

fall into sin, and making it impossible for the appointed authorities to administer justice?

"Desirous of instructing these ignorant people, I sent one of the Chusas (high official next to the governor) attached to this governorship, but you sent out a company of men with firearms, twelve miles, and after dark seized and carried off this official. A Chusa is a national government officer, military arms are outrageous things; leaning upon what authority did you do such things as these, and by whose authority do you arrest and carry off Koreans and try to administer justice?"

Mons. Wilhelm replied: "I myself know that these things are not right, and did them purposely. As far as the book *Chaipan Chang Chung* is concerned, I know nothing about it, but I simply relied upon the previous letter which you had sent. I desired to understand the matter, and sent you another letter, and because you sent my letter back to me I still feel very angry."

The governor replied: "But your saying that you only recognized my first letter shows you simply know one thing and cannot know two; as for your letter and my returning it without an answer, it was because, after the arrest of my Chusa, I had sent by special messenger a letter to you, and you had given no answer and sent the man back emptyhanded, I was indignant. As I had no reply to my letter to you in regard to the Chang Yung affair, why should I only answer letters? Because I thought it would be wrong for me to keep your letter that I did not answer, I returned it."

Father Wilhelm replied: "Because in the governor's last letter on the envelope he had written *Saham* I did not answer the letter." *Saham* is written outside of letters which are replies from one slightly superior in rank.

The governor replied: "Is it right to allow questions to

go unanswered; is it because you have nothing to say that you fail to answer all these questions?"

Father Wilhelm replied: "When Pak Chang Mou's wrong-doings had not yet been punished, is it right that he should have been made one of the tax collectors? When you have arrested and brought him to Hai Ju and severely punished him, then only will my wrath be appeased."

The governor then said: "In the eighth moon of last year when I went to Whang Ju, I looked carefully into this affair of Pak's. *Although it was stated that he had thrown stones, there was no sure proof, and yet he had been locked up in the local jail and had been punished, during the investigation,* how, then, can you say that he has gone unpunished? How can you claim that giving him a petty office several months later is an injustice? Then, too, you took this man to your church and there beat him, and still claim that your wrath has not been appeased. Would you have me arrest him, bring him here and make him and the complainants face each other?"

Père Wilhelm answered: "Although I did have him beaten with ten strokes, it was not a punishment for his main crime, but because when his magistrate sent Pak to confess his sins he was on the contrary impudent, and therefore I punished him, but his former offence still existed."

The governor replied: "When you are not a Korean official, is it right that you should arrest and beat Koreans?"

Father Wilhelm said: "It is because if I did not beat them I could not hold my position as superior that I do it."

The governor answered: "You, a private citizen, arresting and beating Koreans and doing wrong, and your written orders to your people, have caused them to break the

laws in eight different ways. They resist the authority of the government, beat the underlings, and refuse to pay their taxes.

"In addition, at their churches and meeting places they establish courts of justice.

"Still further, without order, in companies they rush into the presence of magistrates to terrify them.

"Still again, of their own accord they arrest, beat and imprison the people.

"Again, calling it money for the building of churches, they extort contributions by force from the people.

"Furthermore, at their own desire they cut down trees used for Korean spirit worship, they organize bands to forcibly bury the dead and move graves; and still further, they force people, who have no desire to do so, to enter their church."

Father Wilhelm replied: "I will with great care stop these eight offences and will not allow them to do as before; have no fear."

Thus ends the report of this unique interview between the governor of one of the most populous provinces of Korea and the French missionary. It is to be regretted, however, that his ready promise in regard to nearly all the eight offenses was repeatedly broken within a very short time after it was made. I will add one or two other transcriptions from the official documents, which came directly from the commissioner's office to our hands, and which translations appeared in the *Korea Review*, March, 1903. The first report of the imperial inspector to the government:

"I have looked carefully into the disturbances among the people in the different counties, and the various crimes up to this date noted in the public records are only one or two in hundreds. Outside of two or three counties,

all the magistrates have been under this oppression, and with folded hands, are unable to stir. The poor helpless people sit waiting for doom to overtake them. Receiving imperial orders to look into the matter, I have undertaken the task, and daily crowds with petitions fill the court. There are no words to express the sights one sees, the stories one hears. Depending on the influence of foreigners (French), the Catholics' issuing of orders to arrest is of daily occurrence; their runners are fiercer than leopards, and the torture they inflict is that reserved for only thieves and robbers; life is ground out of the people, goods and livelihood are gone. Unless this kind of thing is put down with strong hand, thousands of lives will be lost in the end.

"A French priest by the name of Wilhelm, living in Chang-ke-dong in Sin-ch-un, a retired spot among the hills, has gathered about him a mob of lawless people. Their houses number several hundred. Many of them carry foreign guns, so that country people are afraid, and dare not take action. A number of those already arrested have been set free by this priest. Most of those who have slipped the net have escaped there, and now form a band of robbers. There is no knowing where trouble will next arise, and it is a time of special anxiety. Those who assemble there at the 'call of the whistle' (bandit) are outlaws, and must be arrested. They may, however, make use of dangerous weapons, so we cannot do otherwise than be prepared for them. This is my report. Look carefully into it. Send word to the office of generals. Wire me permission to use soldiers, and as occasion offers lend me a helping hand."

While this painful business was on, and my husband was daily attending the trials and listening to the harrowing tales of the poor, tortured and robbed people, and see-

ing heartrending evidences of the cruelties inflicted upon them, I was holding meetings with the Christian women who came every morning to study the Bible. One visit only was made to a small village a short distance outside the city, where there were quite a number of Christian families.

All the Christian women quickly assembled at the house of my hostess, a wholesome farmer's wife, who came out to the road to welcome me, took both my hands in hers with a long gentle pressure, and a look of gladness as bright as if I had been a radiant angel from heaven, or a returned apostle. Her small rooms were soon filled with Christians and others, who listened while we held a service and talked of the things concerning the kingdom.

Then they, with bounteous hospitality, brought in a store of the best their homes contained of dainties. They feasted my two native companions and myself and all the visitors, both Christians and mere sightseers, and even my chair coolies were given as much as they could eat, which is no mean amount.

One woman said that her eldest son had just returned from Sorai and was urging his father to sell his good farm and home and move there with his family, so that he and his brothers might attend that school and church and learn more about God and his will.

The work in this hamlet all started through the instrumentality of a young girl in Hai Ju, not seventeen years old, who, having formerly lived here, after her marriage into a Christian household in the city, and after her conversion, often returned to her old home and begged her family to believe and accept Christ.

Though they scoffed and reviled at first, after a while they began to listen, and finally one, then another, yielded their hearts. After the manner of Korean Christians,

they "passed on the word," and so at length seven families were trusting Christ.

After seven weeks in Hai Ju we returned to Seoul, having done all that was possible in the matters we had been sent there to look after, and having made it plain that Americans would not stand by and see the natives persecuted and wronged without a strong protest; for while we try not to interfere between them and their rulers (and this is at times extremely difficult), we do not feel the same obligation in the case of French priests. Our hope now is that these outrages will henceforth be somewhat restricted and that Protestants will at least remain unmolested, as the mere advertisement and bringing to the light of the evil would do much to prevent its repetition, the children of darkness having an ancient dislike of the light.

Before we returned from Hai Ju we learned of the death by smallpox of our dear brother, Mr. W. V. Johnson, who had arrived early in February of that year, his consecrated young wife having died on the way to the field, in Kobe, Japan.

We all felt the sweet devoted spirit of the earnest young brother, and knew that these two valuable lives were not given in vain, but that God has accepted their sacrifice as if they had done all they planned, and has chosen to call them to reward a little earlier, because they will better so fulfil his purpose, for, through and in them. Again, only a few months later, we were all called to part with a dear sister, Mrs. F. S. Miller, whose loving sympathy and patient endurance of sickness and pain had endeared her to missionaries and native Christians alike. Not a month before her own death, her hands prepared the casket for the cold little form of one of the dear little missionary babies, of whom so many are now in heaven. And so, as was said at the time of her release, "Korea seems a

gate to heaven." Sure it is good to go from service to the vision of the King.

This little chain of reminiscences is now at an end. Its object has simply been to interest Christian people in this most interesting country, and to show what God is working here.

It has been necessarily limited, mainly to the experience of one pair of missionaries, because the writer has neither the knowledge nor the liberty to speak freely of the lives and work of all, and neither the ability nor the space to write a complete history of mission work in Korea. It is hoped that although so restricted, as to be a mere glimpse of a small fraction of what is being done, it will serve to make plain what grand opportunities are theirs (*at present*) who would lead a nation out of bondage into liberty, the only liberty worth calling the name, or that sinful mortals can use, "the liberty of Christ."

Korea, lying as she does so close to China (whose future is fraught with such mighty possibilities of good or evil to the whole world), with such close affinities and wide sympathies for that people, is, we hope, to be a polished shaft in God's quiver in conquering that great nation for his kingdom. But whatever his eternal purpose may be, there is no doubt as to our present privilege and "power to the last particle is duty."

If in these pages you have seen much that leads you to think the land is a difficult one in which to live, if you have read of political unrest, bad government, riots, robbers and plagues; if you have learned that missionaries have died of typhus fever, smallpox, dysentery and other violent forms of disease, this will only serve to remind you that the more valuable the prize to be won, the greater the difficulty and cost. If you desire to share in the joy of this great harvest, and are worthy, you will fear no danger,

shrink from no obstacles, either for yourselves or for your loved ones, whom you are asked to give to the work.

God placed an angel with a flaming sword which turned every way at the gate of paradise. Is the kingdom still thus guarded? Must we all who would enter follow him who was made perfect through suffering? What was our Lord's meaning when he said, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, *and the violent take it by force.*" Some of us are ready to pray that God would place another such flaming sword at the gate of our mission fields, so that no man or woman who could or would not brave such baptism of fire should enter. There is no more place on the mission field for the fearful and unbelieving than in heaven itself. Like Gideon's army, let the applicants be reduced till only the resolute, the consecrated, those who believe in God, the people and themselves, are accepted for this mighty privilege, this high calling.

Let it only be remembered by all who would enter the Lord's army to wrest the kingdom of heaven from the rulers of darkness, that he, whose we are, and whom we serve, he who never faltered on the thorny road that led to Calvary, who trod the wine press alone, who came with dyed garments through the conflict to victory, has bidden those who profess to love him, as one of his last commands, thrice repeated, feed his sheep.

"Lovest thou me? Feed my sheep."

"Lovest thou me? Feed my sheep."

"Lovest thou me? Feed my lambs."

I.

Oh, never swear thou lovest me,
Who lovest not my sheep;
For he who would my servant be
My treasured flock will keep.

II.

Oh, never vow thou lovest me,
As follower leal and true,
Who shrinkest in my paths to be,
Or fearest my will to do.

III.

Oh, never weep thou lovest me,
My lambs who feedest not;
Who wouldst my crowning glory see,
But hast the cross forgot?

IV.

Nay, if thou lovest, feed my sheep,
On desert moors astray;
The charge I gave thee surely keep,
Until the final day.

V.

Yea, if thou lovest me, thy Lord,
My feeble lambs feed thou;
They wander o'er the world abroad,
Many lie fainting now.

VI.

Then never swear thou lovest me,
Who loves not these of mine;
Who would my true disciple be,
Shall prove his love divine.

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